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your best bets in fashion

summer beauty essentials
90 quick and easy tips

the true story of a self-made beauty

your blood pressure
medical facts you can't ignore

the man who changed your fashion life—Balenciaga

losing your hair
a doctor tells why

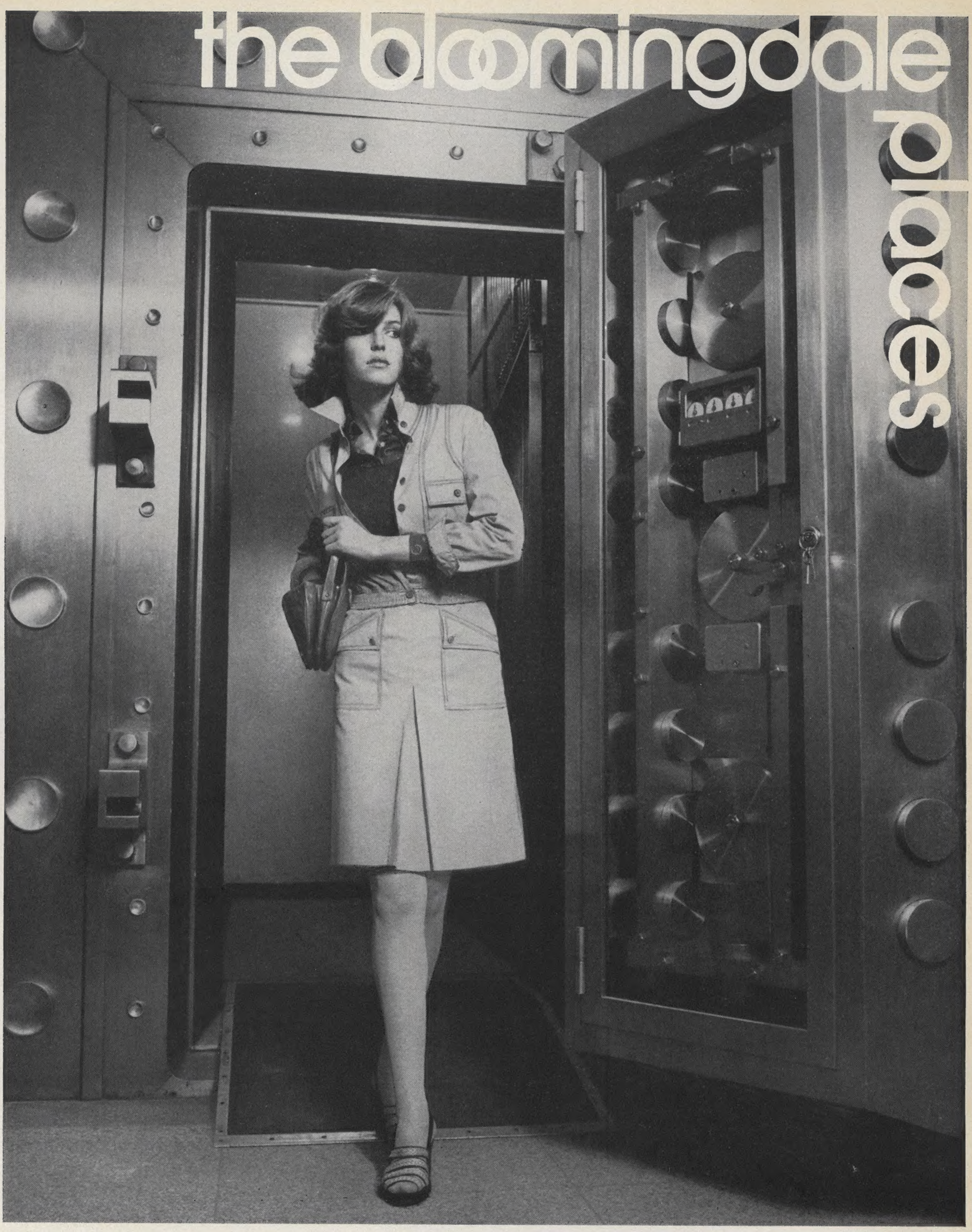
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VOGUE

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AVEDON

COVER: Looking great, feeling fine (see how and why, page 126)—Raquel Welch in Oscar de la Renta's crystal-pleated halter dress of Nile-green ombré silk chiffon. More Raquel: on screen in *The Last of Sheila*. . . . Dress, with its own chiffon cape (Etro for Yves Gonnet fabric), available the end of May, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's-Cleveland; Neiman-Marcus. Green opaline earrings by Michael Moraux for Dubaux, available at Bonwit Teller. Raquel's hair combed by Rick Gillette.

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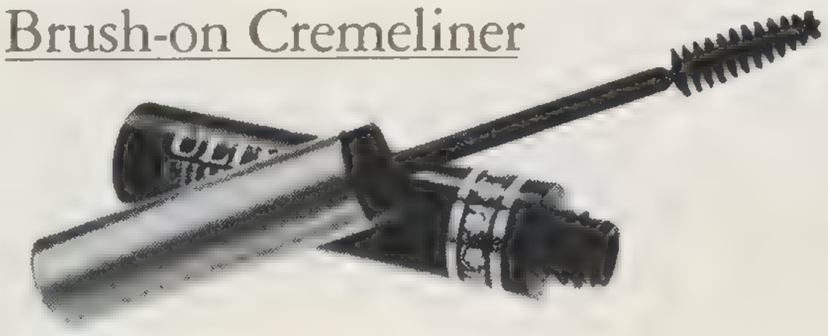
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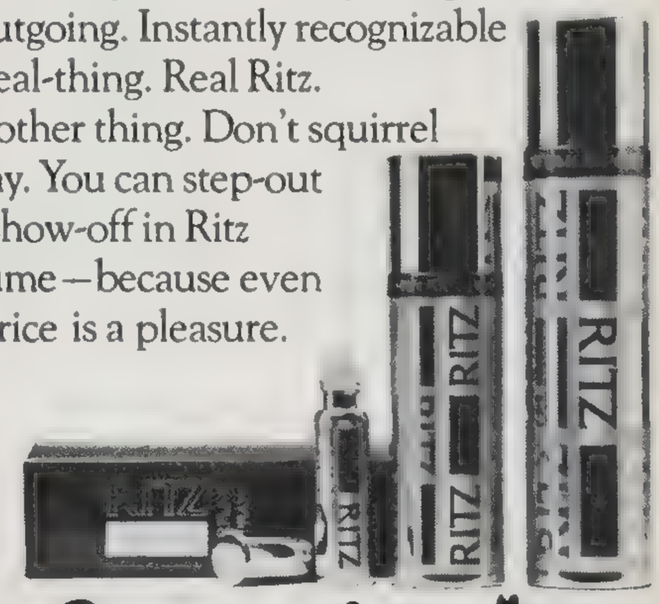
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Charles of the Ritz

The scene: The Clinique counter, Bloomingdale's, New York.





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TELEVISION By Allene Talmey

Tune In The Mind-Ticklers

"Masterpiece Theatre," Marvin Kalb, "60 Minutes," "First Tuesday," and Mary Tyler Moore

Although much of television is "tedium interrupted by brutality," there are compelling reasons many nights to watch for an hour or so. People who wait for the next Jacqueline Susann novel complain about the lack of intelligent stimulus on television; people who go out to see the movies *Shaft* and *Up the Sandbox* feel superior to television. No one makes anyone look at Dean Martin with his face so puffy that even a *General Hospital* intern knows Dean needs a diuretic.

Five sessions of *Tom Brown's Schooldays* were a joy on Masterpiece Theatre, presented on Public Broadcasting Service by WGBH-Boston with a handsome grant by Mobil Oil. What went on at Rugby School in England soon after Waterloo with the great Dr. Thomas Arnold as headmaster, where young sporting gentlemen learned only Latin and Greek from their curate-schoolmasters and lived untended and bullied with beatings by some older boys and floggings by the teachers, makes Attica prison seem rather tender except that the prisoners never see ravishing English landscape, the stagecoaches, the county houses, handsome and rich. Most of Masterpiece Theatre is extraordinarily good—*The Spoils of Poynton, Cousin Bette,* and a half dozen others.

A few months ago, Marvin Kalb of CBS-TV interviewed Henry Kissinger, a week or so before he left for Hanoi and Peking in his role of life-of-a-salesman. It was a sharp turn. No ducking. Piercing questions with follow-up and answers that matched, and only a few refusals that seemed sensible. Unlike many of his colleagues who have no second questions they are willing to put when a public figure deigns to be questioned, Kalb puts the hard ones and then presses on. Has anyone ever counted up the number of public men who take the fifth and how many times they do? (If the local television news reporters are not asking the mother of a dead child how she feels, they back out of the action, curtsying.)

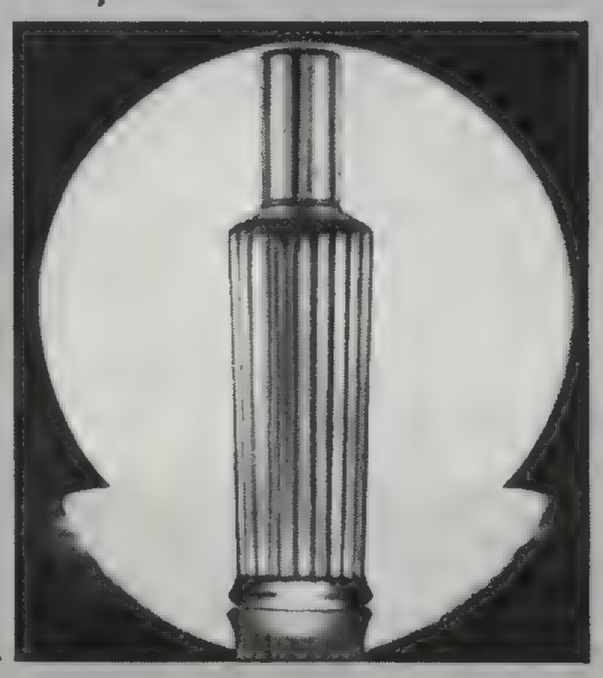
Anyone who watches *60 Minutes,* with Mike Wallace and Morley Safer on CBS-TV, gets at least forty-five minutes of information and comment that is not found as easily anywhere else. It is not unique or rare information, it just does not fall into the view of the inexpert in that field. On NBC-TV's *First Tuesday,* viewers get a monthly shake; the program always has an intelligent sweetmeat, at least. Sometimes it is stuffed like a boxer's mouth. These shows make knowledge entertaining, not deep but not fluff either.

If viewers don't get snagged on boring friends they knew as adolescents—*Perry Mason, Gilligan's Island, Get Smart* —they can get an intelligent high on Mary Tyler Moore and her lovely troupe in the newsroom of a Minneapolis television station. Because they are serious about a serious business with human proportions (no quadriplegics, no mortgage falling due with no money, and no alcoholic spouse), Mary, Lou, Ted, Rhoda, and their families are amusing, sophisticated in varying amounts, absorbed by their work, and fun to get involved with in a gentle, adult way. They don't explain *anything* and that is a gain. The show flows swiftly. As Mary Richards, Mary Tyler Moore is a young woman, thirty-two, happy, dating but not only one man, with her own apartment, her own values, some understood sex, friendly, competent, ready for a raise in salary and a husband but she isn't hungry. She has wit, anger, makes mistakes out of mature stupidity, and is a Saturday Night Special. ■



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Number 3: Elizabeth Arden 'Intensive Body Smoothing'

The subject today: Body buffing, or how to polish off rough elbows, tough heels and 'bumplets' in one-quick Skin Dynamics step.

Skin Dynamics is a whole new way of taking care of yourself. ***It's a collection of fast, uncomplicated skin care products that pick up where your daily routine leaves off.*** Yet aren't daily. Aren't routine.

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Who needs it? You. If you'd describe your elbows and knees as rough. Or your heels as tough and scratchy. If you've discovered patches of bumplets or chicken-y skin. If winter sports



or over-sunning have dehydrated your skin to near parchment. Or if you simply can't recall the last time he touched you, and told you how good you felt.

Smooth it on just before jumping into the tub or shower. ***You'll notice it melt into your skin.*** (A good sign of its good intentions.) You're ready to rinse away the roughness no decent body deserves.

What it does:

1. With its own special soft friction sponge—***it buffs away roughness, smoothes out bumplets, softens calloused points-of-wear.*** Without vigorous rubbing and scrubbing!

2. Used all alone—***it refines and polishes 'bodyskin' to its silkiest possible texture.*** Smooth it anywhere your skin seems less than perfect. It acts as a protective barrier against the drying effects of water; silkens your skin with protenized moisturizers. Imparts a touchable softness you carry with you out of the bath; throughout the day.

3. ***It adds suppleness.*** While the rough spots are subdued, lost skin oils are restored; pliability is renewed. You're rewarded with a velvety feeling all over.

4. ***It keeps you fresher, longer.*** Thanks to vitamin E (yes, that's in it too), your skin stays sweeter smelling; nicer to be near. It's a fabulous fringe benefit.

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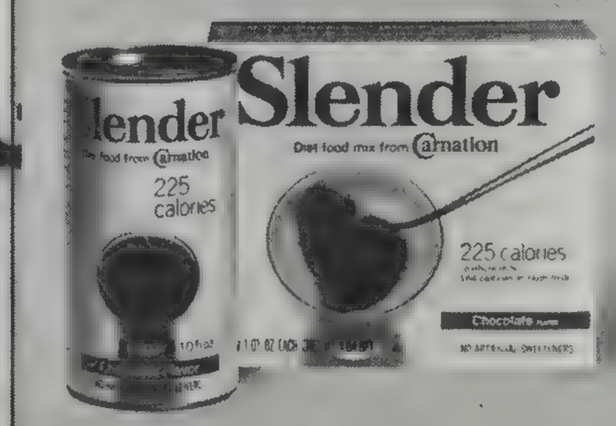
All you need to play is water, and Californians have plenty of that! They're famous for their beautiful, healthy bodies, too. Here, sheathed by Cole of California, in pebbly Antron® nylon. Halter suit, $26. Dress $35. Pink or green with vivid striping, 8 to 14 sizes. Sport Shop

Get Slender

Everything starts with a good figure. And, that's what Slender's for. Mixed with the substantial nutrition of milk or chilled from the can, Slender works. So, ask your doctor and get Slender. Good health, good looks—it's all in the game.

Robinson's California

Tennis! It's America's fastest growing sport...and fashion look. From Hampton Court, a fresh look, tennis knits. White acrylic, touched with navy. Bare midriff styles, each $40. Dress $38. Sizes 8-14. Sport Shop



Slender is for taking it off, and keeping it off.



Los Angeles • Beverly Hills
Cerritos • Panorama City
Glendale • Pasadena • Newport
Woodland Hills • San Diego
Palm Springs • Santa Barbara

Robinson's
California

the Good health game

Slender is for taking it off, and keeping it off.







Golf is everybody's game, and a way of life all year for Californians. David Smith designs in black and white checkerboards: Dress, 8-14, $44. Sleeveless shirt, 8-16, $20. Its skirt, 8-14, $30. Short sleeve shirt, 8-16, $18. Its skirt, 8-16, $30. Sport Shop

Slender can help you drop pounds fast or hold onto a good figure. Canned, or mixed with the substantial nutrition of milk, it's just 225 calories. Ask your doctor. A Slender figure—that's the name of the game.





Get Slender Stay Slender

More Cole of California designs for beautiful, healthy bodies: Bikini, 8-14, $17. Cardigan, S-M-L, $28. Pink or green, with bright striping. Sport Shop

the Good health game

Robinson's California

Mrs. Fredrick C. Havemeyer, III

By every standard—a most superior lipstick

Superiority Complex for Lips

Geminesse Enriched Moisturizing Lipstick



The rich lipstick—lavished with moisturizers and emollients—that outshines them all. What a wonderful way to smooth, soften and shine-up lips. In a complete assortment of frosts and cremes. Fifteen luscious licks of color—each a brilliant success. Geminesse Enriched Moisturizing Lipstick. The ego builder. Only at superior department stores.

GEMINESSE
MAX FACTOR

© 1972 Max Factor & Co. Available in Canada

"You're new here,
aren't you?"

"What did you
say your
name is?"

"How do you
pronounce it?"



"Just in from Paris"

"Weil de Weil".

"Weel de Weel
as in reel (LONDON)
Wile de Wile
as in smile (NEW YORK)
or Vay de Vay
as in day." (PARIS)

ANY WAY YOU SAY IT....
IT'S ONE SMASHING NEW PERFUME!

Nothing you put on . . . nothing you wear . . . will ever make you feel more beautiful. Weil de Weil is floral, woody, green with just a hint of musk; and so long-lasting. It's the newest perfume from the famous House of Weil, Paris. Made, packaged and sealed in France. Stop in at the perfume counter of one of your town's very best stores and try it on. Feel beautiful. Ask for Weil de Weil any way you feel like saying it. Prices from $7 to $60.

WEIL de WEIL

makes you feel beautiful...beautiful.

Kimberly®

Bright forecast in a four part pantsuit knit of Trevira® polyester. About $165.



A new number on the world's most famous bottle



Chanel No. 19 Perfume 9.50 to 400., Spray Perfume 7.00, Eau de Toilette from 7.00 to 35.00, Eau de Toilette Spray 7.50, Eau de Toilette Atomizer 12.00, Bath Powder 6.50.

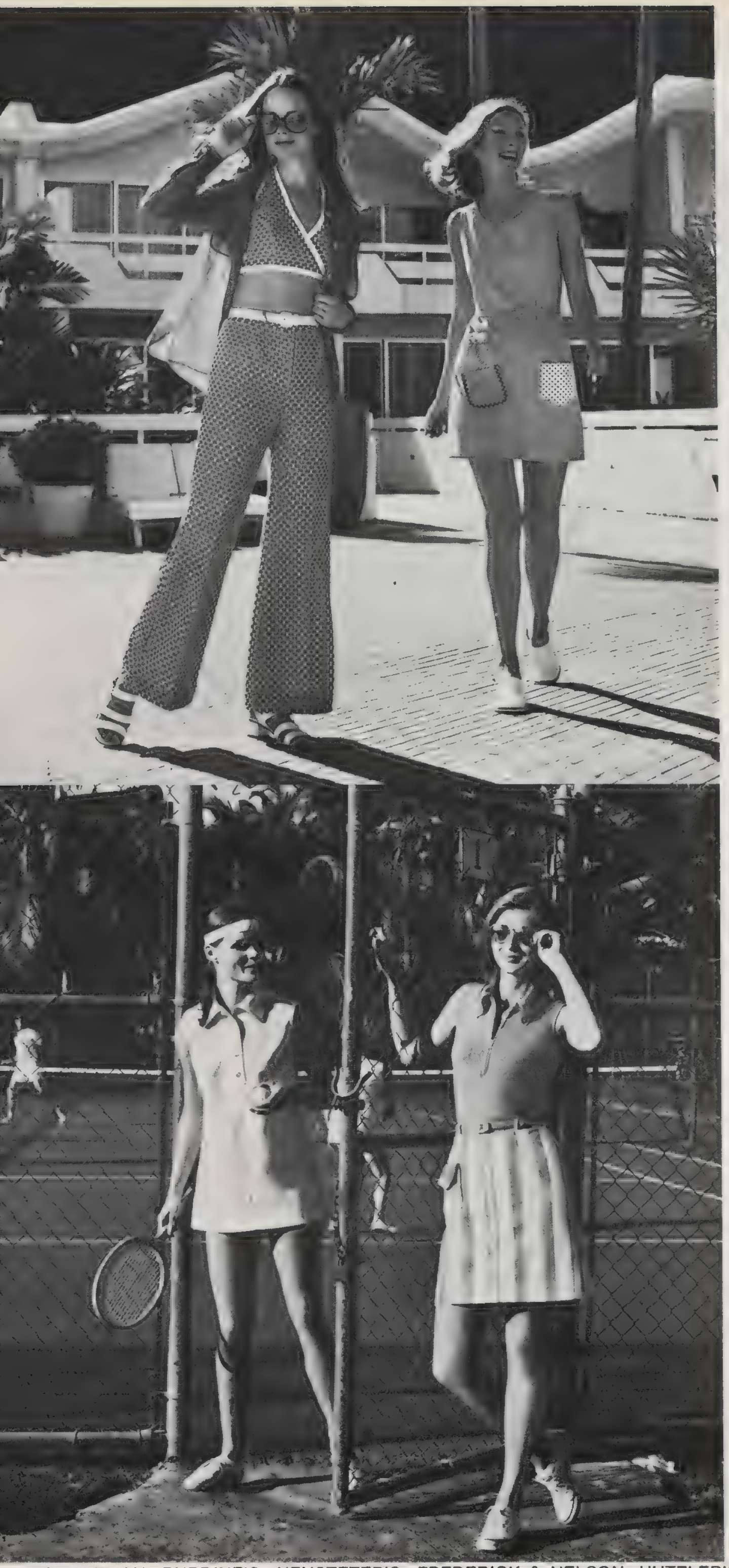
David Smith
in action at El Conquistador



The perfect vacation setting for a smashing sportswear collection, designed by Eric Jacobson. At fine stores everywhere, the collection features easy-care polyester knits . . . and is priced from about $14 to $34. All in sizes 6 to 16. Photographed at El Conquistador Hotel and Club, Las Croabas, Puerto Rico.

Prices slightly higher on West Coast

LORD & TAYLOR NEIMAN-MARCUS MARSHALL FIELD GIDDING-JENNY JACOBSON'S GUS MAYER MONTALDO'S I. MAGNIN



ABRAHAM & STRAUS BULLOCK'S WILSHIRE
BYCK'S THE CRESCENT FLAH & CO. FOLEY'S
HALLE BROS. THE HIGBEE CO. JOSEPH HORNE
J. L. HUDSON JORDON MARSH, BOSTON
LIBERTY HOUSE, HONOLULU LIPMAN WOLFF
NORDSTROM B. SIEGEL R. H. STEARNS
THALHIMER'S WOODWARD & LOTHROP
WOOLF BROS. YOUNG QUINLAN

Aberdeen, S D .....Marie O. Simmons
Abilene, Texas .....Grissom's
Albany, N.Y. .....Barbizon
Albany, Oregon .....Nancy's
Albuquerque, N M. .....
H Cook Sporting Goods
Altoona, Pa. .....Meyer Jonasson Co.
Altus, Okla. .....Sharon's
Amarillo, Texas .....Colbert's
Amherst, N.Y. .....Jenss
Amsterdam, N.Y. .....Hallett's
Appleton, Wisc. .....Bee Frank
Asbury Park, N.J. ..... Dainty Apparel
Athens, Tenn. .....Claudia Shoppe
Auburn, Cal. .....The Kountry Set
Aurora, Ohio .....
Clara's Fashions & Boutique
Austin, Texas .....Olé at Lakeway
Avon, Conn. .....Sage Allen
Babylon, N.Y. .....Sudder Bazaar
Baker, Oregon D Clark's
Barrington, R.I. ..... Flo's
Bath, N.Y. .....Foster's
Bellingham, Wash. ....De Ann's Apparel
Belmont, Mass. .....Town & Country
Beloit, Wisc ..... Clara Stone
Bennington, Vt. .....Vogue & Vanity
Berwick, Pa. .....Ardis Kepner
Bethesda, Md. .....Claire Dratch
Bethesda, Md. .....Rose Williams
Bethlehem, Pa. ..Tom Bass Ladies Room
Billings, Mont. .....Lori's Shoppe
Billings, Mont. ....The Spinning Wheel
Bloomington, Minn. .....Anthonies
Boca Raton, Fla. .....Alan Evan
Boise, Idaho .....Carroll's Inc.
Boston, Mass. .....Charles Sumner
Boulder, Col. .....Brooks-Fauber
Boulder, Col. .....The Honey Bee
Boulder, Col. .....Scot's Ltd.
Bozeman, Mont. .....Angionettes
Bradenton, Fla. ....Montgomery Roberts
Branson, Mo. .....Mansland
Bristol, Tenn. .....The Fashion Shop
Brooklyn Center, Minn. .....Walbom's
Brunswick, Maine ..The Canterbury Shop
Bryan, Texas .....Lester's
Buffalo, N Y. .....Joseph's
Buffalo, N.Y. .....Slotkin's
Burlingame, Cal. .....Geneve's
Burlington, Vt. .....Mayfair
Caldwell, Idaho .....The Clothes Tree
Caldwell, Ohio .....Grays
Canon City, Col. .....Havens
Canton, Ohio .....Stern & Mann
Carson City, Nev. .....Beverly's
Catskill, N.Y. .....Hill 'N Vale
Cedarhurst, N Y. .....Five Town Look
Centerville, Ohio ..... The Toggery
Chambersburg, Pa. .....Fashion Lane
Charelori & Branches .....Miller's
Charleston, W. Va. ....The Quality Shop
Charleston, W. Va. .....The Vogue Inc.
Charlottesville, Va. ..C. H. Williams Inc.
Cheshire, Conn. .....Raymond's
Chestnut Hill, Mass. .....John Douglas
Chestnut Hill, Mass. .....
St. Moritz Sport Shops
Cheyenne, Wyoming .....
National Furs & Fashion
Cincinnati, Ohio ....The Carriage Trade
Clayton, Mo. ....Helen Wolf Surrey Shop
Cleveland, Ohio .....
Hathaway Shaker Square
Coeur D'Alene, Idaho ...Fishers Apparel
Cohasset, Mass. ..... Black Rock
Colorado Springs, Col. ....A Short Story
Columbia, Mo. .....Gene Glenn Inc.
Columbus, Ga. .....Hobnob
Columbus, Ga .....Kirvens
Columbus, Ohio .....Lazarus
Columbus, Ohio .....Madisons
Columbus, Ohio ...Town & Country Shop
Columbus, Ohio .....Tudor House
Concord, N C. .....Robinson's
Concord, N H. .....Solomon's Inc.
Coopersburg, Pa. .....Highway Rags
Coraopolis, Pa. .....The Village Shoppe
Corona Del Mar, Cal. ....The Brass Ring
Cortland, N.Y. .....Leonard's
Cranston, R.I. .....Ida Leach Inc.
Cranston, R.I. .....Pauline's Dress Shop
Dallas, Texas .....Lester Melnick
Danville, Va. .....Frances Kahn
Darrien, Conn. .....Penny Muir
Davenport, Iowa ....William Mundy Inc.
Deal, N.J. .....Lor Ane Inc.
Dearborn, Mich. .....J. N. Muirhead
Denver, Col. .....Cates First Ave
Denver, Col. .....Denver Dry Goods
Des Moines, Iowa ..Feldmann's Phase II
Detroit, Mich. .....Harvi's
Doylestown, Pa. ....The Carriage House
Doylestown, Pa. .....Margaret Helms
Eastchester, N Y. .....Jane Engel
Eastfield, Mass. .....Steigers
East Greenwich, R I. ...Country Clothes
Edina, Minn. .....Lucile's
Effingham, Ill. .....Chrysler Boutique
Elizabeth, N J. .....Mason Edwards
Elizabeth, N J. .....The Rose
Elkhart, Ind. .....Stephenson's
Elkins Park, Pa. .....Golfers Green
Elmira, N.Y. .....Jeanne Frasier
El Reno, Okla. .....Avis' Fashions
Elyria, Ohio .....Style Center
Endicott, N Y. .....Shirley's
Enfield, Mass. .....Steigers
Ephrata, Wash. .....The Barnes Shop
Escondido, Cal. .....The Mercantile
Estes Park, Col. .....Kings Casuals
Eugene, Oregon .....The Broadway
Eugene, Oregon .....Town & Travel
Evergreen, Col. .....B-Bar-K
Exeter, N H. .....Colony Shop
Exton, Pa. .....Town & Country Casuals
Exton, Pa. .....Whitner's
Fairmont, W. Va. .....Queen Shop
Fallbrook, Cal. .....Jane's Smart Shop
Falmouth, Maine .....Casual Colony
Falmouth, Mass. .....
Malchman's of Falmouth
Findlay, Ohio .....Inez O'Brien
Flint, Mich. ..... The Vogue
Florence, S.C. .....Hendrickson's
Ft. Collins, Col. .....Sophisticates, Ltd.
Ft. Dodge, Iowa .....House of William
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. .....Alan Evan
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. .....Darley Shop
Ft. Myers, Fla. .....Kay of Ft. Myers
Ft. Wayne, Ind. .....Fishman's
Ft. Worth, Texas .....R. E. Cox & Co.
Frankfort, Ky. - .....Kathryn Shop
Franklin Square, N.Y. .....
Tres Chic by Sally Coopersmith
Frederick, Md. .....Haber & Co.
Fredericksburg, Va. .....Haber & Co.
Fresno, Cal. .....Mona Lisa
Garrett, Ind. .....Stern's
Glens Falls, N.Y. & Branches .....
..The Fashion
Glens Falls, N Y. .....Merkel & Gelman
Grand Forks, N.D. .....Mandels
Grand Rapids, Mich. .....Doody's
Great Barrington, Mass. .....
Ann Louise Shop
Great Bend, Kansas .....Diors
Great Falls, Mont. .....Beckman's
Greeley, Col. .....The Jones Co.
Greenville, Miss. ....Mannequin Shoppe
Greenwich, Conn. .....Chancy O'Elia
Grosse Pointe, Mich. ...Martha's Closet
Haddonfield, N J. .....Lillian Albus
Hagerstown, Md. .....Haber & Co.
Hamburg, N Y. .....Guyettes
Hamilton, Ohio ..... Irene's
Hannibal, Mo. .....Winning's
Hanover, N.H. .....Town & Country
Harrisburg, Pa. .....
Adler's Country Casuals
Harrisburg, Pa. .....
Junior Dress Shop 3300
Harrisburg, Pa. .....Rosette Shop
Hartford, Conn. .....G. Fox & Co.
Hartford, Conn. .....Sage Allen
Havre, Mont. .....La Mode
Hendersonville, N.C. .....Leona's
Highland Park, Ill. .....John Stevens
Honolulu, Hawaii .....Carol & Mary
Hopkinsville, Ky. .....
Arnold's House of Fashion
Houston, Texas .....Isabell Gerhardt
Hudson, N Y ..... Orchard Dress Shop
Hudson, Ohio .....The Grey Colt
Huntington, N Y. .....Millicent Kalt
Huntington, W Va. ....Brown's Apparel
Huntington, W Va. .....The Smart Shop
Hutchinson, Kansas .....Pegues
Hyanis, Mass. .....
Puritan Clothing Co of Cape Cod
Idaho Falls, Idaho .....Carroll's Inc.
Idaho Falls, Idaho .....Le Vine, Inc.
Indiana, Pa. .....Brody's
Indianapolis, Ind ....Wm. H Block Co.
Indianapolis, Ind. .....Penelope's
Iowa City, Iowa .....The Stable
Jacksonville, Fla. .....Bolun's
Jacksonville, Fla .....Ivey's
Jefferson City, Mo. .....Czarlinsky's
Jenkintown, Pa. .....Fran-Stel
Johnstown, Pa. .....Penn-Traffic
Joliet, Ill At Bask n
Joplin, Mo. ..... Kassab
Kansas, Mo. .....Swansons on the Plaza
Kingston, N Y. .....Kaye Sportwair
Kingston, Pa. .....The Marion Shoppe
Ladue, Mo. .....The Image
Lafayette Hill, Pa .....
Lafayette Apparel Shop
La Grange, Ill. .....Kay Howard Shops
Lahaina Maui, Hawaii .....
Royal Kaanapali Golf Courses
Lakeland, Fla. .....Joyce Corner
Lancaster, Pa. ..Adler's Country Casuals
Lancaster, Pa. .....Watt & Shand
Lapeer, Mich. .....Julie Shop
La Porte, Ind ..The Barbara Link Shops
Larchmont, N.Y. .....Pink Boutique
Larchmont, N.Y. ...Vans – Sportchester
Largo, Fla. .....Strawberry Banke
Las Vegas, Nev. .....Ronzones
Latham, N Y. .....Country Miss
Leavenworth, Wash. ...Village Fashions
Lemoore, Cal .....Nateva's
Lewiston, Maine .....Ward's
Litchfield, Mich ..Kearns Clothes Closet
Locust Valley, N Y. ....Essence Two, Inc.
Long Beach, N Y. .....Town Shop
Longmeadow, Mass. .....The Ivy Shop
Longmeadow, Mass. .....Steigers
Los Angeles, Cal. .....Boutique Allee
Los Gatos .....Idamma's Fashions
Louisville, Ky .....She-Designs for Her
Lubbock, Texas .....Darby's
Madawaska, Maine .....Noella's
Madison, Wisc. .....Simpson's
Madison, Wisc .....W. J. Rendall's
Manchester, N H. .....The College Shop
Manchester, N H. .....McQuade's
Mansfield, Ohio .....The Cherry Tree
Marathon, Fla. .....Knotical Shop
Marco Island .....Sandpiper of Marco
McLean, Va. .....Michael Rose, Inc.
Medford, Oregon .....Jean Hart Inc.
Meredith, N H. .....Smaha's
Middletown, N.Y. ..... Green's
Midland, Texas ..Career Girl of Midland
Mill Valley, Cal. .....Stan's for Sports
Milwaukee, Wisc. .....T. A. Chapman
Milwaukee, Wisc. .....Craig's
Milwaukee, Wisc. .....Mr. Roberts
Minneapolis, Minn. .....Harold's
Mobile, Ala. .....Kaysers – Springdale
Mobile, Ala. .....Metzgers
Montgomery, Ala. .....Hobnob
Montgomery, Ala. .....Village Store #1
Montgomery, Ala. .....Village Store #2
Montoursville, Pa. .....Mary Usmar
Montrose, Col. .....Blooming Heart 1893
Morgantown, W. Va. ...The Village Shop
Morristown, N.J. .....Florine Shoppe
Muncie, Ind. .....Ball Stores
Murray, Ky. .....Mademoiselle Shop
Myrtle Beach, S C. .....John Baldwin
Nantucket Island, Mass. .....
The Vanderwolk's
Naples, Fla. ..... Set Fore
Naples, Fla. .....Young America Shop
Nashville, Tenn. .....Rich Schwartz
Nashville, Tenn. .....Village Store
New Brittan, Conn. ...World of Fashion
Newburgh, Ind. .....Carol Lant's
Newburgh, N Y. .....Penelope's
New Canaan, Conn. ...Bob's Sports Inc.
New Hartford, N.Y. ....E. Cramer & Son
New Orleans, La. .....Kreegers
Newport Beach, Cal. .....Richards
Newport, R.I. .....Puritan Ladies
Newton, Mass. .....The Ivy Shop
Newtown Square, Pa. .....
The Fashion Corner
Niskayuna, N Y. .....Dalis
Norfolk, Va. .....Naivette Shoppe
Norfolk, Va. .....Nicholson & Marks
Norfolk, Va. .....Sheril's
N. Palm Beach, Fla. .....Lib's
North Bellmore, N Y. .. Norann Fashions
Norwich, N.Y. .....Carol Ann
Nutley, N J. .....Sylvia Mancin
Oak Park, Ill. .....Quintero Ltd.
Oakton, Va. .....Perlhoff's
Ocean City, Md .....
Garland Lane Shoppe Ltd.
Odessa, Texas .....Linda's Smart Shop
Ogden, Utah .....Fred M. Nye Co.
Oklahoma City, Okla. .....Jeromes
Okoboji, Iowa ..... Green's
Old Forge, N Y. .....Village Store
Omaha, Neb. .....Branders
Oneonta, N.Y. .....Country Flair
Orlando, Fla. .....
Rutland's Greenbriar Shop
Osterville, Mass. .....Mulberry Corners
Osterville, Mass. .....Wool Shop
Oshkosh, Wisc. .....Bee Frank
Overland Park, Kansas .....Suzee's
Owego, N Y. .....Harvey's
Painted Post, N Y. .....Willow Shop
Palm Springs, Cal. .....Bullocks
Palm Springs, Cal. .....Gabrielle
Palm Springs, Cal. .....J D's Wardrobe
Palo Alto, Cal. .....The China Lady
Paoli, Pa. .....Susanne's
Peabody, Mass. .....Charles Sumner
Peoria, Ill. .....Main Line Inc
Pepper Pike, Ohio .....Marie T. Kish
Philadelphia, Pa. .....The Deb Shop
Philadelphia, Pa. ..Elegance by Edythe
Philadelphia, Pa. .....Sachs-Frankford
Phoenix, Arizona .....Diamonds
Phoenix, Arizona .....
Mills Touche for Ladies
Pikesville, Md. .....Monroe Bayer
Pine Mountain, Ga. .....Tillman's
Pittsburgh, Pa. ..... Lintons
Pittsburgh, Pa. .....Max Azen
Plainfield, N.J. .....Tepper's
Plainview, N.Y. .....
Fashions by Ruth David
Pleasant Hill, Cal. ....Stan's for Sports
Pocatello, Idaho .....Le Vine, Inc.
Pompano Beach, Fla. .....Alan Evan
Pompano Beach, Fla. .....
Joan Harriett, Inc.
Ponca City, Oklahoma .....
Dorothea's Style Shop
Pontiac, Mich .....Alvin's
Port Huron, Mich. .....Anne L's
Portland, Oregon .....Chas. F. Berg
Portland, Oregon ....Fifth Avenue Shop
Portland, Oregon .....Hadley's
Potomac, Md. .....Perlhoffs
Poughkeepsie, N.Y. .....Up-to-Dale
Prescott, Arizona ...Harpers Dress Shop
Princeton, W. Va. ..Sweetheart Boutique
Providence, R.I. ....Helen Olevson, Inc.
Provo, Utah .....Clark's
Prune Yard, Cal. .....Stan's for Sports
Quincy, Ill. .....Roderick P. Miller
Racine, Wisc. .....Jos. Lawrence
Rapid City, S.D. .....Blumenthal's
Reading, Pa. .....Jeannette Shops
Reading, Pa. .....Whitner's
Redding, Cal. .....The Country Girl
Richland, Mich. .....Carriage Trade
Richmond, Va. .....Mortimer's
Ridgewood, N.J. .....MacHugh Inc.
Riverside, Cal. .....The Harris Co.
Roanoke, Va. .....Horne's
Rochester, Mich. .....Mitzelfeld's
Rochester, N Y. .....Clothes Tree
Rochester, N Y. .....Irma Frakenstein
Rockville Centre, N.Y. .....Horwick
Rocky Mount, N C. ....Rosenbloom-Levy
Rogers, Arkansas ..Crystal Ball Boutique
Rutland, Vt. .....
Carbine Anderson-Lady's Country Shop
Rye, N Y. .....Couture Anonymous
Sacramento, Cal. .....
Charlotte Green Apparel
Sacramento, Cal. .....Scotty's
St. Charles, Mo. .....
Braulmann's Carriage Shop
St. Joseph, Mich. .....Blake's
St. Joseph, Mo. .....Einbender's
St Louis, Mo. ..The Dresser Drawer Ltd
St. Louis, Mo. .....Thomas Garland
St. Louis Park, Minn. .....Walbom's
St. Paul, Minn. .....Frank Murphy
St. Petersburg, Fla. .....John Baldwin
St Petersburg, Fla. .....Le Pavilion
Salem, Oregon .....Johnson's
Salinas, Cal. .....The Lady Shop
Salisbury, Md. .....Hess Apparel
Salt Lake City, Utah .....Arthur Frank
Salt Lake City, Utah .....Makoffs
San Angelo, Texas .....Maurice's
San Antonio, Texas .....Frost Bros
San Antonio, Texas .....
The Harris Shop for Pendleton
San Bernardino, Cal. ....The Harris Co
Sandusky, Ohio .....Caryl Crane, Inc
San Francisco, Cal. .....Fambrough's
San Francisco, Cal. ..... Joseph Magnin
San Rafael, Cal. .....Stan's for Sports
Santa Ana, Cal. .....Patricia's
Santa Monica, Cal. .....Do-Sel's
Santa Rosa, Cal. .....Rosenberg's
Santa Rosa, Cal. .....Stan's for Sports
Sarasota, Fla. ...Montgomery Roberts
Sarasota, Fla. .....Naden's Village
Sarasota, Fla. .....The Sea Stable
Savannah, Ga. .....Fine's
Saybrook, Conn. .....Sage Allen
Scarsdale, N Y. .....Mary Rothman Inc.
Scarsdale, N.Y. .....Vans-Sportchester
Schaumberg, Ill. .....Mark Shale
Schenectady, N Y. & Branches ....Joann
Scranton, Pa. .....
Mayfair Women's Apparel
Seattle, Wash. ..Littler's Fifth Ave Shop
Sedona, Arizona .....The Village Shop
Shaker Heights, Ohio ..Virginia Lagarde
Shavertown, Pa. ...Things by B J. Price
Sheboygan, Wisc. .....Friede's
Sheridan, Wyoming .....Angionettes
Short Hills, Pa. .....Tepper's
Shreveport, La. .....Selber Bros.
Sioux City, Iowa .....Williges
Smithtown, N Y. .....Helen Ann
Snyder, N.Y. .....Slotkins
South Hill, Va. .....Martha's
Spokane, Wash. ...Betty Bone Boutique
Springfield, Ill. .....S. A Barker Co
Springfield, Mass. .....Steigers
Springfield, Mo. ..Barth's Terrace Shops
Springfield, Mo. .....Jonn's Fashions
Springfield, Mo. .....Levy-Woll
Stamford, Conn. .....Bob's Sports Inc
Stamford, Conn. .....Ethel Allan
Stamford, Conn. .....Just Friends
State College, Pa. .....Penn-Traffic
Steamboat Springs, Col. ..The Storm Hul
Steubenville, Ohio .....
The Hub of Steubenville
Stockton, Cal. ....Eunice La Toure Inc
Stowe, Vt. .....H. E. Shaw Co
Streator, Ill. .....Opdyckes
Summit, N.J. .....Brooks of Summit
Sun City, Arizona .....Osburn's Apparel
Sunnyvale, Cal. .....The Country Lass
Sun Valley, Idaho .....Carroll's Inc
Sun Valley, Idaho .....
Sun Valley Shop – Denny Bar Co.
Sydney, N.Y. .....Country Flair
Syosset, N Y. .....Post & Co.
Syracuse, N Y. .....The Addis Co
Syracuse, N.Y. .....E. Cramer & Son
Syracuse, N.Y. .....Nadines
Tampa, Fla. .....Jacquelyn's
Tampa, Fla. .....Wolf Bros
Terre Haute, Ind. .....The Import Shop
Terre Haute, Ind. .....Meis Brothers
Timonium, Md. .....Edge Set
Toledo, Ohio .....LaSalle & Koch
Toledo, Ohio .....Lisa Stevens
Topeka, Kansas .....Evelyn Griffin
Torrance, Cal. .....Helen Morgan
Torrington, Wyoming ..The Village Shop
Trenton, N.J. .....Stacy Shops
Troy, N Y. .....Lord & Tann
Tucson, Arizona .....Cele Peterson's
Tulsa, Okla. .....John A. Brown
Tulsa, Okla. .....Peachtree Place
Twin Falls, Idaho .....Edson's
Urbana, Ill. .....Dominique
Vancouver, Wash. .....Hadley's
Venice, Fla. .....Week's Tres Chic
Ventura, Cal. .....The In Shoppe
Victoria, Texas .....M. O. Simon Co
Vineyard Haven .....Bee Jay's
Virginia, Minn. .....Jarmins Inc.
Virginia Beach, Va. ....Naivette Shoppe
West Hartford, Conn. .....Sage Allen
Westmont, N.J. .....Greenbriar Shops
Weston, Mass .....John Douglas
Westport, Conn. .....Ed Mitchell, Inc.
Wheeling, W. Va. .....L. S. Good Co.
Wheeling, W. Va. .....Stone & Thomas
White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. .....
Rose Bills Holiday House
Wichita, Kansas .....Lewins
Wichita Falls, Texas .....Mildred's
Wickford, R I. .....Wilson's of Wickford
Wilkes-Barre, Pa. .....
Fowler, Dick and Walker
Williamsville, N.Y. .....Village Tartan
Wilmington, Del. .....
Town & Country Casuals
Wilmington, N C. .....Fleishman's
Winchester, Va. .....
Margaret L. Hodgson Shop
Winnetka, Ill. .....Aimee, Inc.
Winnetka, Ill. .....Minna Hart
Winston Salem, N.C .....
The Buena Vista Shop
Winter Park, Fla. ....The Proctor Shops
Winter Park, Fla. .....
Rutland's Greenbriar Shop
Waco, Texas .....Town & Country
Wallingford, Conn. .....Raymond's
Warren, Ohio .....Roberta's
Warsaw, Ind .....Town & Country
Washington, D C. .....Dorothy Stead
Washington, D.C. .....Frank Jelleff
Washington, D.C. .....Rizik Bros., Inc
Waterford, Mich. ...Penthouse Fashions
Waterville, Maine ...Stern's Dept. Store
Wayne, Pa. .....Charlene Shop
Wayzata, Minn. .....Walbom's
Wellesley, Mass. .....Charles Sumner
Wellesley, Mass. .....John Douglas
Wellesley, Mass. .....Olken's
Wellesley, Mass. .....
St. Moritz Sport Shops
Wellesley, Mass. .....Wool Shop
Wellsville, N.Y. .....Cannon's
Wemme, Oregon ...Bowman's Sportique
Wenatchee, Wash. .....Webb's, Inc
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B. ALTMAN BURDINE'S NEUSTETER'S FREDERICK & NELSON HUTZLER'S JACKSON GRAVES KAUFMANN'S BONWIT TELLER

Create a glowing complexion with *Hungarian Beauty Rituals!*

FAMOUS SKIN CARE EXPERT REVEALS EUROPEAN BEAUTY SECRETS.
By Helen Makari, Special writer

When Queen Elizabeth of Austria wanted to improve her complexion about 100 years ago, she dispatched her secretary to Budapest, Hungary for help. Hungarian women have always been famous for their beauty and knowledge about complexions. Today, most of the successful skin care salons in the world have these Hungarian beauties with their skin care secrets, in charge. What are the secrets of these unquestionable beauties? To find out I visited ILONA OF HUNGARY, a famous beauty expert who maintains a successful and busy skin care Salon in Denver, Colo.

FLAWLESS COMPLEXION.
Ilona with her ivory-like, flawless complexion made me realize on first sight, that she knows the secret to a radiant skin. According to Ilona, complexion care, or facials as we know them in America, originated in Hungary centuries ago. Hungarians place a great emphasis on properly maintaining the skin. They believe in light make up only, which is enough if you have a radiant and glowing complexion. The maintenance of the skin during the growing years and all through life will result in either a radiant or a problem skin condition. Ilona's European Skin Care Center in Denver is so busy and the demand for her services are so great that she must now accept evening appointments to accomodate her ever growing and expanding clientile. People come from all over the United States and those who cannot visit the salon order her cosmetics by mail.

SHE DOESN'T PROMISE MIRACLES, SHE DELIVERS RESULTS.
People with dry skin, oily skin, acne, large pores, wrinkles, etc. have at long last found help by following her skin care methods. Those who suffered for years, who tried everything from antibiotics to "miracle products" without results are now happy with Ilona. Her remarkable methods work for every type of skin, even sensitive ones, without the use of diet or medications.

DON'T USE MOISTURIZER ON DRY SKIN!
Knowing that practically every cosmetic manufacturer in America offers various moisturizers for dry skin, Ilona's statement that she doesn't use moisturizers, shocked me.
She explained: "the greatest damage to complexion is caused by wind, sun and other weather elements which dry out the skin very fast and produce little channels under the skin, forming wrinkles in the process. Just look at the Americans Indians! Why do they develop deep wrinkles at an early age? It is a scientific fact that once the natural moisture escapes from the skin, it is next to impossible to penetrate the paper thin outer layer with a moisturizer. Your family doctor will confirm this. If external application of moisturizers would do wonders, fishermen who work under the most humid conditions, would have beautiful complexions. But they don't! True, you can soften the skin temporarily with a moisturizer, but soon it evaporates, leaving the skin tighter than before the application. So, a very logical approach to proper skin care is to preserve the natural moisture your own body produces."



Ilona of Hungary

Ilona continued: "I don't have a moisturizer in my cosmetic line, but my Protection Creams prevent the escape of natural moisture from the skin and protect it all day against weather extremes. If the skin still needs moisture replenished or to be lubricated it can be done more successfully with my special night creams."
Climate is an important factor in Ilona's skin care program. "I don't believe in 'all purpose' cosmetics and I am the only cosmetic manufacturer in America who offers skin care products according to the climate of the user. After all," she added, "even lawns need different treatments in dry climates than in humid ones."

SKIN CARE WITH PHENOMENAL SUCCESS!
Over two thousand people came to Ilona for help and letters pour in daily with request for cosmetics by mail and praises about the results. Here are a few excerpts from letters in her files: "The cleanser for my oily skin really works. My face feels soft, yet not greasy" Mrs. E.S. Winnipeg, Canada • "My skin has shown a definite improvement.' Mrs. C.S. Leadville, Colo. • "My skin is nearly perfect, that is something I had doubted would ever happen." Mr. L.F. Greeley, Colo. • "I had acne for almost 10 years and the older I got the worse it became. Finding you was the miracle I was praying for. My skin looks wonderful and I am finally getting some confidence in myself." Miss G.W. Seattle, Wash. • "I was very satisfied with the skin care products I bought from you. I would like to order more by mail." Miss N.R. Franklin, Idaho • "From my early teens until middle age I was plaqued with facial problems which began with acne and continued as a chronic skin condition. Beginning your course of treatments has cleared my skin almost completely in four months." Mrs. G.R. Denver, Colo. • "Dry skin is a problem here, but I think you have found the secret to its cure. I have a terribly dry skin and am allergic to almost everything, however, with your cosmetics I have no problem." Mrs. K.M. Phoenix, Ariz. • And the praises continue in many other letters.
A special skin care booklet containing Ilona's successful methods for complexion care at home is available by sending $1 to: **European Skin Care Center, Dept. V-1. 361 So. Colorado Blvd. Denver, Colo. 80222.** The full price will be credited on your first cosmetic order. If your present cosmetics just don't give you the results you want, a letter to Ilona with a $1 can be the best investment you ever made for your skin and a beautiful start to a radiant and glowing complexion. On your next trip stop in Denver for an appointment with Ilona in her European Skin Care Center. You will be glad you did.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

GAMES by Sam Fry

Bridge: Defend Yourself, Fast

Quick action can stop an attack, by telegraphing a false message

The defensive play in this month's Vogue bridge hand is made of fairly high-level stuff. We would say that only one-half of one percent of all bridge players would have risen to the occasion as South did. Not that it takes a genius to be able to make these advanced plays; but it does take considerable experience to be able to recognize the situation and to apply the only possible antidote.

	NORTH ♠ 8 3 ♡ J 9 6 2 ◇ J 8 3 ♣ 8 6 4 2	
WEST ♠ A Q 10 7 4 ♡ Q 10 8 ◇ A 10 9 ♣ A 7		EAST ♠ K J 6 2 ♡ A K 5 ◇ K 7 6 4 ♣ Q 10
	SOUTH ♠ 9 5 ♡ 7 4 3 ◇ Q 5 2 ♣ K J 9 5 3	

East-West did not have to be ashamed of having reached six spades on their cards, which they did very forthrightly; one spade by West, three spades by East, and six spades by West. They were quite unlucky to go down.

First, North guessed the killing lead—a club. Then West, the declarer, couldn't make a right guess on the club lead as South had both the king and jack. He actually played the ten and topped South's jack with his ace.

But West had only begun to fight. He drew trumps, cleared the hearts, and then exited with his other club, leaving South on lead—and on the spot—with his club king.

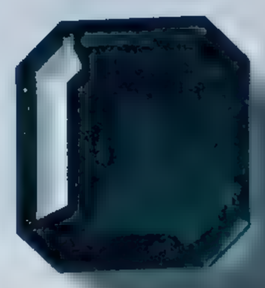
South knew that the other suits had been stripped and that leading another club would give declarer his twelfth trick, the ruff-and-discard way. He had to tackle diamonds, leading up to dummy's king, with declarer marked with the ace. (If declarer didn't have the ace, the slam was automatically down.) If South's partner held as good as J-9-x in diamonds, South could lead any diamond and be sure of beating the hand.

But what if declarer has A-10-9? A low diamond lead gives West virtually no choice but to make the hand. He will play the nine and top North's jack with East's king. Then a successful finesse back through South's queen will be just about compulsory.

So South reasoned to lead the diamond queen. West could have guessed the situation and won the ace and then finessed through North. But South had acted quickly—all of the above reasoning went through his mind in a few seconds; so West thought it a bit more likely that the queen lead had been from queen-jack. He won with dummy's king and then lost the finesse to North's jack for down one.

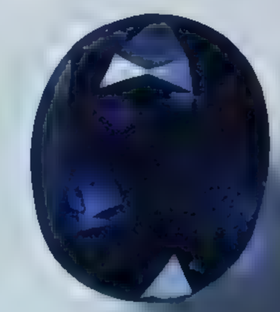
As we said, West might have guessed it. But he *couldn't* have missed the hand had South led low. South gets our praise and West our sympathy. ■





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...and jewels in the world



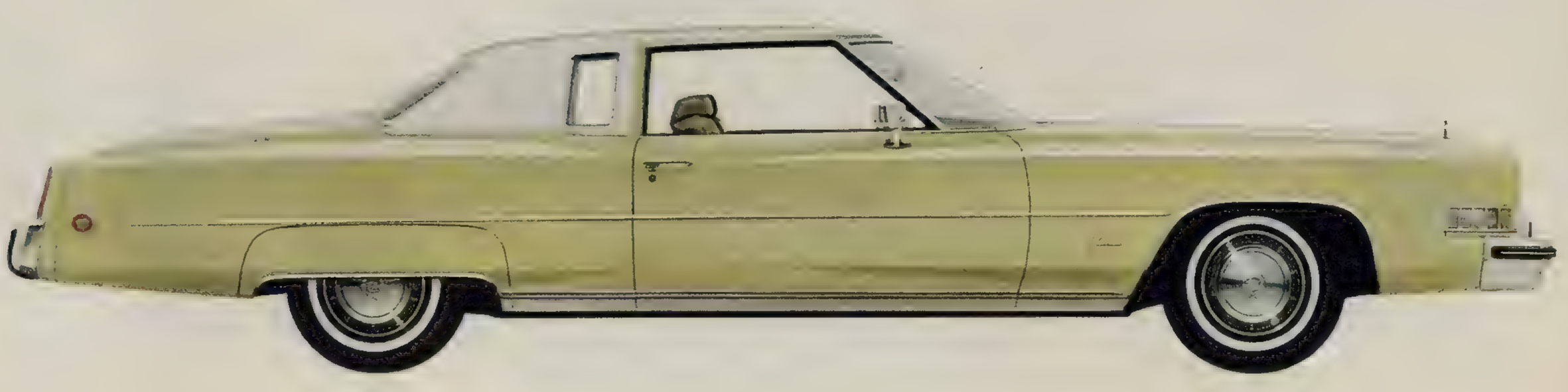
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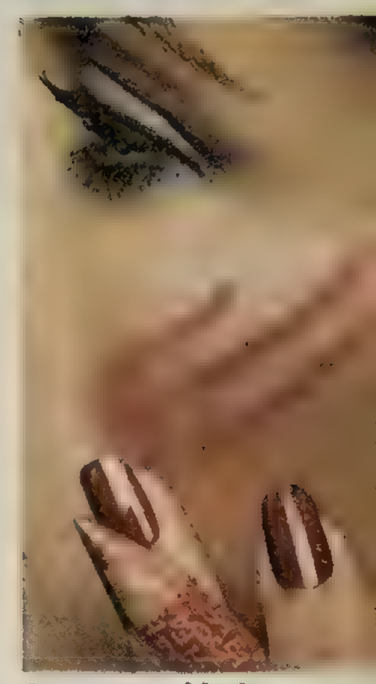
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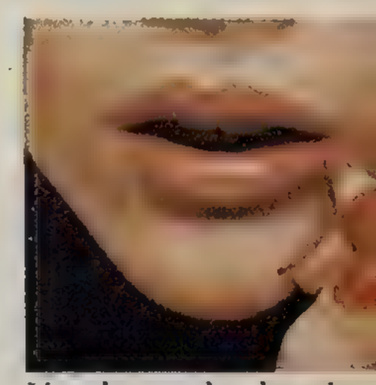
And if that isn't everything, what is?



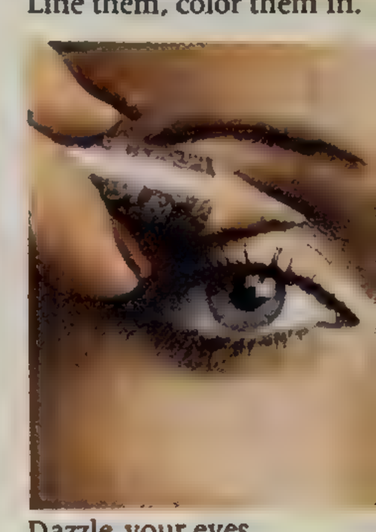
Sunny-up a forehead.



Sweep on a blush



Line them, color them in.



Dazzle your eyes.

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Now the newest, chicest haircut from France becomes a wig so comfortable you can sleep in it.

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Only Fashion Tress could translate the most beautiful news from France into the most beautiful news in wigs. Smooth. Short. And very 1973.

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And it's unbelievably easy to cope with. Now you know why we call it The Unbelievable Wig.

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Background: Ladies in waiting to Empress Eugenie — Winterhalter Painting from the Royal Collection, Buckingham Palace, London.

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Shake well with ice. Strain into frosted sour glass. Raise with appropriate toast.

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Fashion Direction: SPAIN

A Spanish classic: the pants suit of the season interpreted by MITZOU in softest beige suede. Shirt jacket and straight pants are both neatly cuffed.

NAN DUSKIN

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Fashion Direction: SPAIN

The black and white cyclist's suit from MAXICHOC
...high gear fashion. Black poplin jacket—shirred
and zipped. The snap of white pique pants—
trim, slim and lightly flared. Ready to pack and go—on Iberia.

NAN DUSKIN

PHILADELPHIA

Fashion Direction: SPAIN

The non-stop shorebirds by FERRER Y SENTIS . . . just as larky on Ibiza as Long Island. Flower accents on a yellow cotton T-shirt . . . Yellow cotton knit mini with red, blue and green stripes shelters a matching bikini . . . Cotton knit rugby shirt flashes orange and red signals.

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Fashion Direction: SPAIN

The loose, breezeway-jacketed pants suits by CARMEN MIR, each in three well-thought-out pieces. Left: bright white embroidered cotton damask with a surprise of lace blouse. Right: sunny yellow linen over a matching sleeveless blouse that bares your midriff tan.

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Fashion Direction: SPAIN

The PERTEGAZ suit, with a new soft prettiness . . . in pink this season . . . with a gentled skirt, an incomparably tailored jacket. This, perfectly suited for any Iberia destination in Spain—or, with change of pace accessories, for the Islands off the coast.

photographer: Gianni Ruggiero

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BUYING TIME by Bess Myerson

How To Win At Food Shopping

For buys that won't bite you, read labels, think carefully



Bess Myerson

Freedom of purchasing choice is too important to lose—either through someone else's manipulations (which are comparatively easy to identify and oppose) or through our own mistakes (which are more difficult to eliminate because it's a rare shopper who will ever admit to them). Thomas Jefferson wrote a second declaration of independence: "Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap; it will be dear to you."

How can you really know if you're buying what you do not need or want? A persuasive army of merchandising magicians is working overtime to convince you that IT, whatever IT is, is just what you DO want and MUST have. How can you know if IT is cheap or dear, when costs may be skillfully hidden and when packaging presents a confusing multitude of choices?

It's easy to buy, but it's challenging to buy wisely. For those who buy badly or blindly, the effectiveness of family budgets may be reduced as much as 25 percent. On the most important purchase in our budgets, food, the careless consumers are taking more out of that family budget than they should and putting less food on their tables than they could.

It's healthier for both budget and family if you learn the lessons of smart food shopping. Should a list be prepared? Yes, because indications of reliable surveys suggest that those shoppers who carefully write down what they want are more psychologically fortified against the temptations, and added costs, of "impulse buying" once they are in the store.

Next, a decision should be made whether one shopping trip or several a week can better serve your family's needs. Those same reliable surveys indicate that the one-trip family averages a 15 percent saving over the multiple-trip family in the same income group, with no lessening of the amount and variety of foods purchased. The impulses to buy what you really do not want increase with more frequent opportunities.

Every husband and wife must face the question squarely: which one has the greater weakness for impulse buying? Men have proven to be more addicted to impulse buying than women—but it's a consumer problem that each family must solve for itself.

Should you take your children along on food-shopping trips? Not if it means that you can't get out of the store without buying them useless items to keep them quiet or attentive. The merchandising magicians know that the sales resistance of youngsters is practically nonexistent. That's why so many tempting television-advertised items are placed on shelves at child's-eye level. For hurried mothers, it may seem more logical to buy the blankety-blank useless item than to deliver a reasoned exposition on family economics and discipline to their offspring in the middle of the express check-out line. If you must take a child when you food shop, put him in the cart and push it down the center of the aisles, safely out of his reach of the shelves—and keep moving!

Eat something before you leave the house to go food shopping. Surveys have proved that hungry shoppers spend an average of $10 more a week, much of it on eye-catching items they can't understand why they bought when they unpack them.

(Continued on page 78)

Buy Bonds where you work ...now that you can.



1903—a time of no credit, a 12-hour workday, and no Payroll Savings Plan.

It's sort of like your grandfather telling you he used to walk 15 miles through the snow to get to school.

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No more face-stretching, pulling or tugging—the marvelous white foam is smoothed on in seconds — and disappears in minutes.

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In the Swim

The proof about waterproof makeup . . .

If the thought of facing summer beaches without your face on keeps you from getting in the swim of things—help is here. . . . Max Factor's UltraLucent Waterproof Makeup and UltraLucent Waterproof Blush actually resist heat, humidity, and perspiration as they moisturize and protect skin. From a day in the sun and water to a night on the town, these makeups will stay with you beautifully. For eye openers: Lash Maker Waterproof Automatic Comb-on Mascara, Colormaker Automatic Eye Shadow, and Linemaker Automatic Eye Liner. We tested all of these Factor products under the shower—not only didn't they smudge, they remained fresh and un-mussed all day. . . . Some lipsticks stay on in the water—and out of it—better than others. Give Frances Denney's new Super Cream Lipsticks a try—in colors just made for a tan, like Sunshine Orange, Sunny Shrimp, Terra Cotta. . . . Maybelline's in the waterproofing business, too—two good friends: Ultra-Lash Mascara and Cover Stick. More waterproofing: Aziza's "Pocket Mascara" and Revlon's Natural Wonder Stay-On Liner and Natural Wonder Extra Long Big Lash Mascara. Helena Rubinstein created the first waterproof mascara in 1939 especially for Eleanor Holm's appearance in Billy Rose's Acquacade at the World's Fair. Later, it was made available to the public; the original formula is still used for their waterproof Long Lash Mascara.

About water-resistant makeup . . .

Geared to the woman who is indeed out-of-doors a great deal of the time, but who spends more of her time out of the water than in, water-resistant makeups concentrate on protecting the skin from the sun, whether it be the entire face or such super-sensitive areas as the nose and eyelids. They don't claim to stay on and on untouched when subjected to the water; but they do take a certain degree of exposure without spoiling and are excellent beauty aids for the active woman. Estée Lauder's Soft Cream Compact glides over the skin with the flick of a finger to provide silky-smooth coverage and good protection from the sun. Clinique's Continuous Coverage takes its name from its remarkable ability to cling and cover, also, by blocking many of the sun's ultraviolet rays, it does a good job of shielding those super-sensitive areas.

Head for the sun and sea

One way to "waterproof" your hair in the swim . . . wear a wig. Edith Imre's closely cropped cap is made from a European fiber designed to her own requirements—called Imrelon, it takes to pool and ocean beautifully. Not a hair comes out of place—and, we might add, your own hair needs protecting from the sun, too. . . . Halston's chin-length flip of Elura comes with a detachable, washable turban. And, although it's not recommended for a dip in the ocean, it's a lifesaver for sports on dry land.

Irma Shorell's amazing discovery . . .

SPRAYS AWAY DRY SKIN INSTANTLY!

IRMA SHORELL'S
BODY TREATMENT/35
BATH OIL



Yes — BODY TREATMENT/35 BATH OIL is remarkable relieves skin dryness. Exclusive process *VELVETIZING enables the skin to retain moisture. This miraculous process cleanses WITHOUT USING SOAP . . . whether in spray form for shower or bath oil for bath.

INSTANTLY DISPERSED—NOT GREASY

Its superior keratin moisturizing action works immediately to eliminate dryness of heels, knees, elbows. Your skin feels as soft and fluffy as cotton candy.

Not pore-clogging or heavily fragranced, BODY TREATMENT/35 clothes the body with a *MONOMOLECULAR VEIL OF PROTECTION that tends to prevent any undue loss of moisture from the skin.

WEAR WOOL WITHOUT ITCHING

Don't suffer the inconvenience of dry, itching skin one more day. Users report they can now wear wool and most blends for the first time in their lives.

See for yourself —start wearing those delightful knits immediately—thanks to the youthening BODY TREATMENT/35. There is no other product in the world like it.



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READYBEAUTY

Skin Care of a Sluffing Nature

. . . Irma Shorell tells you how



Irma Shorell

"The basis of all facial beauty is good, healthy skin," according to Irma Shorell, who's been running her company on this principle since its beginning in 1961. "Women today want one product that will do many things for them because they just don't have the time—or money—for endless hours of beauty rituals." Her own beauty ritual is amazingly short, simple, and effective. Her skin sparkles with health —the result, she says, of only seven minutes of skin care each day: In the morning, cleansing followed by a warm-then-cool water rinse and moisturizing. The same at night, with night cream substituting for moisturizer.

To make life that simple for others, all the Irma Shorell products are of a serious-minded nature—"we create a product only if it fills a need." In the case of Dermabrase/35, the need was Irma Shorell's own. An accident caused an unsightly, discolored patch of skin which eventually responded to a program prescribed by a woman dermatologist. Dermabrase/35 is the direct descendent of that treatment.

While most women may not have as serious a problem, there's no doubt that all skin needs a helping hand. Clean is not always enough—to get things glowing again, what you may need is a sluffing-off of dead skin cells (some call it surface peeling or exfoliation). The kind of sluffing-off Dermabrase/35 gives is *mild*, which is as it should be. Deep peeling done with powerful chemicals (a highly useful technique in cases of wrinkling and badly pigmented areas) should be performed only by a medical specialist. It's absolutely not a do-it-yourself or beauty-salon project. But the exfoliation you *can* do for yourself still may produce remarkable changes. It can unclog pores, reduce excess oiliness, help keep breakouts from doing just that, and, by revving up circulation, give skin a new, healthier tone. You use Dermabrase/35 with a special contoured applicator that gets everything going when it foams up. A five-minute massage every night for a week—morning and night thereafter—does the rest. Some skins need less, some more. That is something a woman can judge for herself; but, according to Miss Shorell, results show at the end of that first week. And the best part: it's easy to use and fast. But it's not a new idea. An Egyptian papyrus over 3,500 years old mentions the use of an abrasive paste made of alabaster particles in honey and milk, to be rubbed across the face and skin. The Shorell ingredients are more scientific, made to fight grime, soot, and other pollution-related problems. Which is why Irma Shorell emphasizes that for skin to be healthy, "it must be clean—*clean deep down.*"

Dermatologists agree that the use of a mild peeling can accomplish this. One doctor uses "light peelings—or 'freshenings,' as I like to call them—all the time; and I teach patients how to continue care at home. You look better with a 'homogenous' textured skin. Most rough spots, little bumps, and minor discolorations can be improved. Well-cared-for skin can look younger, more alive." Another doctor recommends "a cleansing abrasive to remove grime, oil, and debris. For enlarged pores, an exfoliating lotion. . . . The effect is to remove the top layer of skin, thus making pores seem less prominent." To Irma Shorell, it's like getting "a whole new skin."

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I'm not a pretty girl anymore. I'm a beautiful woman!

I wouldn't be 18 again for anything in the world.

No woman is really beautiful till she's over 30.

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Not just better color. Better hair!

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It was a girl who said, "Let's have a party outside. And for a change, let's get dressed up!" That was you, wasn't it? and when the party fell on "the wrong day," it wasn't a personal disaster.

Tampax tampons give you the protection and the security you need to carry on. It's the kind of protection that lets you feel as fresh and clean as a new blade of grass. The serenely comfortable, supremely confident protection you wear internally. With never the "I-know-it's-there" feeling you somehow always have with pads.



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With these dresses, you have everything for a week-end trip or 'round the world junket. Each in easy-living polyester. Sailing Schooners: ¾ button front; orange, green or turquoise on white. Floating Balloons: bermuda collar; orange, green or turquoise on white. Choo-Choo Trains: T-shirt neck; orange, green, turquoise, black on white.
Each 8-20, $34 prices slightly higher in the west

French girls don't think it has to get dark before they get sexy.

Only it's a different kind of sexy.
A 1973, Bigarade sexy.
A fresh, clean, totally alive kind of sexy.
Bigarade belongs with crisp linen, cool cotton, rich pongee.



Bigarade is the casual fragrance you smooth on your skin, before the casual clothes you slip on your body.

We first introduced Bigarade in France, because French girls love being casual.

It made such a splash, we brought it here to America, for you.

Bigarade Eau de Toilette.
So you can be casual without being taken lightly.

Bigarade
Nina Ricci, Paris



Wella Balsam.

It makes your hair beautiful



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The original.
as no other balsam can.

Wella Balsam Instant Conditioner. Makes your hair look beautiful, strong, healthy in just 60 seconds.

Damaged hair needs Wella Balsam Instant Hair Conditioner. It smooths split ends, adds body to weak and brittle hair, and brings up a healthy shine. Men and women both enjoy the new feeling it gives their hair. It makes hair tangle-free and easy to comb. Hairdressers have been using and recommending Wella Balsam for years. It's the original balsam, and it's still the best. All other balsams are imitations. Get Wella Balsam Regular for normal and bleached hair, Extra Body for fine hair.

New Wella Balsam Shampoo. A gentle lather that washes in body and shine.

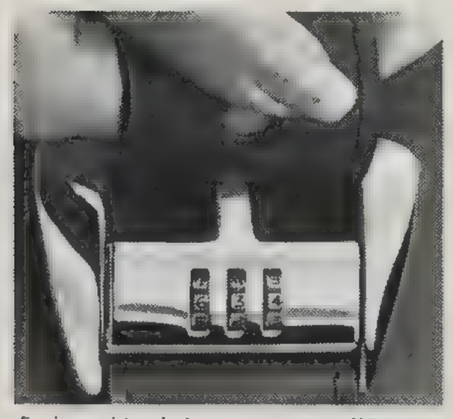
Now you can wash your hair as often as you like with gentle Wella Balsam Conditioning Shampoo, a rich creamy foam that leaves hair shiny, sweet, naturally clean. It won't strip hair of natural protective oils, and it's safe for even the most delicate hair colors. Actually washes in body and shine. It contains famous Wella Balsam ingredients, to give mild conditioning while you shampoo. For badly damaged hair use Wella Balsam Instant Hair Conditioner after every shampoo.



Love your hair™
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XL Ventura®
the soft *luxury* travelware

MAY IS Luggage & Leathergoods MONTH

"Eat before you market; hungry shoppers buy more mistakes"

Unit pricing is the most basic of shoppers' protections—unfortunately, often ignored. Used properly, it can save both time and money—as much as 10 percent of your weekly food budget. The price per basic unit—pound, quart, dozen—is clearly printed at the point of selection in each shopping area, and a shopper can quickly measure the different sizes and know which one is giving her the most for her money. She may still make any choice—but unit pricing makes it an informed choice.

Open dating is a protection that guarantees the freshness of the food products you buy. When you look for the date now, it's there for the plain and simple reading; no more mystic symbols to keep the freshness of a product a secret between the storekeeper and his conscience. Take time to read the date.

Have you read any good labels lately? If you ignore the existing information on labels and don't care about the still-missing information, you may be shortchanging yourself on the ingredients, nutrition, and quality of foods.

The name of a product may be misleading. Look for the list of ingredients. The preponderant ingredient is listed first, and the others are listed in descending order. You may discover that X with Y added is really a lot of Y with only the faintest suggestion of X. Also look for the listing of nutritional content. There, too, the product's name or a catchy slogan may be no clue. If the label says: "It is nourishing"—and doesn't tell you specifically what the nutrients are, and in what proportion, you're being medically treated by a copywriter.

Use the consumer's scales that should be in every supermarket. Short weight, in both national products and items packed by individual stores, is a common complaint; in many cases, the error is inadvertent—but you will still pay for food you do not get. When you use the scales to check the weight of a package, don't include the weight of the container. The weight listed on the package is for the product inside.

If you buy convenience foods, always be aware that convenience is a service and that you pay for it. You should weigh the extra cost against the extra time that may be required with the standard product. You should buy whichever is best for your particular need, of course; but too many consumers buy and pay for convenience they do not really need or use. That useless purchase of convenience can mount to a tidy sum. According to Sidney Margolius, the consumer columnist, if a child added his own sugar to the cereal he ate during all the years until he reached college age, instead of having the family purchase at a higher price the convenience item of pre-sugared cereal, the amount of money saved would pay for his college education! And if the family has been buying the variety eight-packs of one serving each, there's probably a graduate degree there!

Watch out for the private and unofficial grading of meat and poultry that some stores use. These "grades" may be misleading unless they are accompanied by the official USDA grade. "Top Grade" tells you nothing. "U.S. Finest" is meaningless. That kind of unofficial grading by individual chains or stores implies that the meat and poultry being offered is equivalent to the official U.S. Choice grade, when in fact it may be second or third rate by USDA standards.

At the check-out counter, keep track of the purchases being rung up. Supermarket cashiers, according to one National Cash Register Company survey, make mistakes in ringing up almost 80 percent of all orders over nine dollars. You should be aware of what items are being taxed and how much. Sale prices should be checked—some checkers are always the last to know. Make sure you have a clear view of the figures being rung up on the register. Too often the register is behind a barrier of "last-minute items." Move the obstruction aside so that you can get a clear view. It's bad enough that you have to pay for your own mistakes; you shouldn't have to pay for the checker's mistakes also. ■

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Nature.
Because I, too, am a woman, I must pause to marvel at you. You're the life force that makes the world what it is. And me what I am. Nature. You're a free spirit man has yet to conquer. I have never seen you, but I see you. When I look up at the sky. When I walk in the rain. When I hold a newborn baby. The world is your offspring. And I am one of them. For I am nature's child. As a woman, I am one with nature.

Being a woman is something only another woman can really understand. pH plus was created by a woman. Who knows the pangs and the pleasures. And the need to feel beautiful. pH plus is a new skin care collection blessed with vitamins, minerals, proteins, emollients, herbs and other rewarding ingredients. It's part empathy, part inspiration, part science and part nature. It's partly for your skin, and partly for your soul.

At beauty salons only.



The treatment collection for skin and psyche.

pH plus by Redken.

Deep-Cleansing Creme, Toning Skin Freshener, Firming Facial Masque, Moisturizing Skin Balancer, Creme Concentrate, Lip Conditioner

The Erogenous Tones.

Fabergé introduces new nail colors that lead to more than holding hands.

Your hands were meant for touching. Caressing. And loving.

That's why Fabergé created The Erogenous Tones. Rich. Creamy. Super-exciting new Nail Glaze colors. With such beautiful high-gloss, they send out signals to every man in sight.

Get your hands on The Erogenous Tones. 24 colors. Only $1 each. By Fabergé



CHOOSE FROM X-RATED RED, TOUCH-ME-PINK, BLUE ECSTASY, RASPBERRY PASSION, PLUM PLEASURE, HOT 'N SPICY, PINK CARESS, AND 17 OTHER EROGENOUS TONES.

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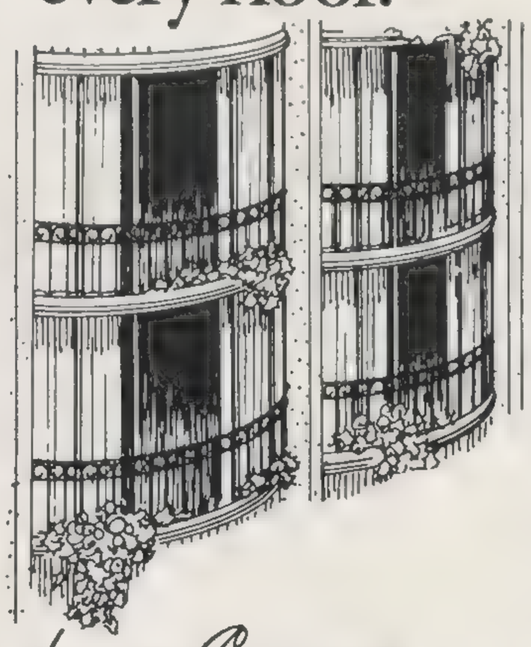


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The forbidden fragrance.
By Dana.

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Our new Beverly Wing. Eight floors—eight worlds. Each with the decor of a different period in California history. The worlds of Spain, Mexico, Early California, France and Italy. And the world of the Avant-Garde. We also have an entire floor of two-level Townhouse Suites (the only ones in America). And a separate Champagne floor of petite suites (for the ultra worldly). Our world of difference. There isn't another hotel in Los Angeles like us.

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ART by Barbara Rose

Two Women: Real And More Real

Sentiment, shock from Lawrence Alma-Tadema and Chuck Close



COLLECTION OF ALLEN FUNT
"The Golden Hour"



BYKERT GALLERY
"Susan"

One reason the study of art history is so fascinating is that it exposes so much regarding the unconscious attitudes of an age. For example, a comparison of two views of womanhood, "The Golden Hour," painted in 1907 by the leading latter-day Pre-Raphaelite Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, and a contemporary portrait (nearly eight feet square) of a young girl, "Susan," by Chuck Close, is revealing. Not only does the precise academic technique of Victorian painting have curious analogies with the meticulous realistic detail of Photo-Realism, today's most fashionable new art style; the two works also express how different is our conception of woman from that of the Victorians.

Typical of the saccharine sweetness of Victorian salon painting, "The Golden Hour" is thought to be a portrait of the artist's beautiful red-haired wife. She is seen engaged in that most genteel occupation for a lady—contemplating art: in this case, a famous work by Jean Léon Gérôme, an artist almost as academic as Alma-Tadema, done after a Greek Tanagra statuette of a hoop dancer. By the time Alma-Tadema, one of the most popular painters of the turn of the century, began painting his "Victorians in Togas" (the title of a recent exhibition of his work at The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York), neoclassicism had degenerated from a great esthetic and moral force in French art to a decorative pastiche of Greco-Roman sets and costumes pleasing to the eye of the well-to-do industrialist seeking the instant status of ancient culture for his comfortable Victorian living room. For such collectors, the severe rigor of David's classicism would have been too Spartan; but the flesh tones and ingratiating color harmonies of Alma-Tadema's blushing maidens thinly veiled in diaphanous drapery had just the right combination of dreamy femininity and cultural pretension.

In comparison with the Victorian conception of woman as a lovely delicate flower to be protected, cordoned off from the world of real events in cozy drawing rooms, and revered as an object with its own esthetic delights (translucent skin, huge luminous eyes, heaving bosoms), the attitude of Photo-Realists like Chuck Close seems perhaps extreme in its factual acceptance of nature's flaws. His women stare straight out at the viewer instead of averting their gaze in shy modesty. The contrast between the Victorian idealization of woman—unassailable and untouchable on her marble pedestal—and today's "real," gutsy, down-to-earth, unadorned, and uncosmeticized woman whose strong bones are a visual analogy for her strong will is striking indeed.

It is not coincidental that we are experiencing a revival of Victorian art at the same time that a super-realist painting style based on photographs is attracting attention and dominating the art market. For years, Victorian painting was considered an academic embarrass- (Continued on page 94)

One
Wednesday afternoon
Samantha Eggar
discovered
116 Via Veneto
in Rome



Ava



FRUIT MASK

"I know Eve makes cosmetics and treatment products of the very purest ingredients and I know they're made in Italy in very small quantities and I know that quality is assured.

"And just as a piece of advice—I don't think women should, or can afford to, wait 'til they're in their forties to begin to show concern about the health of their skin. I think when you're 25 you should start a regime that will keep the problems away."

And that's one of the nice things we have to offer at Eve of Roma. We have a skin care treatment program that takes a big 5 or 6 minutes a day. A man spends more time than that shaving.





HERBAL LOTION

"I heard about Eve of Roma first from a Cinecitta Movie Studio buddy of mine who never missed a chance to drop into what she calls 'the most civilized beauty spot in the world.' "

That's the first thing Samantha Eggar, one of Hollywood's (by way of London) most sought after TV/Cinema stars said about our Eve of Roma Salon at 116 Via Veneto—today's most widely known stamping grounds for "top drawer" beauties of Roman society.

Women who are individualists love the place simply because everyone concentrates on "YOUR" look. They never force you to wear theirs. Not that you could force Samantha into anything.

But Samantha did admit to being incredibly concerned with the health of her skin—"I care terribly about keeping my skin clean and moist and enriched.



But on with it. Here's what we did for Samantha to show her our Treatment/Make-Up Plan. It's simple.

First step to any beauty. Cleanse the skin, shower it, be sure it's immaculate.

Use CLEANSING EMULSION. A buoyant, barely-barely scented emulsion. Pat on, remove with damp wash cloth.

Now use ACIDA LOTION. This restores and neutralizes natural skin balance. It has the effect



DEW HYDRATOR

found Eve of Roma





your own glands aren't as productive as they should be.

For foundation we use VELVET TOUCH. Why? Because it's a sheer, light, inconspicuous liquid base. Samantha says, "I hate cake-y bases. I won't wear them." But Samantha liked VELVET TOUCH and the way it let her own skin show through.

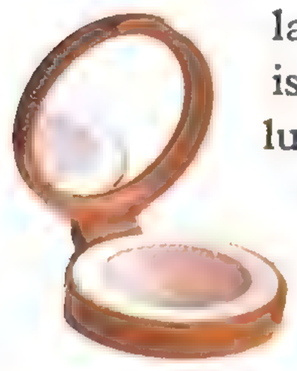


VELVET TOUCH

of a chilled wine, and is a super pick-up before make-up because it tones, clarifies the skin.

Eve of Roma believes in the effectiveness of masks so much so we make four totally different masks, but for Samantha's sensitive skin we chose the FRUIT MASK. It's especially nourishing and won't dry on the skin. By massaging it thoroughly circulation is activated.

With our HERBAL LOTION we remove the last traces of the mask. This special formula is made from 22 different herbs. It's absolutely marvelous for sensitive skins and particularly beneficial for early aging skin (which we're happy to report Samantha's is not).



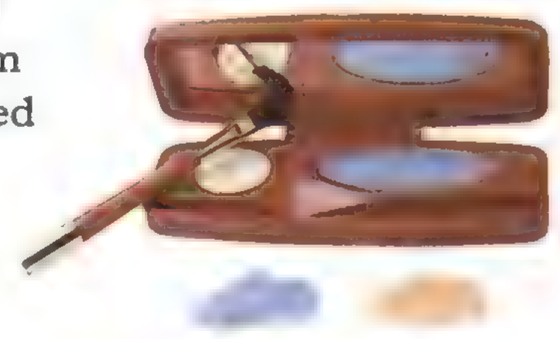
ROMAN GLOW

To give Samantha the glossy look she likes, healthy and glowing, we use DEW HYDRATOR, a preparation that simply swipes an old trick from nature. This milk white, light, greaseless emulsion maintains moisture when



To play up our beauty's natural glow we used ROMAN GLOW, a subtle blushing cream dotted on sparingly and blended over cheeks, forehead, chin.

Samantha's eyes are a beautiful shade of grey green, her hair a deep sorrel auburn. We decided to use the Violetta Azzurro shade from EYE SHADOW ACCENTO collection to play against her hair.



EYE SHADOW ACCENTO

Women love our eye shadows because each packet contains Transparent Veil, a foundation base which you use under the powder color. Then the color doesn't dare sneak into the creases of your eyelid.



For her lips our finishing touch is Scarlatto, a whole new kind of red. Clear. Vibrant. And there you have it. The Samantha Look. Which we think is very Eve of Roma Look. Naturally.

And we happily add that Samantha was particularly impressed with the most realistic prices of Eve of Roma products.

Samantha looked at her watch . . . the ultimate in chic and status (her grandpa's) . . .



And so now Samantha has to run.
She's going to Carlo's
(which is a secret place we're not supposed
to tell you about that is very good).
Ciao Samantha!
Run! You look wonderful.

EVE of ROMA



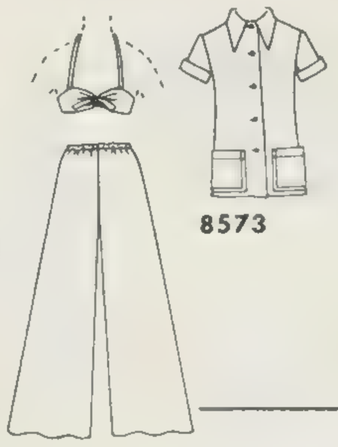
DRESS BY BONNIE CASHIN FOR PHILIP SI

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 178-181; other views, yardages, details)



8585

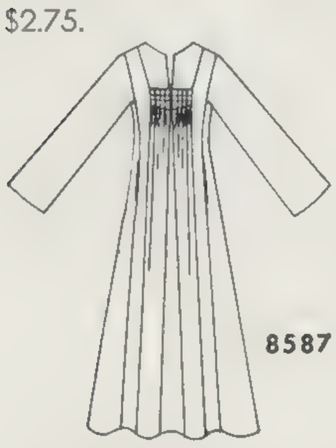


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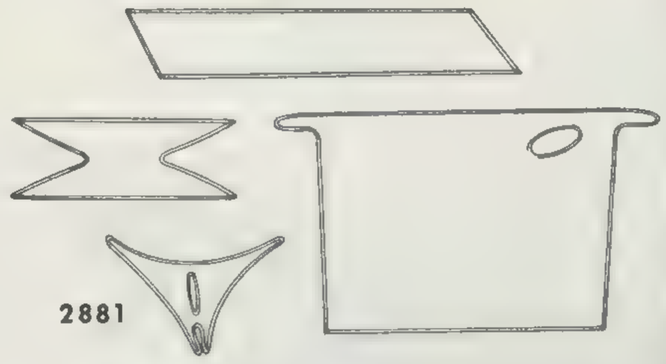
VOGUE PATTERN 8585. Shirtdress (pattern also includes pants). Size 10: 5⅝ yds. of 44" fabric. $2.50; in Canada, $2.75.

VOGUE PATTERN 8573, a Very Easy, Very Vogue Pattern. Shirt, pants, bra (pattern also includes bikini bottom). Size 10: 5⅛ yds. 44" fabric. $3; in Canada, $3.30.

VOGUE PATTERN 8587. Caftan (pattern also includes pants). Size 10: 5 yds. of 44" fabric. $2.50; in Canada, $2.75.



8587

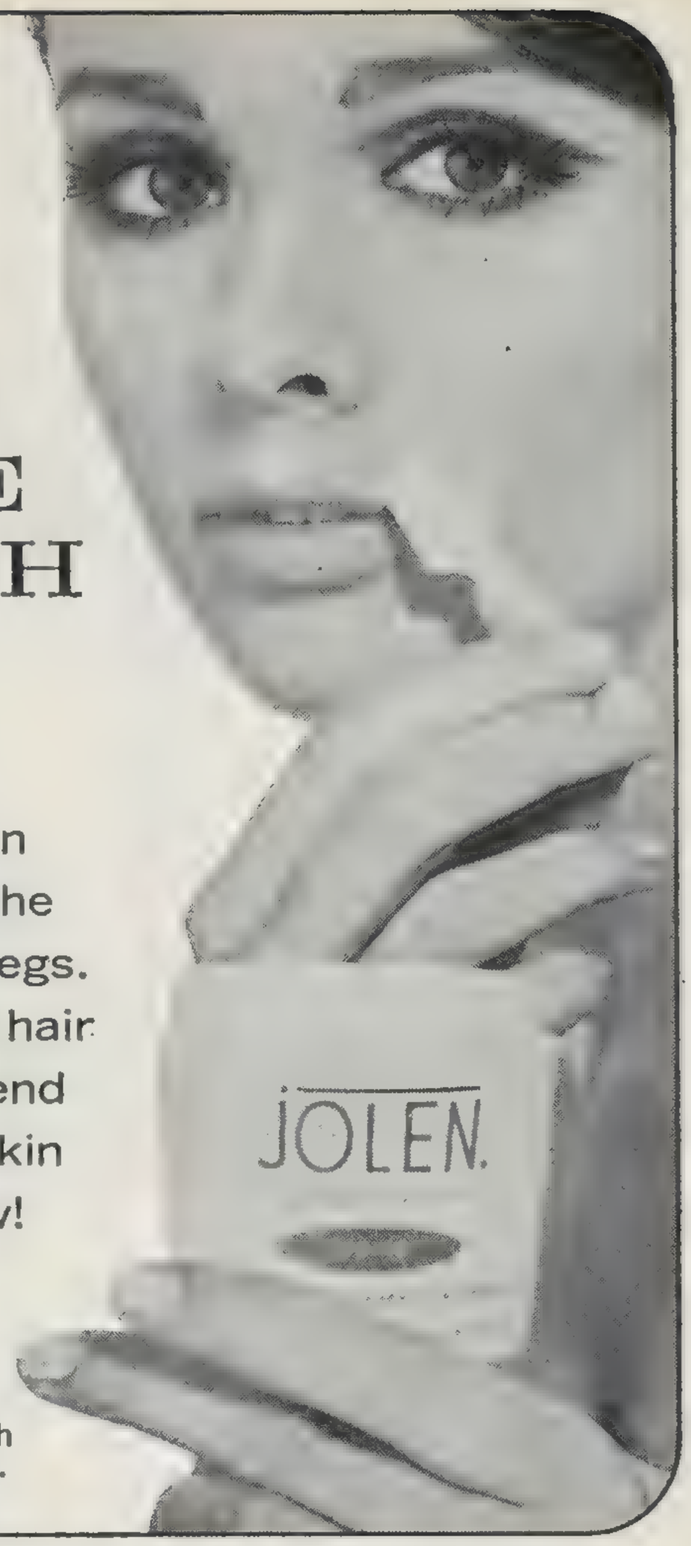


2881

VOGUE PATTERN 2881, a Very Easy, Very Vogue Pattern. Draped halter, long wrapped skirt, and bikini. To make everything in size 10 requires 6¼ yds. of 44" fabric. $3; in Canada, $3.30.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL FROM VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 549, ALTOONA, PA. AND IN CANADA AT P.O. BOX 4092, TERMINAL A, TORONTO 1, ONT. FOR FIRST CLASS MAIL, PLEASE ADD 10C FOR EACH PATTERN ORDERED. NOTE: CALIFORNIA AND PENNSYLVANIA RESIDENTS ADD SALES TAX.

JOLEN CREME BLEACH



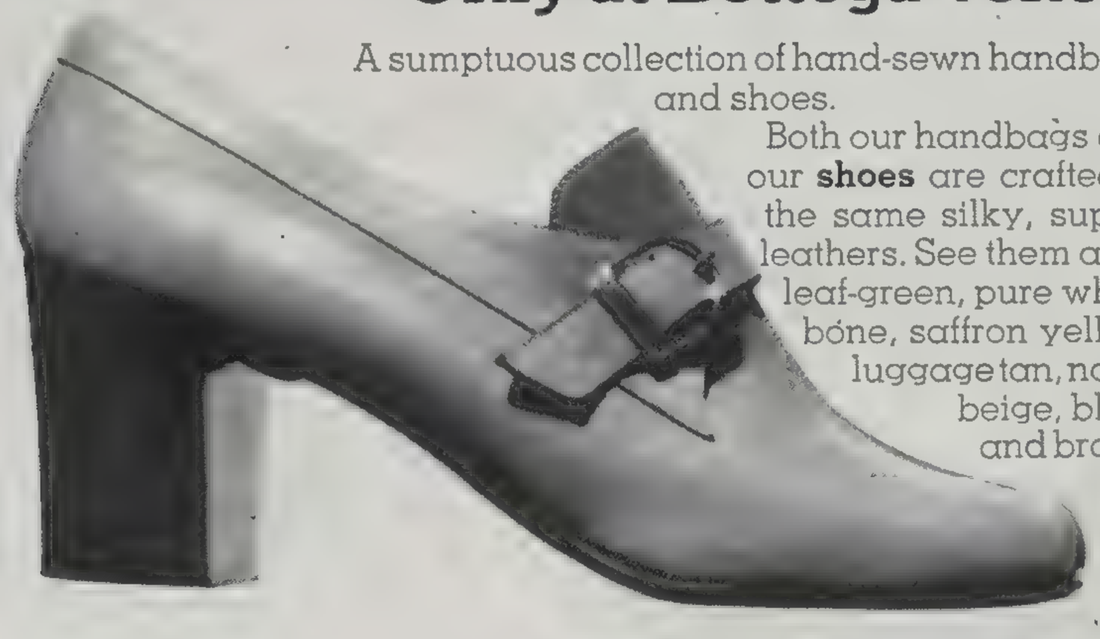
Marvelously safe cosmetic to quickly lighten excess hair on the face, arms and legs. JCB turns dark hair pale blond to blend with your own skin tones. Try it now!

JCB is available at $2 and $5 at fine cosmetic counters in the U.S. and Canada or write Jolen Creme Bleach Dept. V-2, Fairfield, Conn.

Only at Bottega Veneta

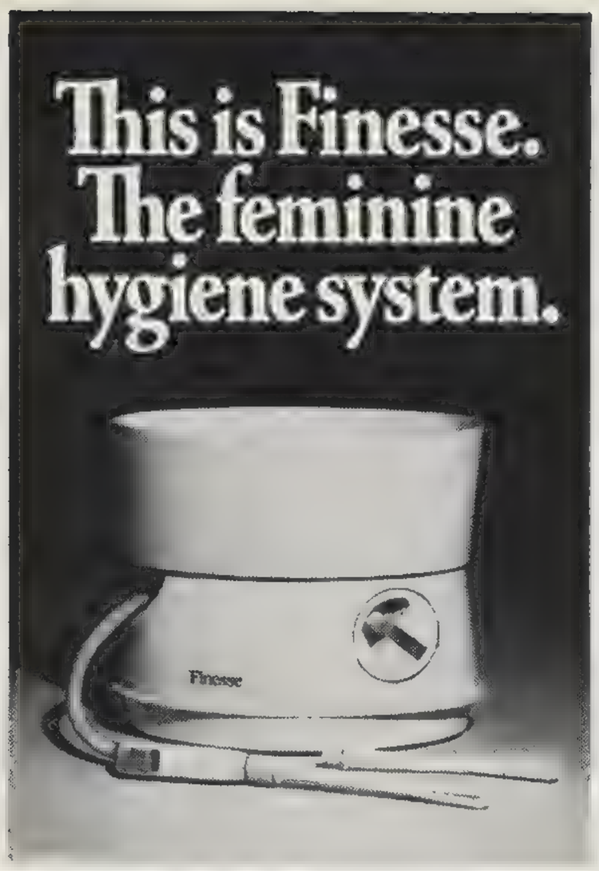
A sumptuous collection of hand-sewn handbags and shoes.

Both our handbags and our **shoes** are crafted of the same silky, supple leathers. See them all in leaf-green, pure white, bone, saffron yellow, luggage tan, navy, beige, black and brown.





Bottega Veneta 655 Madison Avenue, New York



Since we introduced Finesse last Spring, thousands of American women have replaced their old-fashioned douching methods with Finesse, the first modern douching appliance.

Finesse is the end of ugly bags, bottles, metal clips and cold hard tubs. Douching with Finesse on the commode is more comfortable and convenient than old-fashioned methods are in the bathtub. Finesse fits easily on the commode, attractively concealing its gentle automatic douching system. Also included is an exclusive "mini-bidet" attachment, for refreshing external cleansing never before possible for modern women.

Finesse is listed with UL and approved by the Canadian Standards Association.

You'll find Finesse, in three colors, at better stores everywhere. Or clip the coupon for our free booklet.

If you'd like to know more about douching and about Finesse, a gynecologist answers your questions in our free booklet, "All About Finesse. The feminine hygiene system." V-5

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

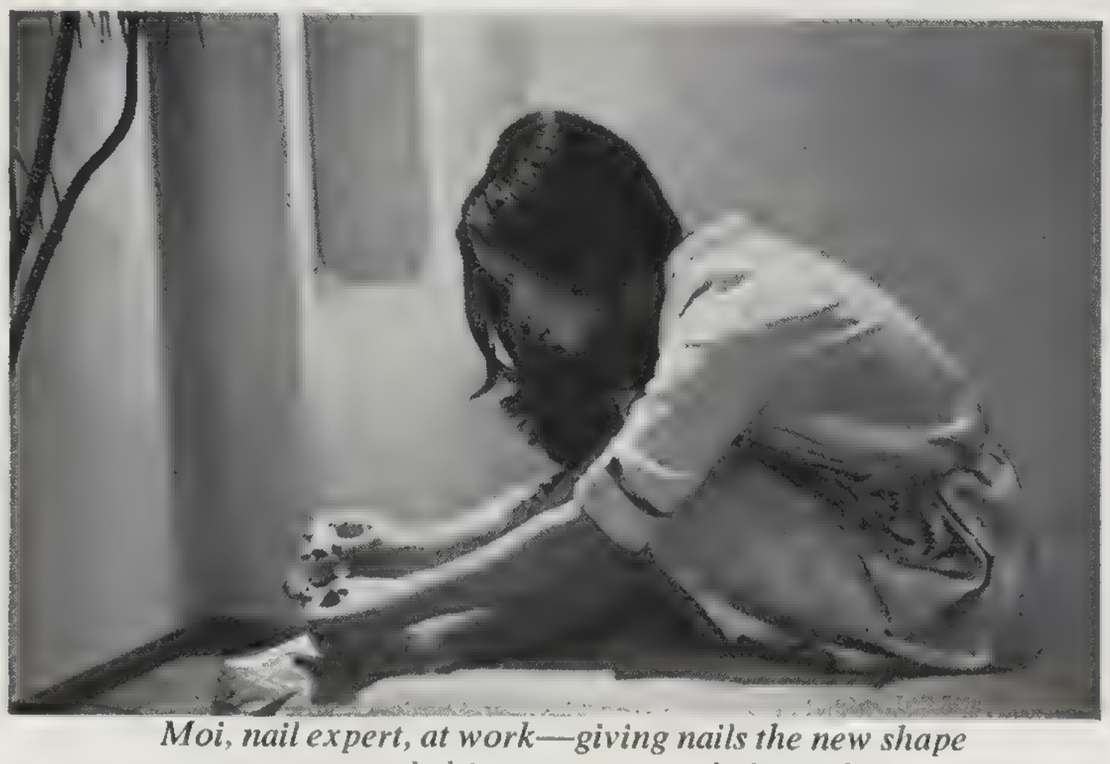
Send to: Cambridge Biomedical Corporation, 31 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02109



BEAUTY*CHECKOUT*

The New Approach to Manicure

It must do more than "tidy up" and paint over nail weakness—it must contribute support



Moi, nail expert, at work—giving nails the new shape recommended for more strength, less split

Nails are a vital part of the summer color story—getting brighter, getting prettier, so getting attention. There's just one problem: life is hard now for nails, for manicures don't last long when women take on bigger and bigger jobs and hands do more than ever. In order to survive new demands and, at the same time, live up to their new fashion emphasis, nails have to toughen up and be put into good healthy condition. Manicures must do more than "tidy up" and "paint" over weaknesses. They must contribute staunch support.

In keeping with that thinking, some manicurists, and one in particular, are contributing benefits strictly of their own. That one in particular? **C'est Moi,** an exquisite slip of a girl whose full name, Moi Ryder, combines her Chinese origin and American husband. Moi does her thing—various things, actually, including facials, waxing, eyelash-dyeing—at the Davian Salon, 21 East 74th Street, N.Y.C.; telephone (212) 535-1563.

Along with David and Ian, who head the salon—and make up its name—Moi is ex-Vidal Sassoon. Her way with a manicure is quick and deft, and her intention is to make nails indestructible. While you're in her hands, she will probably point out that the health of nails—as well as that of skin and hair—very much depends on the general condition of the body. For that reason, she recommends a high-protein diet (nails are mostly made of it) plus exercise and can prescribe both, for Moi comes from a line of beauticians: both her parents are in the business and Moi started her training in Bombay in her early teens.

After removing old polish, Moi uses a sharp little curved blade to scrape the nail's surface, removing roughness and brushing up excess cuticle (then easily removed with very small clippers). She files nails fairly straight across at the top—instead of in the more usual pointed oval—because she has found that by letting the sides be a little longer, nails are strengthened: a great tip for busy hands. She uses a metal file covered in diamond dust—smoother than an ordinary metal file—preferring it to an emery board. Next, she applies a coat of Nail Mend'r (from the House of Barri) under the sides and under the tip of the nail, as well as on top—all this to strengthen and to help long nails to grow out straight. Many long nails grow in too much of a curve, becoming convex. After two coats of polish (Moi recommends that short nails stick to light shades, as dark colors "reduce" size), one of sealer, your nails are impeccably groomed, shaped, polished—and strong. One Moi-nicure, after a busy week's activity that included repairing a zipper and beating out a Bach *gavotte* at the piano, was reported still presentable.

To further a beautiful-shape program for nails, plus helping really problem nails and protecting all nails from the damages of daily handiwork: the Charles of the Ritz new **Nail Fitness Program.** This consists of six products made to give nails the same kind of care this company has long provided for skin. The products work like this: Moisture-Balancing Condition is to rub on and around nails between manicures every night, if possible; the idea is that it works like a facial for fingertips, gives them resilience. Color Remover Lotion is gentle, not oily, removes polish without making off with too much of the nails' natural moisture. Cuticle Sluffing Lotion does away with ragged edges, while the Moisture-Balancing Base Coat (clear and propped with protein) smoothes the way for nail polish, helps it to stay around longer. The Ritz Protective Nail Colors are claimed to be the first detergent-resistant nail enamels and come in twenty-two colors including pastels, skin shades, brights, deeps. To top these, there's Chip-Resistant Sealer giving a tough, durable finish—and it comes three ways: transparent, pearly, or super-pearly.

If you've been allergic to nail polish, put your hands in the hypoallergenic hands of Clinique—after four years of lab work, they've come up with **Clinique Glossy Nail Enamel,** gleaming, durable, non-allergenic—and, their dermatologists say, actually beneficial to nails. Adding to this cheer: ten colors right in the mood of fashion plus allergy-tested base coat and top glaze, to give polish extra life.

THE LOOK PRETTY PASTELS

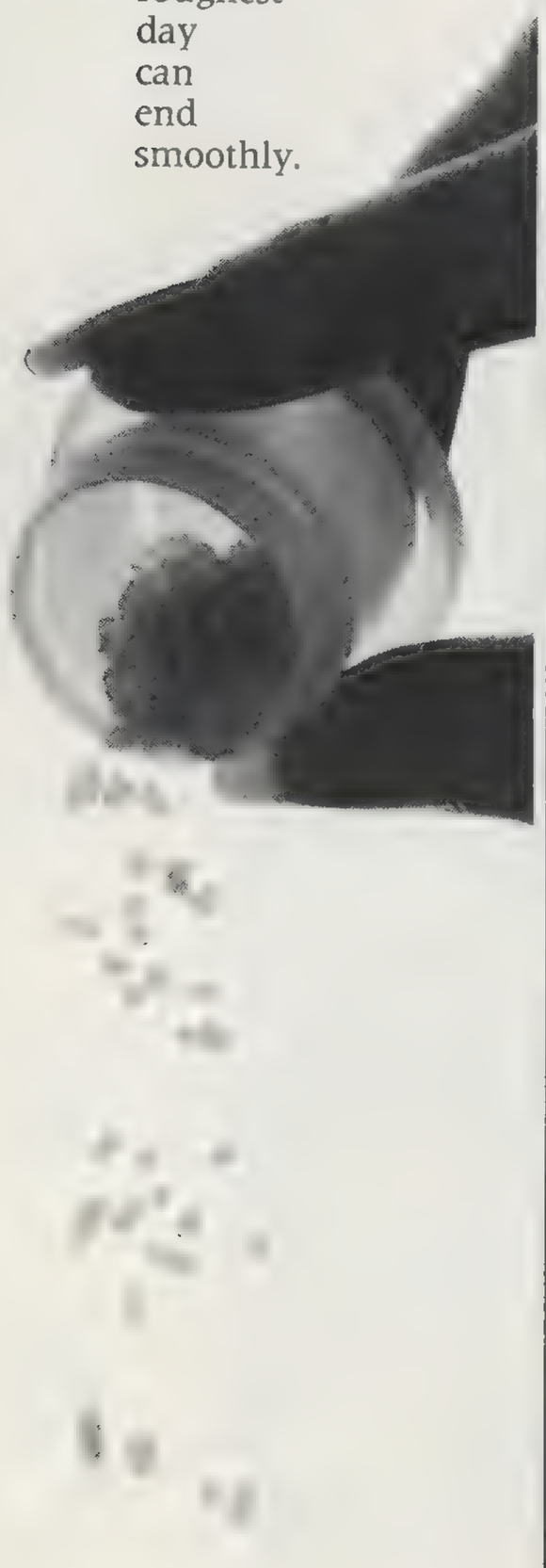
Look here. Look now. Look right at all these new Look Pretty Pastels. The whole springtime of color Frances Denney is bringing to your cheeks and lips and eyes. You've luscious peach, pale green, lavender, fresh clear pink, creamy yellow, blue light as air. And you have them in Pastel Eye Paints, Pastel Lip Creams, a Pastel Blush for one and all. So be sure to do your prettiest—pretty is as pretty does!



The "Anti-Bags" Operation

An editor's personal story—plus some realistic DO's and DON'T's you ought to know if you're considering cosmetic surgery

Instant Spa:
Blue Grass
Bath Oil Crystals.
A sprinkling
turns an
ordinary bath
into a spa
of pleasure.
Each instant-
dissolving crystal
releases
fragrant oils
to soften, scent
and delight
the skin.
So relaxing.
Elizabeth Arden
The
roughest
day
can
end
smoothly.



An editor's personal story. . . . "I went into the clinic Monday morning for my 'anti-bags-under-eyes' operation and had a complete blood test, coagulation test, and urine analysis. After noon, I was not allowed to eat or drink anything, not even a glass of water. About 1:30 P.M., the doctor came in and explained exactly what he was going to do, drawing on my eyelids in indelible pencil to show where he was going to cut. He made me look up and down, right and left, smile and frown, so that he could see where I already had wrinkles and arrange to do the incisions in such a way that each tiny scar would be hidden by being in a wrinkle.

"About 4:00 P.M., I was given an injection to make me drowsy and, about an hour later, I was taken down to the operating room where a second injection put me out in about two seconds flat. (Incidentally, I was allowed to wear my own nightgown; so I didn't have to get all trussed up in one of those terrible hospital shirts.) I was back in my own room a little before 8:00 P.M. The operation takes one-and-a-half to two hours; afterward, I'd been kept in a recovery room for a while to be sure everything was all right. When I came to—pretty groggy—I was not in pain.

"A nurse sat with me from 8:00 P.M. until 8:00 A.M., and she spent the night putting pieces of ice, wrapped up in little squares of gauze bandage, on my eyes. This was invaluable, as I never did go black and blue, which often happens, apparently. I was groggy most of the night and just slept, but didn't feel any pain, more a feeling of heat—which the ice soothed.

"The next morning, I felt well enough to get up, take a bath, and brush my teeth. I looked like a Chinese Egyptian. The stitches were black, quite small, the eyelids and the whole of the orbit were very red and swollen, with little slitty eyes in the middle. All the nurses who came in went into ecstasies (rather to my surprise), saying what a beautiful job it was, which was very encouraging.

"I spent that whole day lying around, snoozing, listening to the radio, and putting more ice on my eyes. I was given an antibiotic pill three times during the day but that was all. By the next day, I felt perfectly all right. The doctor stopped the antibiotic and I put ice on my eyes all day; and the swelling was already beginning to go down.

"Thursday afternoon, the doctor came and took out all the underneath stitches and a couple of the top ones—and I went home. By Friday, my eyes were much less swollen. The lids and under the eye were turning slightly yellow and itched a little, but I really was not bothered except that I still didn't feel like reading for any length of time.

"Saturday afternoon, I was much, much, less swollen and went to the doctor's office to have the remaining stitches taken out. By the following Tuesday, my eyes were only slightly yellow—the under lid was perfectly okay, the upper one still a bit red. By this time I was not even bothering to wear dark glasses, unless I was going out. I went to the doctor the following Friday just for him to take a look; the next day, Saturday, was the first time I actually put makeup on my eyes. This was the twelfth day after the operation. I had waited not so much because it would have bothered the eyes to put *on* makeup, but rather because they were still tender and the idea of taking *off* makeup was not enticing.

"As soon as I could put a little blue makeup around my eyes, you really had to look closely to see that there was anything going on underneath. Now it has been four weeks and, when I don't have any makeup on at all, the scars still appear a bit red.

"With makeup on—particularly a little blue or green—you really don't notice a thing. The joy of it is that everyone keeps telling me how rested I look and how healthy. And, of course, I am so thrilled with the way it went that my morale is way, way up and I *feel* healthy."

DO's and DON'T's

—Mary Kieve

DON'T think of it as a weekend lark. Your operation could be quick and easy—they often are—but then, again, it may involve more than you think. **DO** remember that any surgery is serious business, and allow plenty of time for recovery.

DO be cautious about selecting your surgeon. Hearsay, like hot tips on the market, can be unreliable. Get recommendations—from your family doctor, the nearest big hospital—and consult several surgeons, perhaps, while you're still in the "shopping" stage. Opinions can vary, and it's wise to gather all the knowledge you can ahead of time. Make a list of questions, ask them of each doctor, note down the answers. Once you decide on the surgeon, **DON'T** waver—have faith in him.

DON'T think you can pick out your operation as you'd pick out a coat or dress. You may think you can have "just eyes" or "just chin," but your surgeon could know better. When he looks at your face, he doesn't see only the surface; he also sees the condition of the muscles and flesh under the skin, and can foresee results and possible problems—perhaps tightening one part of your face will make another part seem to sag more. If you ask for only an eye-lift, for instance, he might suggest that it will be more successful if you have a cheek-lift, too; firmed-up cheek muscles may be (Continued on page 92)

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Let there be woman

COLE
of california.

Bikini in Antron® nylon
and Lycra® spandex.
Cover-up in 100% Antron® nylon.

BEAUTYCHECKOUT

(Continued from page 90)

DO's and DON'T's—"your new face will have new makeup possibilities"

necessary to give support to delicate muscles under the eyes. **DO** listen to his advice and work out a plan you both approve.

After you've decided on the surgeon and agreed on what's to be done, probably you'll have several months to wait before your operation can be scheduled. **DO** use the waiting time before the operation to keep yourself in the best possible health —eat wisely to build up your strength, work at a daily exercise program (it's a waste to attach a fresh new face to a flabby body). Being in good shape *before* the operation will speed healing, and make results more felicitous.

DO give extra care to your skin during this waiting time. Pamper it with creams and moisturizers to keep it as firm and elastic as it can be—and the better to work on. **DON'T** go for a suntan now, or anything that can dry or damage.

Just before your operation, **DON'T** use any chemicals on your hair (color, frosting, permanent), especially if it's planned to make incisions in your scalp, which are likely unless you are having only your eyes or nose worked on. (Scalp incisions are sure things for a face-lift, a cheek-lift, a chin-lift.) Fact is, newly permed or bleached hair tangles more easily and surgeons are champion hair-tanglers, tending to twist, braid, and rubber-band hair out of their way, promoting breakage. Also, for scalp incisions, some hair simply has to be shaved—so a part, at least, of any expensive coloring or curling will only end up on the cutting-room floor. For these same reasons, **DON'T** enter the hospital with a complicated hairstyle; **DO** have it simple, smooth, comb-able to start with. Your main concern, at this point, is to *lose* as little hair as possible.

If you are to have scalp incisions, your doctor may tell you to use a medicated shampoo every day for several days before your operation, to get rid of scalp bacteria. Often recommended is Betadine—a dark-red shampoo that looks and smells like iodine, makes a pleasant business-like lather. After your operation, when all your bandages are off and you're finally given permission to wash your hair, you'll probably be told to use the medicated shampoo again for a time. For post-operative tangles, Johnson's No More Tangles is an effective conditioner and unsnarler that sprays on.

When the operation is all over and you're home again with your own mirror, **DON'T** be disappointed if you haven't become Instant Miss America. Bruises, swelling, and scars might linger awhile, and you must be patient. To disguise discolorations, surgeons often suggest using Erace—cover-up makeup in a little stick, by Max Factor; it comes in various skintones, can be dabbed on and blended over redness, blackness, blueness. Your smooth, lifted face will have new contours after the surgery which can open a lot of new make-up possibilities. **DO** experiment and, if possible, seek the advice of an expert. Elizabeth Arden's New York salon offers a post-plastic-surgery service under Pablo's guidance; a new hairstyle and fashion image are all part of the advice.

Thoughts on what to take to the hospital . . .

If your surgery plans include an eye-lift, forget books or magazines.Your eyes will be bandaged for awhile, and after that you might be told to keep them under "soaks" (gauze pads soaked in soothing solutions that help healing). A small radio is a better idea. Delicious bath oil is cheering: you'll probably be taking baths rather than showers in order to keep headbandages dry. A loofah sponge helps circulation and smooths skin—since body skin seems to get flakier when you lie around in bed. An electric immersion heater is a smart hospital thought—coffee or tea can turn up fairly cool by the time your tray gets to you. Take pretty nightgowns with wide necklines—you won't want to pull anything snug over your face. One woman took a supply of white terry-cloth turbans that fit over her bandages—managed to look presentable throughout it all. ■



Design patent pending

Sign in at a Glemby-Now Salon known by one of these names:
CUTAWAY • CANNED EGO
HAIRWORKS • NICE GIRL LIKE YOU
SHEAR HEAVEN • HAIR NOW
HAIR 70s • THE CUT-UPS
HAIRCUT BAR • HAIR THING
HAIR PARLOUR • HAIR IN
HAIR BAZAAR • HAIR PORT • HAIR TRENO
EGO CENTRO or CORTE UNISEX

CUTAWAY
Bergdorf Goodman—New York
David Jones, Ltd.—Sydney, Australia
Fenwicks—London, England

CANNED EGO
Abraham & Straus—Brooklyn, Hempstead, Woodbridge
Adam Meldrum & Anderson—Buffalo & Branches
Battelsteins—Houston (River Oaks, Sharpstown)
The Bay—Calgary, Edmonton (Southgate, Londonderry), Saskatoon, Vancouver, Victoria, Winnipeg
Bergner's—Peoria & Branches
Boston Store—Erie
Boston Store—Milwaukee & Branches
John Carroll—Asheville
Carson Pirie Scott & Co.—Chicago & Branches, Urbana
Davison's—Atlanta, Athens, Augusta, Macon, Columbia, S.C.
deJong's—Evansville
Denholm's—Worcester, Auburn
The Denver—Colorado Springs, Denver, Greeley
Diamond's—Phoenix, Mesa
M. Epstein—Morristown, New Jersey
Famous-Barr—St. Louis & Branches
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Forbes & Wallace—Springfield, Chicopee, Eastfield
Fowler Dick & Walker—Wilkes Barre
Globman's—Martinsville
Gregg's—Lima
Hammel's—Mobile
Hochschild-Kohn—Maryland, York, Pa.
Holmes—New Orleans & Branches
Hudson's—Detroit & Branches, Flint, Pontiac
Hutner's—Fort Wayne
Jordan Marsh—Florida (Dadeland, Ft. Lauderdale, Orlando, 163rd Street and Miami)
Jordan Marsh—Boston, Malden
Lamson's—Toledo & Branches
Lazarus—Columbus
Liberty House—Honolulu & Branches, Maui
Lipman's—Portland
Loveman's—Birmingham, Fairfield
Loveman's—Chattanooga
Maas Brothers—St. Petersburg, Tampa, West Shore Plaza
I. Magnin—Beverly Hills, Fresno, Los Angeles, Palo Alto, Oakland, San Mateo, San Francisco, Seattle
The Edw. Malley Company—New Haven
McClurkan's—Wichita Falls, Texas
May Company—Cleveland & Branches, Lorain
Meyer's—Greensboro
Miller & Rhoads—Virginia
Chas. Ogilvy—Ottawa & Billings Bridge
O'Neil's—Akron & Branches, Mansfield
Oppenheim's (Scranton Dry Goods)—Scranton
B. Peck's—Lewiston
Pollack's—Quebec City
The Popular—El Paso & Branches
F. A. Read—Freeport, Ill.
Rike's—Dayton & Branches
Scarbrough's—Austin
Shepard's—Providence, Warwick
Shillito's—Cincinnati, Louisville
Sibley's—Rochester & Branches, Syracuse
Ben Simon's—Lincoln
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Younkers—Des Moines, Cedar Rapids, Iowa City, Sioux City
Zollinger Harned—Allentown, Whitehall

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Bentalls—Bracknell (Cut-Ups)
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Cavendish House—Cheltenham (Canned Ego)
Colsons—Exeter (Canned Ego)
Dingles—Plymouth (Canned Ego)
Hammonds—Hull (Canned Ego)
Morgan Squires—Leicester (Canned Ego)
Welwyn Dept. Store—Welwyn Garden City (Canned Ego)
Whiteleys—London (Canned Ego)
Miss Selfridge—Brighton, Southampton, Watford (Hairworks)
R. W. Forsyth—Edinburgh (Hair Port)

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Brown Thomas—Dublin (Canned Ego)
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B. Altman & Co.—All Stores
Benjamins—Salisbury, Md.
Bethlehem Hotel—Bethlehem
The Bon Marche—Lowell, Mass.
John A. Brown—Tulsa
Bullock's—Palo Alto
Burger-Phillips—Birmingham
Carl's—Scotia, N. Y.
Carlisle's—Erie, Pa.
Cox's—McKeesport
Crowley's—Birmingham, Michigan
Eaton's—Montreal & Branches, Toronto & Branches, London, Halifax, Hamilton, Moncton, Oshawa, St. Catherines
E. W. Edwards & Son—Syracuse & Branches, Greece, Pittsford
Gilchrist's—Boston & Branches
Heer's—Springfield, Mo.
Hens & Kelly—Buffalo & Branches
Higbee's—Cleveland & Branches, Canton
Joske's—Houston (Gulfgate, Post Oaks, Town & Country)
Kann's—Arlington, Va., Washington, D.C.
The Leader—Lima, Ohio
W. W. Mertz—Torrington, Conn.
Nevius-Voorhees—Trenton
Parke Snow—Fitchburg, Mass.
The Rappold Company—Niles, Ohio
Rices—Norfolk, Janaf, Princess Ann
Steiger's—Springfield, Mass., Eastfield, Holyoke
Uhlman's—Piqua, Ohio
Union Store—Downtown Columbus, Graceland, Kingsdale
Wieboldt's—Chicago & Branches, Waukegan
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ART (Continued from page 82)

"Optical tricks, spectacles, opulence, special effects—these have always been crowd-pleasers"

ment to be kept in your grandmother's attic. Now, suddenly, exhibitions of works by the Pre-Raphaelites and their contemporaries are the latest thing in museum circles. The explanation is simple: Victorian painting and Photo-Realism are both extremely popular styles. The general public could respond to the kitsch epic quality of great banquet and orgy scenes as they might to a Hollywood spectacular. Indeed, each year more than 300,000 people visited the Royal Academy to see such works during the latter half of Queen Victoria's reign. While the French Impressionists starved, crowds jammed the galleries of Burlington House to be entertained by clever painters so adept at their craft that they could fashion an illusion almost as convincing as reality itself. And certainly a good part of the fascination with Victorian painting is that, like Photo-Realism, its technique is so complicated that to the layman it looks magical. Optical tricks, spectacle, opulence, special effects—these have always been the great crowd-pleasing devices. But for many years in America, we have not had any art to satisfy the taste of a broad public. Now, suddenly, there is painting that is shocking in its verisimilitude and fascinating, at least at first glance, in its closeness to actual photography.

There is, of course, one enormous difference between Victorian academicism and Photo-Realism, which is simply our contemporary form of academic art. The Victorian painters were still naïve enough to compete with the achievements of the recently invented camera; today's super-realists acknowledge the hegemony of photography, ironically commenting on the relationship of a pictorial representation of the real world and a photographic reproduction of it.

There is a certain kind of stark horror in Photo-Realist portraits and street scenes in their bald, naked objectivity. Not a wrinkle or imperfection is missed—in fact, one might almost say they are *more* "realistic" than the camera in their super-sharp focus. I see them as statements of disillusionment —of our final confrontation with the "facts" and difficult truth of the moment—just as Victorian painting was a fantasy of Imperial Rome reflecting the state of mind of the British Empire.

Truth to life was as much a goal for the Pre-Raphaelites as it is for modern Photo-Realists. Yet, in retrospect, we see how much the artistic imagination selected what was depicted from nature; undoubtedly, in some future moment, we will be able to realize how colored and relative is our own conception of "truth." And yet an obsession with Truth is central to both groups of artists. During the great religious crisis that ushered in the modern age, the Pre-Raphaelites sought to reestablish a basis for conviction in an art overburdened with excruciating detail. For if belief is in question, you must work twice as hard to convince yourself what you see is real! The painter John Everett Millais, for example, spent weeks studying the foliage on the Ewell River for his painting of Ophelia and forced his model to pose in a bathtub so long that she caught pneumonia and died shortly after the painting was finished. To put himself in the proper frame of mind to paint a religious scene, Holman Hunt buried himself waist-deep in the sand by the Dead Sea.

Today the crisis of belief and conviction may not be religious, but it is just as shattering. Seemingly, there is nothing secure to hold on to but the facts. And so the artist coldly paints the facts, depriving art of its capacity to act any longer as a distraction from reality. In the case of an artist as sophisticated as Chuck Close, the New Realism is no naïve approach to nature but a deliberate acknowledgment of what may indeed be distortions of our perception of reality. In comparison, we find the charming nostalgia of Victorian art as entertaining as the Late Late Show, which may explain our infatuation with a world of cozy comforts that we may never possess again. ■

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TRAVEL by Despina Messinesi

Magic in Mexico

Las Hadas, Antenor Patiño's new international resort: ultimate luxury carved from the jungle

A fantasy land among the vivid green slopes of a previously uninhabited stretch of Mexican jungle and beach, Pueblo Club Las Hadas is a resort like no other. It is the come-true vision of Antenor and Beatriz Patiño who put twenty-five million dollars, and some of the most imaginatively creative designers in the world, to work above a bay at Manzanillo (midway between Puerto Vallarta and Acapulco).

Ten years later they came up with a glorious white wonderworld—a village of realized make-believe well beyond the predictable levels of comfort and luxury.



Mosaic walks meander around domed houses overlooking Manzanillo Bay.

Las Hadas, Spanish for elves, lives up to its not-of-this-world name. José Luis Ezquerra, the great Mexican architect, has built in the romance and mystery of the Casbah, the fretwork of the Algarve, the dry-ice whiteness of Mykonos.

Palms, cacti, hibiscus, mimosa, and bougainvillaea almost too brilliantly colored to be true grow everywhere. Mosaic-paved roads, walks, and steps curve and dip around domed and turreted villas.

Inside the villas, the strong talent of Beatriz Patiño is evident. All have white marble floors and white stucco walls. But each is a different shape defined by arches, niches, rounded walls and curves. None is square. Each is splashed with a different color—spring green, orange, yellow, red—in painted bamboo furniture, and printed cottons and linens.

"They give you privacy and space," said a recent visitor. "Some have kitchenettes and sitting rooms [in others, the bed can be curtained off for the same effect]; all have refrigerators, piped music, and open onto a veranda, balcony, or walled garden. Of course, everything is air-conditioned." A caution: in the bathrooms, "C" on the taps means *caldo;* that's Spanish for hot.

Las Hadas has everything for everyone. Two swimming pools, tennis courts, and an eighteen-hole golf course are expected. Unexpected: the marina for yachts and fishing boats; the Moorish tents designed by Valerian Rybar on the beach; the fishing village-within-the-village with lighthouse and bistro; the open air, black-and-white discothèque designed by Françcis Catroux, the innovative French decorator.

Boutiques filled with Mexican pottery, jewelry, and handicrafts hem the plaza. Indoors, gaming rooms fan out from the huge, arcaded reception area with its restaurants; the formal Legazpi, (the work, as is the reception area, of Valerian Rybar), and the casual La Cafetería designed by Catroux.

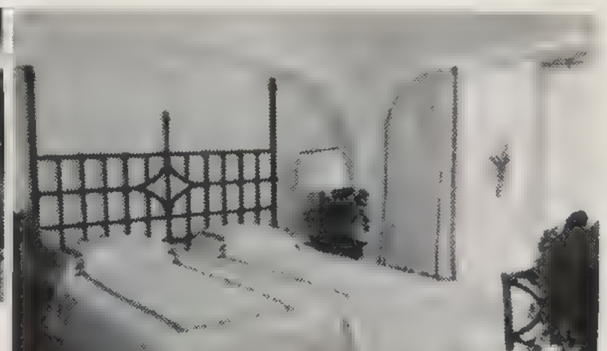
The restaurants serve Mexican and European food. Almost all is produced locally—delicious langoustines and shrimp; all vegetables, meat, and dairy products come from Antenor Patiño's hacienda in the mountains; the coffee is grown on the slopes of the nearby active volcano. The

(Continued on page 98)

Plain Facts

NEW STREAMLINED SYSTEM. Tourist Cards required by all Mexico-bound travelers are now issued aboard the plane. Passengers must still carry some proof of U.S. citizenship—a passport, birth certificate, or a voter's registration.
NEW FLIGHT PLAN. The airport for Las Hadas is Manzanillo in the province of Colima; on the new direct flights recently begun by Aeromexico, flying time from Mexico City to Manzanillo is ninety minutes. Driving distance from the airport to Las Hadas: ten miles.
DOUBLE EVENT. A new international jet airport at Manzanillo with a runway parallel to the sea will be inaugurated in November along with the official opening of Las Hadas. It, too, will be ten miles from Las Hadas.
FOR RESERVATIONS. Write: Patiño International Resort; Club Las Hadas; Reforma 333; Mexico 5, D.F.; Mexico.





Above: *Moorish tents; cool refuges on hot sand.* Right: *bas-relief sculpture of Doña Albina, mother of Antenor Patiño, on the Las Hadas plaza.*



Above: *white, marble-floored room, all arches, curved walls, and painted bamboo furniture. Curtains close off beds to make a separate sitting room.*

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 (Continued from page 96)

Mexico: Some of the good things don't change; some do

bread, a thick twist with a four-inch crust, is baked in outdoor ovens in Manzanillo and is a talking-point with guests. Each day, the color, the graduation of the crust, is compared with that of previous days.

Night intensifies the romance; the mystery. Las Hadas becomes a magical city, a *son et lumière* with hidden lights throughout the village catching minaret, dome, and turret. It is a world of its own.

PUERTO VALLARTA SCENE: The latest action place at lunchtime is under the "palapas," palm-frond-roofed open huts on the beach of the small new Las Palmas Hotel close to the marina. Boating people especially stay there.

On the Gold Coast, the newest and coolest area, the Garza Blanca Beach Club, a quiet get-away, is booked months ahead. House specials: Souza Tequila Sours: Castillo Rum over ice: cold lobster.

In a town of small hotels with limited rooms, the big-city block of the Western International Camino Real Hotel adds a bounty of space. Screened by curving cliffs, its ten-storied height—Puerto Vallarta's tallest—is visible only from the sea.

Camino Real also runs the nearby Solamar, a new streamlined condominium: two dozen apartments, plus two penthouses superbly decorated, providing privacy, space, a private beach, air conditioning and maid service.

Most restaurants and shops are about a ten-minute cab drive away from the hotels. Cabs are abundant, inexpensive, and no tips are expected.

The new drink that's really caught on: two deliciouses—Kahlua and Brandy—bottled together and labeled K & B.

Carlos O'Brien, a new restaurant in a wild pawnshop setting with waiters hired for good looks, is the place to be between five and seven in the evening. Staples: stuffed shrimp; barbecued ribs with second and third helpings.

At Jack's Mediterraneo, guests choose the meat course—shish-kabob usually—from trays carried by waiters in black tie. At La Fonda del Sol, a sort of health-food place, guests in the bar sit on pillows, the guitarist on a pedestal. For a late swing, The City Dump fills with young dancers.

Bing's, a brand new ice-cream parlor, is a hit: "best ice cream in the world"; mango and papaya, the favorites.

MAZATLAN, serene sea and sun trap on the Pacific. A delicious place to unwind watching the fish do the jumping and running is the Balboa Club in Mazatlan. (Members from U.S. clubs receive guest privileges.) Elegant, and attractively run, the club serves exceptionally good food outdoors on terrace dining rooms, under "palapas" edging the various pools around the clubhouse.

On the fringe of town, the Camino Real Hotel with big-city conveniences stands on a cliff above a white beach. ■

The DO's and DON'T's

Especially for Las Hadas.

To protect against the reflection of the sun in the white village, take anti-sunburn cream and sun-screen lotions. To fit the scene and the hot sun, dress as the North Africans do: wear a floor-length cotton caftan to the beach, to lunch, to walk about. White looks great. The caftan moves beautifully, works like air conditioning. A hat is a must, bring one or buy one on the plaza. Dark glasses. Wear flat sandals or espadrilles, clogs and heels are tricky on the pebbly mosaic walks. Never go barefoot on the hot sandy beach, but do, indoors, on the marble floors brush-scrubbed every day.

Electric current is the same as in the U.S.A. Bring masses of books and tapes.

For evening, take a shawl or sweater for outdoor dining and air conditioning. After the intense heat of the day, the contrast, not a matter of degrees, feels chilling.

For the romantic, sensuous mood of Las Hadas at night, walking in the moonlight along the walks and on the beach, wear floating chiffon caftans, a leaf-thin T-shirt, or chiffon pyjamas with flat thonged sandals. Dress like a heroine.

For more information about Mexico, write: Vogue Travel, Department M, P.O. Box 3374, Grand Central Station, New York, New York 10017.

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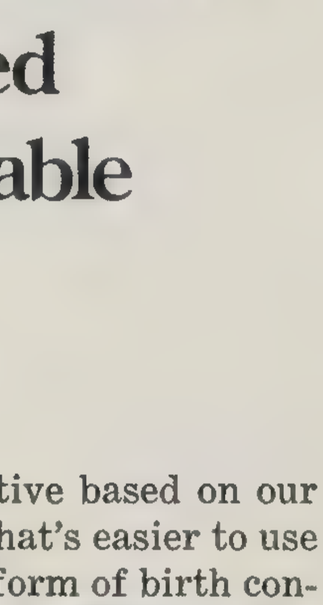
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By Maria Elise Crummere MAY 1–MAY 31

Horoscope

If you were born when the Sun was in Taurus:

Security is necessary to your emotional well-being. Yours is the most determined sign (its symbol is the bull) and you will persevere in every possible way to place yourself in a stable situation. Throughout 1973, Jupiter, the planet of opportunity and of financial success, will be high in your tenth house of business and social reputation or fame. During July, make every effort to further your business career by offering the right projects publicly. Do not wait until September, for anything started then is likely to fail. This is the best year for you to establish or reinforce your reputation.

Aries March 21–April 19

Love: Your usual self-confidence may not work the first week, when your ruler, Mars, is not cooperating with Venus, the planet of love. If your lover resists you, be patient until after full moon, May 17; then let love seek your approval.

Work: You are always resourceful in using your energies. The first week, communicate with those who offer you new ideas.

Health: As usual, you are pressing and pushing too hard. Try to depend on verbal communication to save your energies, letting nothing disturb your peace and your health.

Taurus April 20–May 20

Love: With your ruler, the love planet Venus, in your sign, you can win the choice of your heart during the first ten days if you are persuasive. Forcing issues causes resistance.

Work: Examine new communications carefully before accepting offers. Deal only with past associates until full moon, May 17; after that date, refuse contracts with new clients.

Health: The first week you are too pressed; wait until the second week to get most of your plans underway: a highly competitive atmosphere makes you jittery, undermines your health.

Gemini May 21–June 21

Love: Your flexible nature thrives on choices. With your ruler, Mercury, in romantic Aries, you may be starting a new love affair. Make your best points the first week; then cool it.

Work: You work best and prosper when someone, especially a lover, is watching you. Work fast on organization until full moon, May 17; then coast, forcing could bring disappointment.

Health: Mars (strife) against your ruler (Mercury) at the end of the month shows that you have raced yourself to the point of weariness. A new idea could revive your energy; try it.

Cancer June 22–July 22

Love: You will be especially vulnerable to love now; with the new moon (you) in sentimental Taurus, you may not only stimulate an old love but cultivate a new one. The first ten days are when your easy ways will keep things going well.

Work: You may resist new programs, which always irritate you; full moon, May 17, brings just such a challenge. Finish up an old deal; it will yield all that it can for you now.

Health: The Sun in an Earth sign and Pisces in Water consolidate your energies and give you strength and initiative.

Leo July 23–August 22

Love: Your ruler, the Sun, gives you a warm, illuminating personality that loves to be in love. Now the Sun is in Taurus, square to your sign, challenging your rights during the first ten days; after that, you will recover your love.

Work: Legend has it that, like the lion, you are lazy when no one is looking; but you can work relentlessly. Do so after full moon, May 17; accomplish much by the end of the month.

Health: Jupiter brings influential associates; save your energy and receive all things that you need without taxing your health.

(Continued on page 102)



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HOROSCOPE (Continued from page 100)

Virgo August 23–September 22

Love: You are so busy analyzing life and striving for goals that you forget you have a heart. Now your ruler, Mercury, in a Fire sign, Aries, could start a new love that gains the first week, becomes strong and reliable by full moon, May 17.

Work: After the first week, expect a successful financial period, with three deals requiring your attention. All goes well until the last week; then stop speculating and relax.

Health: Problems come from working until you are edgy near full moon, May 17; over-rich food may upset you the last week.

Libra September 23–October 23

Love: Your Venus-ruled nature is constantly in search of the right partner; but your ruler in stubborn Taurus now brings resistance in love, not to be broken until full moon, May 17.

Work: Take advantage of a favorable period from new moon, May 2, to full moon, May 17, to gain recognition for one of your creative talents. The month could end in establishment of a reliable arrangement with financial promise for you.

Health: Just before full moon, May 17, you will experience a nervous period, a tedious time of unrest. A short holiday might help.

Scorpio October 24–November 21

Love: You are intense and watchful when in love. The first week, your ruler, Mars, in Aquarius balks you. Just before full moon, May 17, you may become too emotional; keep control.

Work: Two partners will test you and try to outwit you after full moon, May 17; watch carefully for the right moment to win or wait until later when the tide turns in your favor.

Health: Temporizing bottles up your energies; spend the waiting time near the end of the month on a short holiday or working on your hobby, in order to avoid health hazards.

Sagittarius November 22–December 21

Love: You are sincere in your search for advanced ideals in every area—including love. Your ruler, Jupiter, in Aquarius, the sign of humanity, will assure you of an unusual love—secured on your own terms—that brings great happiness.

Work: Your luck comes in triplicate now, with opportunities in either the consolidation of an old position or the excitement of a new venture. These are prosperous days.

Health: You are well and thriving, with your ruler stabilizing both bloodstream and nervous system; enjoy your well-being.

Capricorn December 22–January 19

Love: Your perserverance in achieving success extends even to seeking serenity in a love relationship. Though reasoning dominates your behavior and its outcome, now, your ruler, Saturn, brings an old love into a resurgence or a new light.

Work: Your job gains excitement now: a perfect trinity involving Uranus (the new) will give a fresh slant to a long project.

Health: Though doubts over your unresolved business situation may make you ail at times, now a perfect Air trinity involving your ruler, Saturn, makes you feel well and secure.

Aquarius January 20–February 18

Love: Those born in your sign have big hearts, love all humanity. Now, with lucky Jupiter in your sign, you should take time for a personal love and enjoy the happiness it brings.

Work: The opportunity you find in love extends to work, too, from new moon, May 2, to full moon, May 17. Your power will be high midway between those dates—take your winnings.

Health: When the heart is satisfied and the mind well and profitably occupied, the body is vigorous. Jupiter, the planet of good fortune, in your sign this month keeps you very well.

Pisces February 19–March 20

Love: Your strong visionary qualities seem more pronounced while you are in love; that is the case now, with your ruler, Neptune, in the romantic sign of Sagittarius. If you test your love during the first week, you will win.

Work: The week after the new moon, May 2, is the best time to improve your ideas for a higher financial gain; be quick for best results, and try to sign up a new partner or two.

Health: You should be quite well until after full moon, May 17, when overconfidence makes you nervous and uneasy.

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Inglewood; *Boston Stores*
Lafayette; *McCaulou's*
Los Angeles; *Henshey's*
Los Angeles; *Robinson's & Branches*
Modesto; *Julie's*
Moraga; *McCaulou's*
Redding; *Carriage House*
Sacramento; *Weinstock's & Branches*
San Francisco; *The Emporium*
San Francisco; *Macy's & Branches*
San Luis Obispo; *Rileys*
Santa Barbara; *The Sands*
Santa Monica; *Henshey's*
Seal Beach; *Boston Stores*
Stockton; *Katten-Marengo*
Whittier; *Myer's*

CONNECTICUT
Bridgeport; *D. M. Read*
Danbury; *D. M. Read*
Fairfield; *le bon marché & Branches*
Guilford; *Lupone's*
Ridgefield; *Trendsetter's*

MAINE
Bangor; *H. M. Goldsmith Co.*
Brunswick; *Senter's*
Portland; *Porteous, Mitchell & Braun*
Rockland; *Senter Crane Co.*
Rumford; *The Delle Shop*

MASSACHUSETTS
Athol; *Moskovitz's*
Boston; *Filene's*
Boston; *Jordan Marsh Co.*
Braintree; *Filene's*
Braintree; *Jordan Marsh Co.*
Burlington; *Jordan Marsh Co.*
Clinton; *Stowers Inc.*
Dedham; *Geishecker's*
Framingham; *Jordan Marsh Co.*
Newburyport; *H. W. Pray Co.*
Newburyport; *Puritan Clothing Co.*
Peabody; *Filene's*
Peabody; *Jordan Marsh Co.*
Pittsfield; *England's*
Plymouth; *Buttner Co. Inc.*
Springfield; *Steiger's*
Vineyard Haven; *Lillian's*
Winthrop; *Michael's*
Worcester; *Filene's*
Worcester; *R. H. White Co.*

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Portsmouth; *Kimball's*
Manchester; *Lynchs*

NEW JERSEY
Denville; *Ann Wayne*
Hackensack; *Frolows Famous Fain*
Morristown; *M. Epstein*
Newark; *Bambergers & Branches*
New Shrewsbury; *John Kinkel & Son*
Paramus; *Stern's & Branches*
Phillipsburg; *The Cottage*
Phillipsburg; *Orr's of Warren*
Ramsey; *Shirlanes*
West New York; *Lily Shoppe*
Westwood; *Crowleys/Shirlanes*

NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque; *Dillard's*

NEW YORK
Alexandria Bay; *Guerrieri's*
Brooklyn; *Abraham & Strauss & Branches*
Buffalo; *Hens & Kelly*
Endicott; *Burt's*
Jameston; *Abrahamson-Bigelow*
Latham; *Boston Store*
Long Beach, L.I.; *Smoracks*
New City; *Lichter's*
New York; *Macy's & Branches*
Painted Post; *Tallmans*
Rochester; *McCurdy's*
Schenectady; *Boston Store*
Syracuse; *Dey Bros.*

RHODE ISLAND
Warwick; *Filene's*

VERMONT
Springfield; *Furman's Dept. Store*

WASHINGTON
Seattle; *Bon Marché & Branches*

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER
WEST OF THE ROCKIES.

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Ship'n Shore®

Summer in Qiana.®
Arrive in beautiful shape.
Relax in rich array.

At last. A new look of health for hair that's almost perfect.

Now there's a conditioner just made to give your hair what's missing.

Protein 21 Conditioner for dry or damaged hair. (The one with the red flower on the label.)

In minutes its advanced protein-rich formula replaces some of the protein your hair may have lost through teasing, bleaching or other damage.

It gives less-than-perfect hair a new look and feel of health, a smoother, softer quality...without the greasy, sticky feeling of ordinary conditioners.

Look for Protein 21 Conditioner with the red flower on the label.

It's a second chance for hair that just might need one.



Protein 21 Conditioner for dry or damaged hair.

Finally. A body-builder that only builds body.

Now your hair can have a better kind of body with almost none of the stiffness or stickiness of ordinary conditioners.

Try Protein 21 Conditioner for fine, thin, limp hair. (The one with the green flower on the label.)

It has a special formula rich in protein that builds in fullness the first time you use it.

Instead of coating hair like most conditioners, Protein 21 Conditioner attaches itself like a magnet. It has a positive charge that is attracted to hair's negative charge.

The result is a clear, strong bond that builds unbelievable body without the gummy coating you're used to.

Treat your hair to a better kind of body

Look for Protein 21 Conditioner with the green flower on the label.



Protein 21 Conditioner for fine, thin, limp hair.

Feel As Good As You Look

Stay young by moving on . . . keep away from poisonous planes . . . relax and stop hurting . . . and don't sneeze at bees—they can get serious

When Women Suffer, Why?

Clearer medical thinking about four female ailments is the goal of two British physicians, Drs. K. Jean Lennane and R. John Lennane. In the distinguished "New England Journal of Medicine," the Lennanes take a close look at ills widely considered to be part of women's lot and often called "psychogenic": menstrual cramps, nausea during pregnancy, labor pains, and colicky babies. Much of medical literature, the Lennanes have found, attributes these problems to "faulty outlook" on the part of women—even in the case of babies' colic. Besides being unfair to women (the Lennanes suspect sexual prejudice) these old-fashioned views can interfere with the best treatment. The Lennanes point out these facts:

About half of women are affected by primary dysmenorrhea, or menstrual pain. Usually the pain begins two to four years after the menstrual cycles start and ceases after the birth of the first child, or around age twenty-five. According to the newer textbooks and medical authorities, menstrual pain is clearly associated with ovulation. Evidence: young girls in the early menstrual cycles are not yet ovulating—they're not having pains, either; and when women start taking The Pill, those who have always had menstrual cramps are happily surprised when the pains disappear. Indeed, ovulation-suppressing medicines, such as oral contraceptives, are now often prescribed to relieve dysmenorrhea.

Nausea affects between 75 percent and 88 percent of pregnant women. The same symptom troubles many women when they begin taking oral contraceptives. Some doctors think that pregnancy nausea may be due at least partly to anxiety and dislike of pregnancy. The Doctors Lennane think it's the other way round—too much ickiness may dim maternal enthusiasm; and they present substantial evidence that excessive estrogen secretion is more likely the cause. Treatment is still a medical problem. Since the thalidomide disaster, doctors have been suspicious of using any tranquilizer during pregnancy; and diethystilbestrol (DES, which was known to relieve pregnancy nausea, is ruled out because cases of vaginal cancer were found in young women whose mothers had taken DES in pregnancy.

Labor pain still is a controversial subject among women and their doctors. Some mothers are helped by conditioning exercises to deliver babies more easily; others not. The Lennanes think the natural-childbirth concept is illogical and ineffective; instead, they commend epidural analgesia.

Infant colic, a very real stomachache, strikes almost a quarter of new babies. Dr. Spock's "Baby and Child Care" does not suggest that baby colic is the mother's fault; but some other medical texts have attributed colic to maternal anxiety, tension, and rejection of the mother's role—all somehow transmitted to the baby and making it sick. Not so, the Lennanes say; but isn't it reasonable that mothers may become anxious and tense because the babies are colicky? Science has not discovered the true cause of colic in babies, but the Lennanes feel sure that it isn't the mother's psyche.

The psychogenic theory can be harmful, according to the Lennanes, when doctors do not seek out real causes of pain or patients do not report real distress, fearing they will be tagged "neurotic."

Dangertime: This Summer

Before you ramble our farmlands, listen to warnings from Dr. Henry F. Howe of the American Medical Association's department of environmental, public, and occupational health: With the pesticide DDT now banned, far deadlier poisons are expected to replace it in farming and industrial uses.

One group of replacements, the organophosphate pesticides, don't accumulate in the body and don't persist in the environment as DDT does; but they are exceedingly potent and can enter your unbroken skin without causing any sensation.

Few if any human deaths from DDT have been reported, says Dr. Howe; but there have been deaths from parathion, one of the most-used organophosphates, and doctors are getting braced for more cases of severe poisoning this summer. To rescue those who have been lethally exposed to organophosphates, the physician must inject a ten-times-normal dose of atropine, give other powerful antidotes, and fight to keep the victim breathing. Best to steer clear of crop-dusting, backpack sprayers, all containers and gear for pest-killing: this summer, they may be deadlier than ever.

Youth—Not a Question of Age

"Get rid of early retirement. Change jobs, change doctors, change anything" was the health advice of Dr. Margaret Mead, curator emeritus of the American Museum of Natural History, when she talked to physicians about Americans' fear of aging. Three generations should live together, Dr. Mead said, instead of old people's living in retirement colonies. Such isolation or the "vegetative" preservation of helpless old people, she says, gives young people an unnatural dread of old age. "Some old people are among the most radical members of their society, because they know the most about change. The experience of old people is valuable for the group."

Exercise To Get Well

Isometric exercises, under medical direction, can reduce high blood pressure, according to the *Journal of the American Geriatrics Society:* Dr. Broino Kiveloff and Dr. Olive Huber, at the New York Infirmary, found that using a four- to eight-week program of isometric exercises helped patients suffering from hypertension, apparently by strengthening blood circulation.

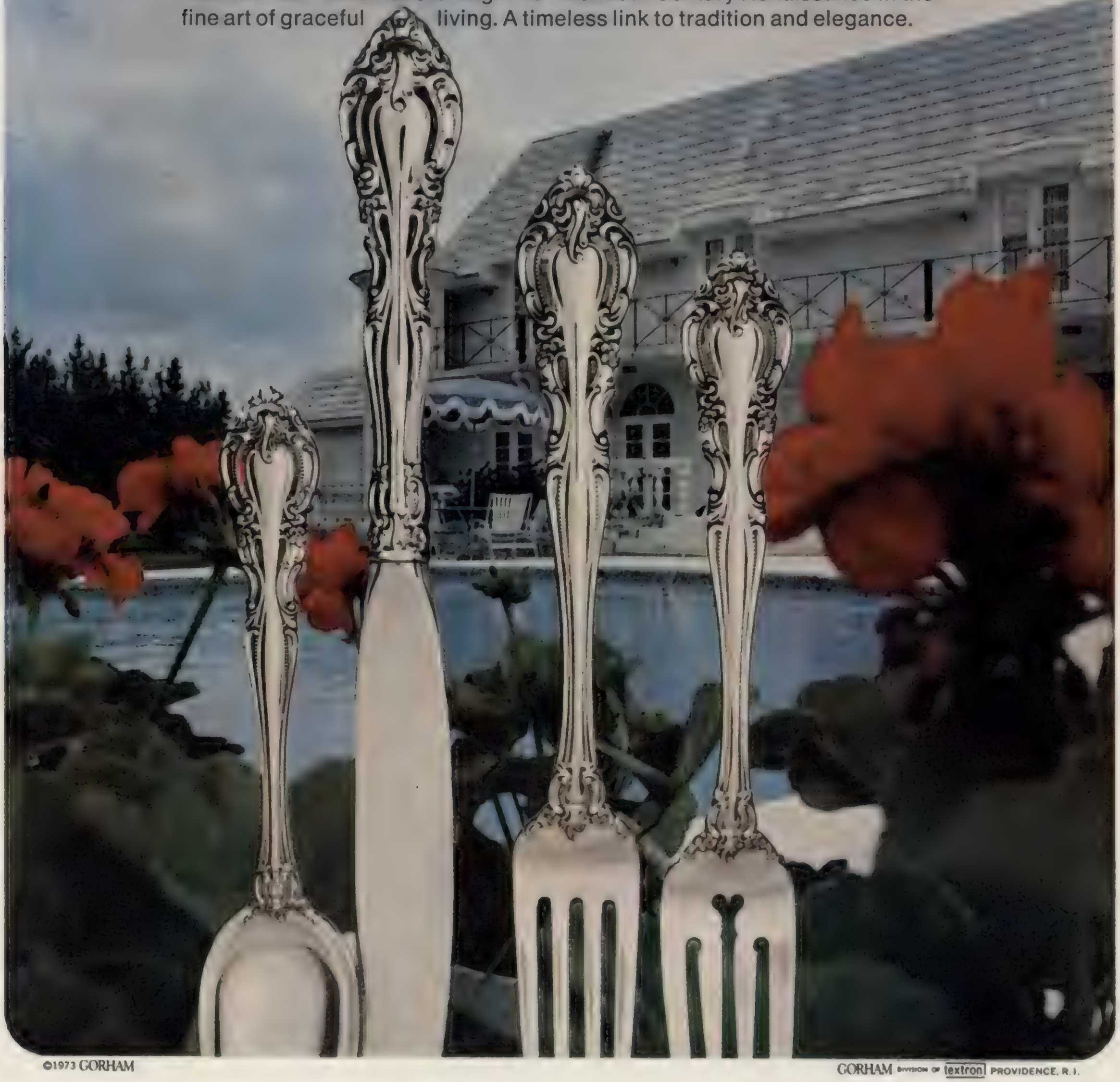
Bees Can Be Bad Guys

Some allergies are mild annoyances—a sneeze or two when sharing houseroom with a kitten; some are dangerous, as in severe asthmatic attacks; and some can be lethal: fatal reactions to some drugs or even to beestings. News from doctors who are members of the American Academy of Allergy:

Allergic people have a blood defect that prevents certain white cells from absorbing and destroying the foreign particles that cause allergy symptoms. Dr. John Santilli of Washington, D.C., both traced the blood condition and developed a test that soon may make obsolete all those tedious allergy skin tests. (Though skin-testing is still important as a way of predicting intolerance to penicillin.) Other groups of scientists have established that hay fever is an inherited disease, a discovery that can be important in preventing or managing allergy symptoms. Another doctor, Gail Shapiro of Seattle, said that bacterial infection isn't often involved in severe asthmatic attacks, so antibiotics should not be used unless there is evidence of infection. Dr. James Barnard of New York warned that if you have ever had an allergic reaction to a sting from a bee, hornet, yellow jacket, or wasp, you should have injections to desensitize you: such allergies get more severe with time, could become dangerous.

New Gorham Baronial Sterling. The Twentieth Century Renaissance begins.

Gorham captures the classic elegance of the Renaissance to help you express your individuality as a woman today. New Baronial Sterling, a Gorham Original with all the dignity and serenity of yesterday. A magnificent movement of intricate detail. Deeply carved scrolls. Delicate piercings that flow gracefully through a harmonious and majestic total design. New Gorham Baronial Sterling. The Twentieth Century Renaissance in the fine art of graceful living. A timeless link to tradition and elegance.



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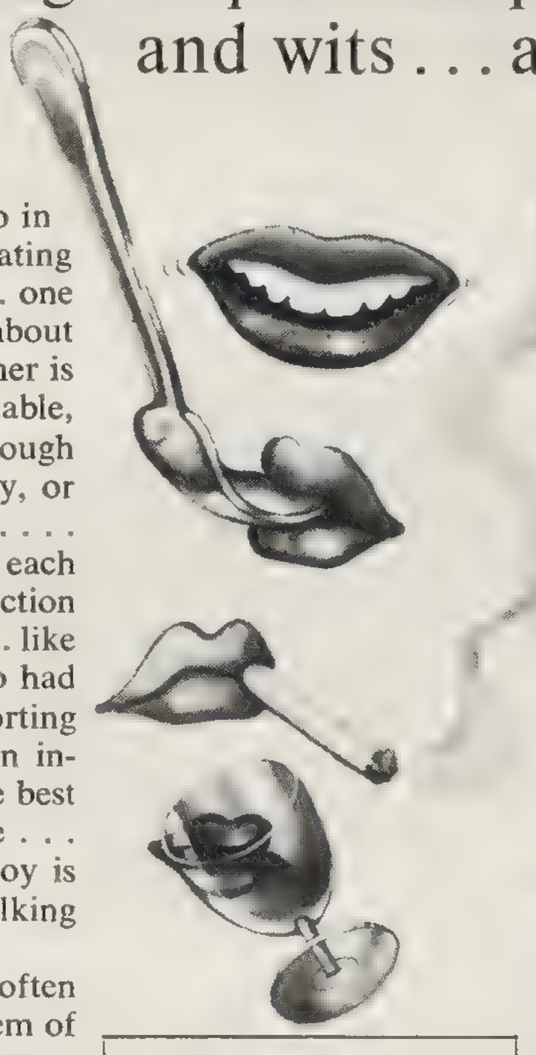
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FOOD by Maxime McKendry

Free Flow of Food

Dinner to keep diners talking: soup to sharpen appetites and ideas . . . vegetables to brighten eyes and wits . . . and the big, big dessert



People talk too much about food, the way they used to in the 'fifties about their operations . . . it puts one off eating . . . it's like people who talk about sex all the time . . . one begins to wonder . . . and then to wander. The thing about food, once past the hunger level, is that a lunch or dinner is supposed to pin a group of people down around a table, rather like a talk show; and the food must last long enough for them all to have time to *briller,* as the French say, or to be brilliant (as we say with a little less immediacy). . . . The Edwardian meals were disciplined affairs where at each of the eight or nine courses the guests changed the direction of their conversation . . . left to right and back again . . . like well-drilled soldiers or chorines . . . even the bore who had to be invited because of something-or-other got a sporting chance to open hs (sic) mouth for reasons other than ingurgitative. Nowadays the table is a free-for-all and the best one wins . . . but still today a change sets a new pace . . . atmosphere . . . people smoke . . . the silent pretty boy is perhaps the only one with a lighter and can start talking about who gave it to him . . . in Venice . . . last year.

The other thing about food is that one's guests are often not very hungry so that the menu too often reminds them of those meals they were forced to eat as children . . . the agony of a full plate . . . the sight of beige meat with beige sauce . . . never properly matching like camel's-hair coats and sweaters . . . a lone tomato decorating a Stroganoff like a wilting corsage. . . . If one is going to sauce it up, one should look up meat glazes, stocks (without bonds), and espagnole sauce in a basic cookbook . . . do the whole thing . . . freeze in ice-cube trays and know smugly that you have nice little blocks that are the instant making of rich, chiaroscuro coatings for meats and vegetables that can put one's food . . . at least . . . on the Best Dressed List.

To get back to our brilliant entertaining . . . why not try out a dinner with first a fabulous soup . . . not a consommé (that goes down too fast for what one gets out of it in conversation and extra dishes to clear off) . . . something unctuous, *inédit,* a real soup-scoop of ambiguous and tantalizing flavor and aroma . . . containing just enough delectable solids to keep the slurping pace to *moderato.* . . . Then, just as your guests are dreading the white-on-white Chicken à la King . . . or the beige-on-beige dish already dealt with . . . or the brown-on-brown stew . . . dazzle them with a wide-screen color epic of perfectly cooked vegetables on long platters; a glow, a flash, a vista of orange, white, and green . . . as decreed by season, not by can . . . don't bother about meat and fish, let them off the hook. . . .

The conversation, which might have been a trifle earthy during the soup, will now become lighter with relief . . . more spiritual (a touch of melancholy from dedicated carnivores will only add depth and shading) . . . amusing remarks will dart around the table as the glazed carrots go one way and the braised endives go the other . . . while the asparagus with prosciutto gets hijacked en route . . . there is something terribly young and artless about a slightly undercooked carrot lightly sprinkled with freshly chopped dill and chives . . . a hint of mint.

The cheese course must be played by ear . . . and nose . . . the olfactory annoyance and impetuous runniness of some of our favorites are perhaps better reserved for a lunch near an open window in spring. That sugar-craving whose satisfaction breeds such guilty good humor must be treated with brio, with dash and lashings of super-no-nos. . . . Whatever-it-is—Viennese torte, English trifle, or strawberry layer—must puff, crunch, ooze, and explode with whipped cream or zabaglione, meringue, génoise, fruits . . . a monument to forbidden pleasures. . . . Its extravagance must rape the most disciplined palates. . . . Subtle and satanic whiffs of *poire* or *framboise* brandy, Armagnac, applejack, or rum will throw the guests into feverish talk of love, passion, and betrayal . . . wicked scraps of gossip will erupt as their expensive teeth bear down on brandied cherries . . . intriguing personal revelations will be just audible through the delicate crunch of meringue. . . . As for the wine, let it be copious, self-service. . . . By the time you serve coffee, the wariest—troubled during cocktails by the social, racial, and financial status of some hitherto-unknown dinner partners—will be planning trips with them to Haiti, Persepolis, or Kashmir.

Menu

Vegetable soup
Braised endives
Asparagus tips with prosciutto
Glazed carrots
Strawberry meringue layer
Wine: M. LaMont or Inglenook, both California chablis

Recipes are given below for the four vegetable dishes

Vegetable soup

For each serving, the vegetables should be in the following proportions: 1 part each onions and potatoes to 2 parts each squash and fresh tomatoes (peeled). Boil and puree vegetables. Blend together; add enough beef bouillon to make a creamy consistency. Season. To serve: top each portion with sour cream, chopped chives, and a sprinkling of fried bread croutons.

Braised endives

Toss endives into boiling water for 5 minutes. Drain and pat dry. Line a flame-proof casserole with strips of bacon; sprinkle over finely chopped parsley and thyme, a crumbled bay leaf, a crushed garlic clove, and a finely minced onion. Arrange the endive on this aromatic bed; barely cover with vegetable, veal, or chicken stock; cover and simmer until tender. Just before serving, uncover and reduce liquid on sharp flame until it is absorbed and bacon crisps.

Asparagus tips with prosciutto *eight servings*

36 raw asparagus tips, about 1 inch long
2 sticks butter
½ teaspoon sugar
1 whole onion
Salt and pepper
3-4 slices prosciutto (or ham), finely chopped

Toss asparagus into boiling water for 2 minutes; drain. Melt 1½ sticks butter in a deep skillet; add sugar, onion, asparagus, and, after a few seconds, ½ cup water. Cook, uncovered, very gently until fork tender. Add a little more hot water if the moisture evaporates too quickly. Remove onion. Season. To serve: mash ½ stick butter and prosciutto together; divide into 8 pats and arrange on top of asparagus.

Glazed carrots *eight servings*

3 pounds carrots
4 cups chicken or veal stock
1¼ sticks butter
4 tablespoons sugar
Salt and freshly ground black pepper
2 tablespoons finely chopped fresh mint
2 tablespoons each finely chopped parsley and dill, mixed

Scrape, slice, and quarter carrots. (Baby spring carrots need no scraping and can be left whole.) Put carrots into a saucepan with stock to cover; add butter, sugar and season. Boil over moderate flame for 20-25 minutes or until just fork tender. The liquid should be reduced almost to a glaze, so be careful of burning; carrots should be very bright and shiny. Serve with the herbs sprinkled on top.



Your eyes. You want them colorful. Expressive. And meaningful. They're the most noticeable part of you and the most difficult to makeup. That's because they're also the most delicate area on your face. Now, Dior creates one of the first Gel Eyeshadow Cremes that understands this fragile, hard-to-makeup texture of the eyelid. It's Dior's new Gel-Creme Eyeshadow in six tender terrestrial shades. All finely formulated to give you smooth, silky, creme-soft color that won't cake, crease or streak. In African Mauve. Egyptian Clay. Afghan Green. Indian Purple. China Blue. And Cypress Rose. New Gel-Creme Eyeshadow. Part of the total Dior Color Collection for your eyes. All from Christian Dior.

Eyes. Dior.

VOGUE BOUTIQUE MAY PLACES

MAY PEOPLE

Mother's Madison Avenue "hangout" may be Saint Laurent or Halston . . . for children it's Wendy's Store, 1046 Madison Avenue. Neighborhood kids stop in unaccompanied to check out the goodies and see if it's worth a trip for Mother. . . . Serious May shoppers: Alex Aaron and Chelsea Amanda Loving. . . . 1. Alex's miniature New Man jeans outfit, $44. 2. Our fashion-oriented friends . . . Chelsea's Brosseau hat, $12. Alex's cap, $1.50.





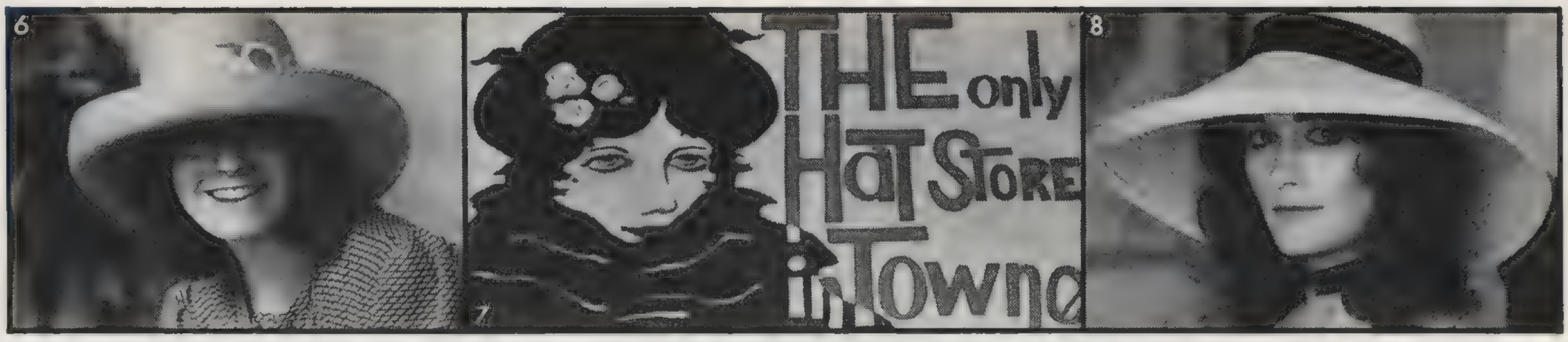
3. For a newborn friend . . . pastel satin slippers, hand-embroidered with moons, stars, a pale-green tree, $12.50. The best Teddy Bear, $18.50.



4. Chelsea Amanda understands sexy! Minute red handknitted monokini with a row of tiny white sailboats, $10.

L.A. UNIFORM! 5. Jolie Jones (young actress, Quincy's daughter), Lothar's updated beige cotton. Shirt, $32; pants, $28. Theodore's, 453 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills.





L.A. PLACE FOR HEADS . . . 7. The Only Hat Store in Town, 9093 Santa Monica Blvd. 6. Julia Phillips, young film producer (*Steelyard Blues*); her brow-covering straw, $20. 8. Actress Margot Kidder's garden-party grosgrain-ribboned number, $25.







TO OWN!

Summer Dressing . . . Air is the word. 9. A dress that's a robe that's whatever you like! Blue-and-white striped *sendoni* cotton shirt-to-the-knee for city, with a strip of sandal. 12. Summer country morning . . . same "dress" and white jeans. $35, Greek Islands Ltd., 215 E. 49th St. 11. Thinnest white Indian cotton, tucked-like-a-handkerchief dress. $13, Sona of India, 11 E. 55th St. 10. Checked gauze short "kimono" to wear with white pants. $17, Handloom House, at Henri Bendel. Landlubber jeans, $10, Macy's.



My pantyhose are Something Wonderful.™
Because, frankly, I am wonderful.

Let's face it. A terrific girl like me *deserves* a luxurious little pantyhose like Something Wonderful.

Here I am in Something Wonderful All Sheer. Did you ever see anything that managed to be so bewitching *and* so elegant? I mean, they're sheer and clear from your waist to your toes, with a full back panel, and they fit you the way only Burlington pantyhose can fit you.

I say, put yourself into Something Wonderful All Sheer before another day goes by.



Something Wonderful Pantyhose from Burlington

Burlington All Sheer™ Cantrece®II pantyhose. $2.50. ®Burlington Industries '73.

Burlington Hosiery Co. at Burlington House, 1345 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 333-5280; L.A. (213) 748-6151

VOGUE BOUTIQUE SUN THINGS







1. Provençal print clutch (watch these traditional South-of-France prints!). $6. La Provence de Pierre Deux, 378 Bleecker St., N.Y. 2. Greek schoolboy straw boater (shades of Renoir). $18, Greek Islands Ltd., 215 E. 49th St., N.Y. 3. Wrap a scarf as a bra; one ivory carved Chinese figure. Scarf, $5, Greek Islands Ltd. Figure, $50, R.S.V.P., 9705 Santa Monica Blvd., Beverly Hills.







ESSENTIALS!

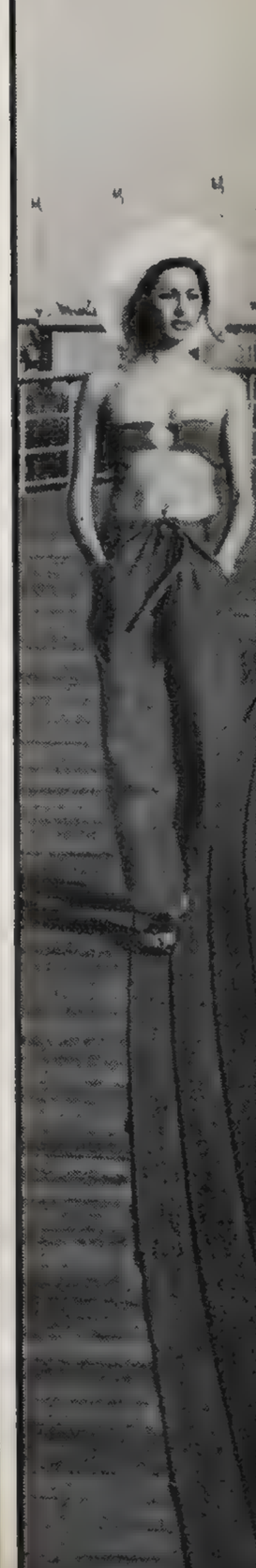
OVERSIZED . . . Easy is the secret! 4. Water-color-pale rose-citrus-and-white *sendoni* cotton collarless shirt to cover bikinis, $16. How to wrap a sunhead? Field flowers on white challis scarf, $5. Both Greek Islands Ltd., 215 E. 49th St. 5. BIG! Grey-and-white denim engineer's shirt, May find! (SoHo artists buy them in dozens to work in.) Unzip it "to there" to run beaches. $7.50, Teufel, 430 W. Broadway. More Greek Islands: 6. Red-and-white "evzone" shirt (the shape worn by the Royal Guards), huge full sleeves to roll. $25. Panama, $6, La Tienda, 251 E. 52nd. 7. Washed-rose-and-white short hooded "caftan," $17.



TO HAVE

BEACH DRESSING . . . 8. White cotton Greek sailor's blouse, navy-trimmed; wear with white jeans. Greek Islands Ltd., $25. Landlubber jeans, $10, Macy's. 9. Thin, straight-legged white cotton jeans, $25; short-sleeved "safari" jacket, $55. Eve Lost, 956 Lexington Ave., N.Y. Handloom House's blue-denim smock, $16, Bendel's. 10. BARE! The perfect sun-bra, a bandeau of blue Indian gauze, by Orient Arts. $4.50. Red Indian cotton beach pyjamas by Cinnamonwear, $22. Both at Henri Bendel.





BARBARA BERSELL

You can take a White Horse anywhere

VOGUE OBSERVATIONS

MAY... THINGS TO KNOW ABOUT



1

Last month it was Paris . . . now it's New York! How to Spend a Spring Evening . . . the fights at Madison Square Garden. New fans: 3. Laura Ocampo. 5. Bernadette Reinhardt. 6. Susan Forristal. 7. Viviane Fauny. May hero, 2, 4: Chu Chu Malave, favorite of New York young, "flower child of the boxing ring"—a "technical fighter, not vicious. It's as if he were dancing in a club!"

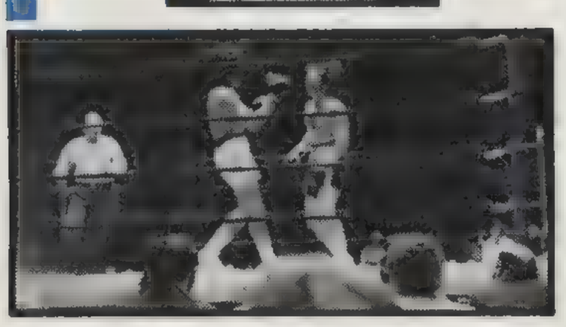
SUMMER NEWS



3



2



4



5



6



7



8.

NEW YORK: Soccer has attained Star-level! 8. The "initiate" T-shirt, or How to be Delicious on the Beach (add a big straw sun-protector). $6 at Sona of India, 11 E. 55th St. 9. Soccer-star to watch: John Stovros plays for Palermo while at school here . . . part of the trend of young athletes who play for love of "technical perfection."

HEROES



9

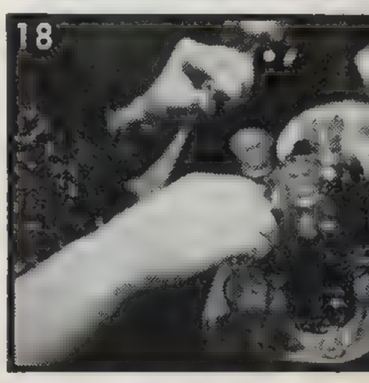


10

PARIS-N.Y.: May Sun-dressing. Super-throwaway—how to look as if you're wearing a flour sack? . . . Wear one! 10. Samantha Moffly's over-sized "authentic flour sack" shirt to wear with bikinis and jeans. from Handloom House $6 at Henri Bendel, N.Y.



17



18

PARIS: May uniform, straight-legged **BLACK JEANS** . . . newest uniform, **OVER-ALLS** in shiny black cotton with T-shirts. **THE NEW PARIS PLACE:** Les Halles for lovely junk, antiques, special clothes, bargains! **PARIS PASSION:** spare ribs . . . Mother Carth's, rue des lombards. **NEW YORK:** Candice Bergen and Dick Cavett and their collections of American Indian treasures. (The May jewels—ropes of tubes of coral and tortoiseshell.) **WATCH ESKIMO ART:** Some of the "eyes" on these treasures: Laurance Rockefeller's, Dina Merrill's. The American Indian Arts Center, 1042 Madison Ave. **ROME:** Claudia Cardinale, Principessa Aldobrandini, Virna Lisi . . . their "midday pickup," a glass of wine with honey, a few drops of lemon juice! **L.A.:** . . . super-civilized. The Daisy is strictly black tie for dinner with classical piano music to help the effect (or is it "affect?")

DO YOU WANT TO DANCE?

11. BERTOLUCCI LOVES BOBBY WOMACK



BERSELL, CUNNINGHAM

12. MICK JAGGER LOVES BILLY PAUL





13



14



15

NEW YORK: The New-dancing . . . 13, 15, 16. Close and slow! New-dancing heroes Billy Paul and Bobby Womack (left) and "Slinky Soul," rhythm and blues.

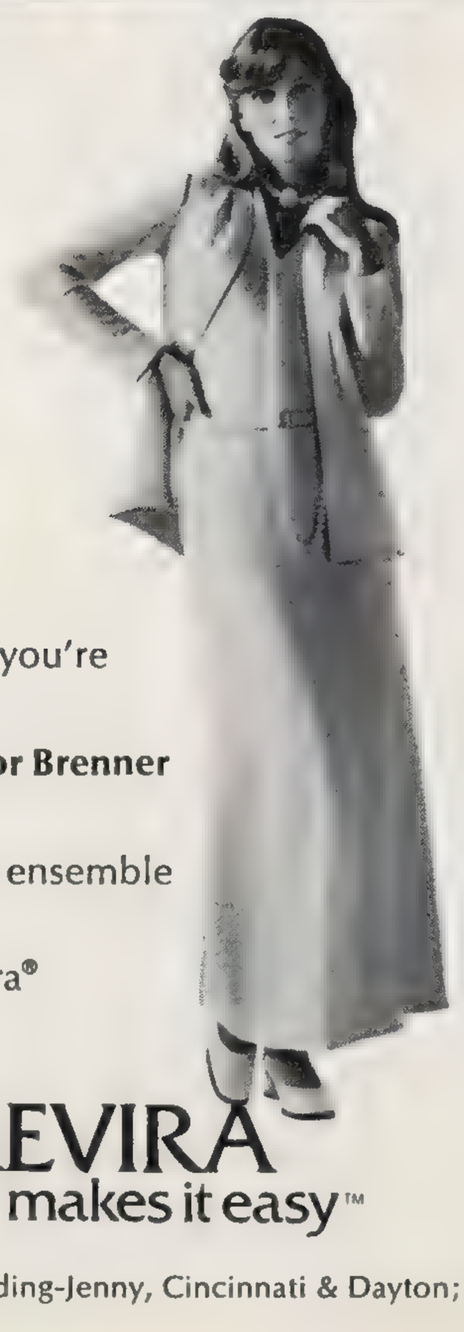
Hurricane Smith, 14, and his own romantic, mellow "nostalgia music." New-dancing places —Genesis, 327 E. 48th St. and Hippopotamus, 405 E. 62nd St.

16

MAY SECRET PLACE: 17, 18. Paracelso, 432 W. Bdwy. Home of Bianca and Jeffrey, who make perfumes for Mick and Bianca Jagger. Robert Redford. Andy Warhol. . . . Secret Bedouin recipes of amber, jasmine, rose in tiny bottles.

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Talk about Christmas in July... WE WANT TO DISCUSS FALL IN MAY

WHY?

Because there's been so much discussion about longer lengths in the Paris fall Ready-to-wear Collections, we feel we'd like to share Vogue's view with you. Not that there is any revolution about to happen. There isn't. And you certainly are not going to be told to throw out all your short skirts and buy long ones. However, there are two new important daytime silhouettes that have come out of the Paris Collections, and we feel they look best with a slightly longer skirt than you're wearing for summer. By slightly longer, we mean just at the end of the kneecap —or, if you like, an inch below or above it. Yes—that is the length Vogue feels will be important ... just at the bottom of the kneecap. First, let's talk about the new skirt. It is as sleek and as straight as a pair of those trousers we all love so much. It is often pleated to give movement, and sometimes, if it is in very lightweight fabrics, slightly flared. But when you are standing still, it always hangs straight. With the skirt go opaque pantie stockings in the same shade as the dress. And, you've guessed—! yes, shoes in the same shade, too. They are also high-heeled, about three inches, and have a very clean line to them. The whole effect of skirt, stockings, and shoes is as slimming and elongating as a pair of pants.... Now let's get down to the silhouettes. The first is the seven-eighths coat, cardigan, or sweater. It's a length that hasn't been in our wardrobes for a while and it looks so fresh to us. The coat shapes hang straight, narrow and sleek from the shoulders. Imagine how pretty they look with a little pleated skirt kicking out from the knees as you walk. The seven-eighths sweaters and cardigans hug the body giving the torso a great new importance. It's a very sexy look and one that must go over a body that is supple and in perfect shape. (If you're interested, you'd better start planning right now to do exercises on the beach.) To sum up the first silhouette—it's elegant yet sexy, and if you're slim you'll look and feel great in it. ...The second silhouette we'd like you to know about is a bulky outsize one that gives a new soft width across the shoulders; but, while it is outsize, we very quickly add that it is never heavy. It gets its width easily with raglan and caftan sleeves, and dropped shoulder lines. Think of the roominess and comfort of a shawl wrapped around your shoulders on a cold wintry night and you'll get the mood of it. Sometimes these wide-shouldered looks wrap around for a slim-hipped silhouette. Just like the Mexican sweaters all the kids have been wearing. But they look their best when, in great nubby knits, they hang to three-quarters or seven-eighths length. The look, with that little straight skirt, is of a fragile, feminine girl being enveloped in a blanket or borrowing a man's jacket or sweater to keep her warm. But the skirt must be to the bottom of the knees to give the silhouette balance. Otherwise it's top-heavy. With these great outsize looks, we love the knitted caps in the same shade and long, long mufflers that wrap casually around the throat. The monochromatic colors pull the look together from the small head to those high-heel shoes and tiny ankles. And here's an important point: both new silhouettes look as good over pants you've got in your wardrobe as they do over a skirt.... This is why we want to discuss fall in May.

NOW

ANNE HOLBROOK

Softness, paleness, skin showing—the whole feeling for glamour this summer summed up in a crêpe de Chine pyjama



SUMMER FASHION: YOUR BEST BETS

There's a lot more to fashion this summer than knock-around-in clothes. More softness and femininity. And a lot more glamour in everything, whether it's the evening pyjama worn by Anne Holbrook, left, or a little ribbed bodysuit and wrap skirt for tennis (coming later this issue). . . . Bareness is everywhere, every way. Collars that fall wide open . . . off-the-shoulder dresses . . . the strapless dress for day in town . . . strapless at night. . . . Where there's strapless, there's cover. Sometimes a shirt-jacket. Or a cardigan. This is a great summer for sweaters – thin little tank tops, halters . . . a strapless tube with its own cardigan. . . . Even when you're not showing skin, you're going to feel you are — that's how soft and airy fabrics are and how lightly they fall on the body. . . . Colors are what summer colors *should* be: clean, calm, pale without being wishy-washy — one of the most sensational bathing suits you could own is an absolutely simple, sexy maillot in a fragile pastel — peach or a blue baby print. . . . The key shoe is a sandal. High, low, or really flat to the ground — with a white crêpe de Chine pyjama, try gold sandals on a low heel. . . . Change your shade of stocking. Start with a natural pale tone and work your way to light brown as you work on a tan. . . . Don't go bananas with jewelry. What looks right – and fantastic against bare skin with a bikini – three or four thin gold chains in different textures and lengths . . . one flat against the collarbone . . . one with a dangle. . . . A wide-brimmed hat protects – straw, stitched organdie, calico print – and it looks delicious (you can wrap your hair in a scarf underneath). . . . As for makeup, lighter is righter for summer. Go to a pink or peachy lipstick, paler nails. . . . A dab of pearly white highlighter on the brow bone is very pretty with a tan. So is a gleam of pale color in the same spot. If you don't have a tan, you'll look healthier with a deep-pink blusher — if you do, blusher is what keeps it alive Monday to Friday. . . . A warning we can't repeat too often: don't overtan. What you want is what Anne Holbrook has on these 10 pages: a glow of good health . . . and good-looking clothes.

THE CRÊPE DE CHINE EVENING PYJAMA, left, from Geoffrey Beene — not just another pretty shirt and pants, but one of the softest, most feminine ways to look at night this season. A perfect shirt striped in mauve, Burgundy, and aqua, with a collar that falls open beautifully, deep cuffs to fold back . . . pants wide as a skirt. When you have colors this good, keep them going . . . at the ear, on the arm . . . mauve glass beads worn against the skin. Same goes for makeup: eyes gleamed with Frostspun Patina Shadows in Spungold Mauve and Spunsilver Yellow; glossy plum mascara; Super Luscious Lipstick in China Pink from Charles Revson for Ultima II.

By Geoffrey Beene, of silk. Shirt, Gandini fabric; pants, Chantal Fabrics. At Martha; Halle's-Cleveland; Maison Blanche; Frost Bros. Hair, these 10 pages, combed by Ara Gallant. Makeup by Jurgen. Accessories, next to last page.


Collect maillots
in pale, pretty colors—
peach makes a
tan look like gold

A DAY AT THE BEACH, both pages, with Giorgio di Sant' Angelo (and whatever your skin needs in the way of protection—a little tan is great, but don't go crazy in the sun). . . . As for your second skin, opposite—Giorgio's naked peach maillot cut high on the leg, low everywhere else—if you're in shape, you owe it to yourself. . . . And how about these breezy muslin print pants for cover? You can roll them up even further—or down, like a long full skirt . . . a delicious change for lunch without changing out of your suit.

Opposite: Maillot of Antron nylon and Lycra (J. P. Stevens fabric); about $80. *Left:* Pants of cotton muslin (Maison Fabrics), about $150. Both, by Giorgio di Sant' Angelo. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Sakowitz. For accessory information, see the next to last page this issue.

Airy pants with
rolling legs—pull them
on over your maillot
and you're dressed

AVEDON



Don't miss this shirtdress—all that cool, pale peach with tanned skin—and a bronze sandal—what a way to go out to dinner!



THE PRETTIEST SHIRTDRESS OF SUMMER, opposite page: peaches and air from Oscar de la Renta Boutique, in tissue-thin crêpe . . . falling away at the neck, wrapped at the waist . . . and the rest just blows.

WHAT EVERY GOOD SWIMMER WANTS—what every good body deserves—a perfectly simple maillot like Cole of California's—pale-blue baby print with crisscross straps (remember to pull them down when you're starting on a tan or you'll be strapmarked for the whole summer).

Opposite: Oscar de la Renta Boutique: Onondaga crêpe (Avisco acetate, Enka rayon). About $130. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Halle's-Cleveland; Swanson's; Ballet's. *Left:* Cole of California: Antron nylon, and Lycra (Gilbert Frank fabric). $22. Late May, Bloomingdale's; Bullock's. Accessories, next to last page.

Sexy shape, innocent print—
the maillot has never looked better
(if you can say the same for yourself,
what are you waiting for?)

STRAPLESS NAVY LINEN, right: Oscar de la Renta's narrow, little dress for day—button it on and you can show skin the prettiest new way around. And for the times you want to be covered, a thin white silk shirt-jacket dotted in navy—that and a plane ticket will take you just about anywhere this summer.

STRAPLESS IN STRIPES, far right: the most softness, the most allure, the most dress from Galanos—wide stripes on the long, slinky top; thinner ones on blowy pleats, banded at the hem. In black-and-white crêpe de Chine, with a matching drawstring-waist shirt-jacket to slip over bare shoulders—everything you could want in the way of dressing for big evenings this summer.

Right: By Oscar de la Renta. Dress, of Moygashel linen; jacket, of Abraham silk. About $365. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Montaldo's; Joseph Horne; Swanson's; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. . . . *Far right:* By Galanos, of Sormani silk. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. . . . Anne Holbrook's hair combed by Ara Gallant. All accessories, next to last page of this issue.

Wear a
strapless dress
for day—
in town or
out of it,
there's news
in bareness
like this

And the strapless
dress at night—
sensational stripes,
a shirt to put over them—
marvelous way to look

AVEDON

An alluring turn on shirt-and-pants dressing—soft, full, but small where you want to be small

AVEDON

MORE THAN A VERY PRETTY SHIRT, far left—a small, sleek body-suit from Giorgio di Sant' Angelo in cream matte jersey, with a low neck-line edged in lace. Everything else billows and flows—full sleeves, gathered from wrist to elbow, wide navy jersey pants gathered on a bias band and wrapped at the waist—it fits like a dream.

A PERFECT SUMMER-IN-THE-CITY DRESS, left—a flirt of navy-and-white print from Christian Dior-New York, elasticized at the neck and waist. Pull it on, pull down the shoulders—it's a delicious way to show skin—all day, out to dinner, to a movie. And wear it with a small, wrapped head—a nice contrast with the full-blown sleeves and skirt.

Far left: By Giorgio di Sant' Angelo, of rayon jersey (Jasco Fabrics). Both, about $320. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus. . . . *Left:* By Christian Dior-New York, of polyester. About $130. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's; Bullet's; Lou Lattimore. . . . Anne Holbrook's hair here and the preceding 8 pages, combed by Ara Gallant. All accessories, next to last page of this issue.

The off-the-shoulder dress—one of the most appealing new ways to be bare in town

BEAUTY

Self-made beauty doesn't happen by chance. Ask Raquel Welch. It's a twenty-four-hour job, no off-duty for body or face—and just to work at it isn't enough. First, you have to find the beauty you can become—with the raw material that is you. Raquel Welch, galvanizing with all lights on, is incognito without her makeup ammunition. Self-taught about makeup, her most bitter experiences have been discovering how much she could leave off and still be a world stopper. "When I look at old pictures or movies of myself, I see 'effort' written all over my hair—teased out of its skull—my makeup, my cleavage. I've changed a lot." As she puts it, "Under the influence of love," she has let the "sex-goddess image slip into my hip pocket." Ron Talsky, her costume designer, is the love in her life. Under his warm eye, she contours her face with gels to build up planes she doesn't have, uses the sun for carefully timed periods to bronze her body, "caramelizes" her hair, and uses the beach for dance routines, the only exercise she believes in. "I must have eight hours sleep, a big protein breakfast, vitamins, and love in my life. It's wonderful to be with someone you know loves you without makeup."



Raquel's brown bikini with tie-dye bias-draped silk scarf top, high-cut bikini bottom, by Ron Talsky. Her gold chain, by Pepe of Beverly Hills.

AVEDON

"Once I was always striving to live up to my sex-goddess image. I felt I had to be glamorous. Not that I was."

"I've never liked my face. The left side's predatory, the right more friendly. I've had to work at it."

THE NEW RAQUEL



RAQUEL WELCH

LASSO THE SUN

Raquel's twenty-minute beach workout was tailor-made for her by choreographer Joe Tremain. "Exercise for the anti-athletic" Raquel calls it, dance routines with lots of arm-stretching high to the sky. Using the beach, the ocean, the fresh air—in fact, all the benefits of nature for beauty—is the best way to take the summer. First, like Raquel's, your body must be moisturized and protected all over, whether you think you tan in a flash or not. Take into account where you are. In a bikini on a city roof—where atmospheric pollution screens out many of the rays—you won't tan as fast as where the air is clean. You'll tan faster in Tobago, where the sun passes almost directly overhead, than at Martha's Vineyard, where the sun strikes obliquely through more of the earth's filtering atmosphere; faster at noon than in the late afternoon (between 10 A.M. and 2 P.M., two-thirds of the sun's radiation gets to earth); faster on a mountain top than in a valley. Lasso the sun for twenty minutes, but make sure you're well prepared. All suntan preparations are sunscreens, but some let through more rays than others. Good news for tanners: The new range of Sun and Outdoor Specialists products from Ultima II, for both sexes—includes easy Extra Protection Moisture Stick for the face. Germaine Monteil Super Moist Sun Essentials offer three products that provide maximum to minimum protection plus a Lip Moist with built-in sun block. Bonne Bell's New Tanning Gel has cocoa butter and cocoanut oil. The two Charles of the Ritz Tanning Plan Kits have three products each—one kit offers low-filter protection for sun worshippers; the other, products to block more rays. More lip protection (the thinnest-skinned part of the face needs special help) from Helena Rubinstein: new SoftCare LipColors, sunscreened, imbued with vitamins plus natural fruit oils. . . . Choose your product to match your skin type first, your sun location next; use the sun at the right time—the more sensitive your skin, the earlier or later in the day you should sunbathe.

The great outdoors: use it for beauty

The beach, the park, the garden is your outdoor gym. Use it to throw out tension, improve your shape. Improve skin, too, by deeply breathing in fresh air.

For tension: Sit on the ground, feet out straight, spine straight, shoulders back, stomach in. Bounce shoulders fast, up and down, ten times; go lax, then repeat. Lift shoulders up as far as they'll go, "circle" up and to the neck, repeat ten times, relax. Stand on one leg, spin a quoit or hula hoop around your ankle, change legs; keep at it only till you feel tired—exhaustion is never the object of the exercise.

Shape up thighs: Sit with one leg bent, hands behind on floor for support. Raise the straight leg out in front; then try to tuck it under bent leg, straighten, and slide out without touching ground. Lower and relax.

For all-over toning: Sit up straight, legs together in front; lift body off ground, resting on arms and legs, and raise and lower alternate legs—you'll feel it. Hold onto a tree or beach umbrella: bend knees, squat, rise, and repeat to de-pudge knees, slim inner thighs. Run, hop, skip rope, jump, jog, throw and catch a beach ball, walk for miles along the beach under the shade of an umbrella—good for arm muscles to carry one. Raquel likes to walk, but not to swim.

"My best assets are my back, teeth, hands, feet—in that order. I know I have sex appeal. I'm glad I do. I was named after my Bolivian grandmother whom I've never met—a woman full of pride and passion."

AVEDON
VOGUE, May, 1973

BEAUTY NOW

"I like to make up in daylight and use transparent gels on the beach, which let the sun through and help me feel just that bit more together."

RAQUEL WELCH

THE LOOK OF SUMMER STEP BY STEP

Raquel prepares for a day in the open air as carefully as for a night at the opera. The equipment is different, but the approach and determination to present the right Raquel for each scene is the same. Early A.M., she coats her lips with Blistex, her body with hypoallergenic moisturizer. "Luckily, I have good skin with small pores; but I don't push my luck—I take as much care of it as if it were a problem." Eyelashes, she believes, give a plus to every face; Raquel's are dark brown, feathery, real-looking. She covers toe- and fingernails with glossy white lacquer, specially mixed by Ron Talsky. On the beach, Raquel studies herself in a mirror, (which she calls a "flash"), adding transparent Clinique gel to cheekbones, cheeks, and chin, blending it in fast. With a ¼-inch sable brush, she applies coffee-brown theatrical eye shadow all over the eyelid, extending it onto the brow bone. On top of the shadow goes darker brown liner, again blended in fast—"I always blend everything so that it doesn't look like makeup." She dusts almost-nude powder on brow and lid to prevent shadow "creasing," then it's time for mascara—dark brown; each lash is separated with infinite patience. More Blistex goes on her mouth before it is outlined with a soft copper-colored pencil, filled in with her natural mouth color—everything blended together, blotted, and finalized with Almay Lip Gloss. The result? An "un-madeup" look of health and vitality.

More quick and easy summertime tips

Have your lashes professionally dyed for summer-long waterproofing. Take zinc ointment for your nose if it's an annual sunburn disaster. Always rinse your hair in fresh water after ocean bathing. Never brush hair when wet (or much when dry)—use a wide-toothed comb instead. Comb in conditioner every day—hair gets sunburned, too. After a day in the sun, lace your bath with something refreshing—or add a touch of "Y" Bath and Body Parfum—one heady drop lasts hours. Try to get a massage for extra relaxation. Spray your feet with a cool jet. Pumice away sandal-skin. Brighten up toes with pastel enamels or picture transfers from Finger Art & Toe Art, Too. Don't forget, hot rollers add quick life to limp hair. Always protect your lips (note Raquel's double ration of Blistex). Cool down with a frozen perfume stick. Keep witch hazel in the ice box for fast relief of burning spots—eyedrops in the same place, quick makeup-remover pads, too. Use vitamin E or A to lubricate eye areas—pinch open a capsule and apply. Take along mini-size aerosol fragrances for you—and your hotel room; handbag-size deodorant; even mini-er than mini-size new Helena Rubinstein Winkies—hide-in-your-hand brilliant color touch-ups for eyes. Dramatize eye makeup with new Palazzo colors from Estée Lauder: create fresco effects by wearing Pressed Eyelid Shadow dry or wet—put on with water. Use the ocean or pool for exercise—water pressure makes every movement doubly effective. A water jog gives the circulation a good shake-up. Use a beach ball to further the effort—and the result: keep pushing ball beneath water's surface. Or twist torso, swinging ball in front of you. Drink a mixture of honey and hot water for a digestion flush early A.M. Eat like Raquel: big breakfast, smaller lunch, Spartan dinner.

"I don't believe in total nudity, but like to provoke the mind and eye into realizing what is there—a true female form."

Raquel's crêpe de Chine short sarong with matching bikini and head scarf, left, *designed for her by Ron Talsky.*

AVEDON

BEAUTY NOW

RAQUEL WELCH

READY TO GO

On the left, Raquel in P.M. mood—exultant, full of anticipation for the evening ahead in Baja California, Mexico, where all the photographs were taken. She's wearing a favorite dress, short, flirty, deep-tan crêpe satin, designed by Ron Talsky . . . and her fragrance of the moment, Chanel No. 19—bought by Ron. "I'm very influenced by the man in my life," she says demurely. On the right, her favorite "wear-it-with-anything" Panama hat—this time, worn with a printed cotton gauze caftan over her body, wet from the ocean. Hat by Don Anderson for Scheer Brothers, at Bloomingdale's.

AVEDON



"I feel good to know somebody likes me for what I am... that I'm not going to have to take off a lot of goo and surprise him with another person underneath."

The real facts about

HAIR Fallout

As women grow more and more emancipated, their hair is falling out. The reason? They are making more androgen—a male hormone—says a leading dermatologist.

BY SHIRLEY LORD

The most shattering news ever to come out of a dermatologist's consulting room is that, today, women are beginning to lose their hair at the same rate as men. Startling to the physician as well as to the patient, the incidence of hair loss in women has increased at such a huge rate over the past five years that vigorous studies of the cause have been carried out all over the world.

The conclusions drawn are shattering, too. As one eminent dermatologist put it, "since women started imitating men—assuming male attitudes, responsibilities, and tensions—it would seem women also are making more of the male hormone androgen, which inevitably is linked with their increasing suffering from the hitherto mainly masculine privilege of baldness." The celebrated nineteenth-century French biologist Jean Lamarck suggested, "la fonction crée l'organe" . . . the function of a body organ produces changes in its activity. (Lamarck was one of the first to state his belief in the inheritance of acquired characteristics.)

The normal ratio of hormones in a woman's body is one part androgen (male hormone) to eight parts estrogen (female hormone)—the estrogen giving her fine skin and high resistance to hair loss. Dr. Irwin Lubowe, clinical professor of dermatology at New York Medical College, explains, "once that proportion is disturbed, the genetic force takes over; in the case of women making excessive androgen, this means the male side of the family tree dominates and the rate of hair fallout surpasses the normal rate of regrowth or replacement." So if Daddy or Granddad had a tendency to baldness, an abrupt loss of hair for a high-androgen-producing woman may result if she acquires the genetic tendency.

Maintaining a large medical and dermatological private practice in New York, specializing in treatment for hair and scalp, Dr. Lubowe has been witnessing a steady deterioration in hair and scalp conditions over the past decade.

The invention, about ten years ago, and then too frequent use of heated curlers created a great deal of unnecessary hair breakage and hair loss, as did the misuse of heated combs and overly hot hair dryers. Indiscriminate coloring has always contributed to hair damage. The effect of the Pill on hair (and skin) is still under study—particularly in the case of the woman who stops and starts, throwing her hormones into considerable confusion. A few years back, Dr. Frank Cormia of Cornell University Medical College in New York presented a series of papers showing that women who had taken the Pill over a long period of time were subject to some thinning of the hair, but that further observation had shown hair loss was more likely to happen a month or so *after* they stopped taking the Pill.

Dr. Cormia found a parallel in the fact that some women experience hair loss after delivering a baby, reasoning that just as pregnancy increases estrogen-hormone production—thus helping to prevent baldness—similarly, the Pill also keeps hormone levels high. After giving up the Pill, therefore, a woman could have pseudo post-pregnancy symptoms.

Over and above all this, there is proof that the innocent-looking ponytail can produce spot baldness—providing medical terminology with a new label, "traction alopecia." The prolonged pulling of the hair causes inflammation on the scalp's surface or below the outer skin layer, invisible to the naked eye; and, if the ponytail or other tightly-pulled-back hairdo is worn continuously, the inflammation eventually disturbs normal hair growth. The injured hair then simply gives up the struggle for survival and lets go of its foundation—which means, physiologically speaking, that the hair bulb and papilla on which it's lodged have shrunk, dried up, and stopped manufacturing new hair.

Sometimes new hair does break through, but often it's thinner in texture, dull, and nonelastic; however, rapid loss of hair through continuous traction is by no means the most insidious thing that can happen. The stubborn hair which doggedly hangs on presents an even greater danger, precluding *any* regrowth in that spot. The reason is that the ponytail's success largely depends upon the degree of tightness that can be achieved with ribbons, barrettes, or—worse—elastic bands. The strain on the hair can be intolerable, both backwards and upwards.

As Dr. Albert Slepyan, dermatologist at the University of Illinois, reported in "The Archives of Dermatology," after studying twenty-four cases of traction alopecia: "Once the ponytail was abandoned in favor of a more relaxed hairdo, there was complete regrowth of scalp hair in every case except two. In these two instances, there was some return of new hair but, after six months, the remaining bald spots on the sides and back were taken to be permanent."

Dermatologists and trichologists (as specialists in hair and scalp are called in Europe) have been fending off all these threats to hair health for years and, in many cases, circumventing them.

With the increase in hair fallout among women over the past five years—many think due to increased androgen output (labeled as female androgenetic alopecia)—Dr. Lubowe adds that not only does he see evidence every day of a continued increase (at all age levels) but, frequently alongside it, "other evidence of virilism—including hirsutism" among women.

He comments (not without some irony) that "the reluctance of women to submit to the crushing indignity of baldness is almost sure to serve as a stimulus to science. I doubt they will accept defoliation with the quiet resignation of men, who often shrug it off as the inevitable and natural consequence of ageing."

In common with such fellow dermatologists as Dr. Willard Marmelzat in California (who tends to concentrate on diseases of scalp and hair), Dr. Lubowe is optimistic about counteracting the balding rate—for both sexes. To this end, every patient is given a medical examination on visiting Dr. Lubowe. Called an SMA Profile, it includes a thyroid test; kidney, calcium, enzyme, and liver studies; plus, in the case of female

patients, the recently introduced Estrogen Maturation Index (commonly called an E.M.I.), a vaginal smear which tells whether the body is secreting enough estrogen.

A scalp injection aimed at breaking the genetic tie that can develop, as stated, when a woman produces excess androgen is in the experimental stages. Even further along in testing is an anti-androgen pill to neutralize excessive male-hormone output without producing extreme ultra-femininity.

Dermatologists agree there is much the patient can do to help hair health; and, although extreme and sudden hair loss should be viewed as a medical problem, not a cosmetic one, the choice of the right hair products is today more essential than ever. Electronic radioactive studies have proved that protein is absorbed by the hair shaft, so products such as shampoos and conditioners with built-in protein, or collagen, are highly recommended for all types of hair.

There is a feeling in medical circles that the research staffs of major hair-care companies should include specialists other than dermatologists—such as gynecologists, neuro-physiologists, endocrinologists, and internists—"for the vital key to the hair-loss problem may lie in another area."

The first important symposium on the subject of hair was held in 1959 at the New York Academy of Science and titled "Hair Growth and Hair Regeneration." This month, there will be an international seminar at the University School of Medicine in Atlanta, Georgia, to discuss the new problems which have arisen in the past five years and the progress made in dealing with them.

To quote Dr. Lubowe finally, "I have hopes that we are on the verge of major breakthroughs in our efforts to solve nature's most carefully guarded secrets concerning the causes and care of baldness. Nevertheless, the more attention a woman pays to her hair, the more dividends she'll receive."

Meanwhile, the disquieting fact remains that the increase in female hair fallout goes on . . . as women eagerly go on looking for and grasping more and more responsibility. ■

Hairdressers with a conscience



The days of contrived, tortured styles are over. A new type of hairdresser is emerging, vitally concerned with hair health and above all, aware that the style must match the woman beneath the hair—and her way of life.

Dina Azzolini (see above at work) typifies the new crusading spirit behind present-day hairdressing. Destined to become world famous—ironically enough, the first female hairdresser to achieve this—Italian Dina believes any successful styling has to be a "head job, not just a hair job." In her Milan salon, she not only studies her clients' hair but, as much as possible, their thoughts, aspirations, problems, and background. "I don't believe in predicting 'looks'—it is not real. Each woman must be given her own chance of identity and, obviously, cutting and styling must work with her personality . . . which is why I want to know about her, not just the face I see in the mirror. Hair is emotional. It tells me quite a lot before a woman says one word. If she has a lover, hair is always easier to do.

"If I were to open a shop in another city, I would choose New York; I would like hair styling supplemented by highly specialized services, such as psychoanalysis and dermatology." In Milan, Dina has created an oasis from the hurly-burly of the city. Architect Aldo Jacober followed her instructions to produce "a green escape" with tropical plants, plush deep armchairs and chaise longues, enticing areas where you not only can talk about your love life—or lack of one—as your hair is treated as tenderly as a skein of silk, but you can buy a dress, sun on a tiny terrace, swim in a pool, and listen to low music, classic or modern, as you sip exclusive concoctions of apple juice, parsley, and iced lemon, eat delicious food—all high protein, low calorie. Her next plan for the salon is to provide a gym and massage area—green and beautiful like the rest.

Dina is anti-brush, pro-comb, even more pro her own hands to mold and shape hair. All her products—shampoos, conditioners, treatments—are made specially for her by dermatologists and are based on fruit, herbs, and vegetables. Mink oil is important in her work—many of her shampoos and nourishing creams are based on it. For hair damaged by overbleaching or poor coloring, she uses a mink-oil treatment to refurbish it; overly oily hair can dance again after a Dina treatment of "mud," a radioactive mineral substance—it smells a little like sulphur—specially imported from the island of Ischia.

Along the grapevine, names get passed along—who owns the talented hands that not only send a woman out into her life looking spectacular, but which give her hair a "physical" every time it passes through the salon. In Rio de Janeiro, at the Copacabana Palace Hotel, Renault is the name—creating, like an alchemist, shampoos and hairstyles for Brazil's hot and humid climate; eschewing hot water for shampooing the prevalent oily hair; insisting it's washed as gently as a baby's, often using a refined-clay pack to make hair less porous.

Thousands of miles away in London, Michael of the Michaeljohn salon looks after hairstyles and hair health of modern Princesses Anne and Alexandre, who are both aware that their casual new styles rely on great conditioning. Michael believes in L'Oréal's program, uses their Kerafirm (a placenta-plus product) for reinforcing body in ultra-fragile hair.

What is a new campaign for hair health in many parts of the world has always been Guillaume's philosophy—demonstrated daily at his Avenue Matignon salon in Paris. Guillaume, during a lifetime of great hairdressing, has believed in the (Continued on page 195)

BEAUTY NOW

GREAT —HAIR, A SUMMER SWEATER—

THE TWO MOST GLAMOROUS ACCESSORIES YOU COULD HAVE

No other word for it. The look of a woman in a sweater, with a glorious head of hair combed in thick soft waves around her face: it *stands* for glamour—and a whole other way to be this summer. The way Anne Holbrook is on these four pages. Her hair—just long enough to give the look of fullness and length, and not an inch more—combed by Dina Azzolini (see previous page). Hair swept up and back off the forehead in wave after wave, unparted, wider at the chin—one of the most glamorous looks ever invented. . . . Same goes for sweaters. Especially the ones here—thin, light, just what we've all been wanting for summer. . . . With a lot of great-looking hair, *a tiny ivory tank top,* far left, small as a baby's undershirt, outlined in cabling. You can live in a sweater this cool all day—with shorts, pants, skirts. Terrific with a long dirndl at night, a strip of sandal, bangles up one arm. By Crochetta of London, of rayon. About $18. At Honeybee; J. W. Robinson. *The peach sweater set,* left—this summer's color, this summer's bareness—a strapless tube with matching cardigan to wear with anything white—and tanned skin. By Anne Klein, of Nyesta nylon. Tube, about $18. Cardigan, about $30. Both at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Famous-Barr; Frost Bros.; Joseph Magnin. All accessories, on the next to last page of this issue.

BOB STONE

GREAT HAIR, A SUMMER SWEATER—

The glamour goes on: Same marvelous hair as a page ago —Anne Holbrook's—two other ways to comb it, two other sweaters to wear with it. . . . With hair center-parted, loosely waved, and ends smoothed under—*the emerald Lurex cardigan at night,* right—subtle, unexpected glitter buttoned over nothing but skin and a long white crêpe skirt. From Givenchy Boutique, who also have a green glitter halter to wear underneath, if you like. Cardigan, of polyester, rayon, and Lurex threads, about $65. Skirt, of rayon crêpe, about $165. Both at Bergdorf Goodman; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Sakowitz. . . . For day, side-parted hair, one deep wave, and *a cardigan—the sweater you can't have enough of this summer,* far right: a lean, long one in thin cotton knit. This, brown-and-white stripes over white twill pants. Ginori sweater, about $32, and pants, of Dacron and cotton (Galey & Lord fabric), about $34. Both, late May at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Lillie Rubin-South and West; Nordstrom Best; J. W. Robinson. Accessory information on the next to the last page of this issue.



BOB STONE

BEAUTY NOW

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

The continuing noblesse oblige between China and the U.S., with former ambassador David Bruce once again going in as a distinguished back for the home team. . . . *New York Times*-man C. L. Sulzberger's fun-and-games suspense novel, *The Tooth Merchant*, in which he mixes Armenians and Greeks—always good for skulduggery — with espionage and proves beyond a doubt that not one crumb of his international, upper-echelon interludes is ever lost. . . . Postmen, next month ringing twice in Bermuda shorts; the union asked to have it that way.

. . . Secretariat, a stylish chestnut horse who just might make it to the Kentucky Derby if he can take the distance. . . . The amazing Barbara Woodstock (a determined Englishwoman who can train a dog in an hour) and her first book here, *Dog Training My Way* — "speak to your dog as often as you would speak to your child." . . . Villa Magna, a new luxe-y hotel in Madrid near the Plaza Colon and a gilded thicket of boutiques and other shops.

. . . *A Little Night Music*, the waltz-time Broadway musical derived from Ingmar Bergman's movie *Smiles of a Summer Night* — sheer bliss with Glynis Johns throaty, naughty, incorrigibly romantic; and Hermione Gingold totting up the wisdom of years in this rule: "Never marry or even dally with a Scandinavian — it's the latitude." . . . Rita Moreno in *The Electric Company*, a PBS-TV show geared to help Johnny read by such dodges as showing the "and" sandwich, a Dagwood conglomerate *and* soy sauce. . . . Pamela Hansford Johnson's novel *The Holiday Friend*, in which she continues her intense, intimate exploration of the unpredictable interlockings of love, marriage, and chance acquaintance, this time in the frame of a Belgian seaside town. . . . Reggae, the new sound up from Jamaica, typically produced by two guitars—one rhythm and one lead — drums, and organ; heard in Johnny Nash's "I Can See Clearly Now."

. . . Harrison Salisbury's mesmerizing book *To Peking — and Beyond*, written with élan and hard facts, touching everything from population statistics (which he handles nimbly and critically) to a dogged exploration of how the young Chinese feel about sex and the astonishing disclosure that the Peking Wall is being slowly dismantled to build air-raid shelters.

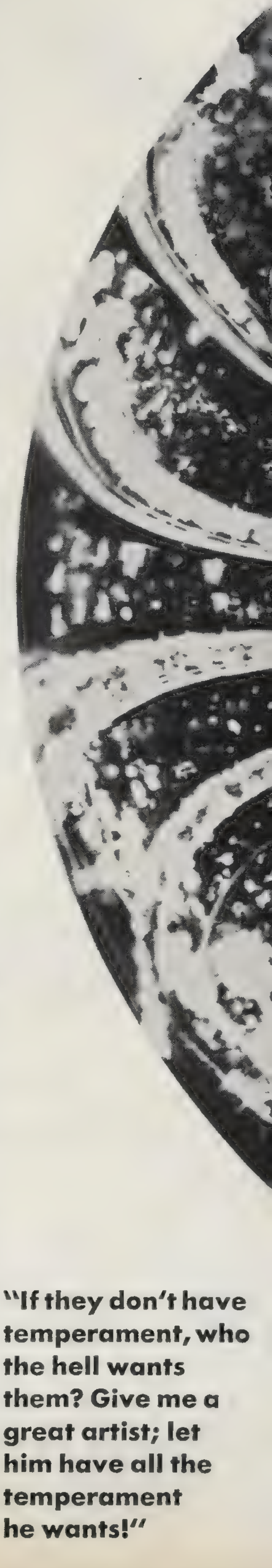
. . . David Storey's play *The Changing Room*, set entirely in the locker room of a British Rugby team; a powerhouse, ribald, tense, funny, and often touching, the best real theater this season. . . . "Imus in the Morning" on NBC radio with his stock character Billy Sol Hargis of the Discount House of Worship and First Church of the Gooey Death, singing "One Sacred Chicken to Go." . . . Peter Dickinson's book *The Green Gene*, a whopper about some other England in which the oppressed are the Green people, literally shamrock-colored; fancy flies wild with the plot pivoted on an East Indian computer whiz named Pete; and the reading is hilarious even when the author stoops to the likes of inventing a militant faction of Greens called Pickles — their children, of course, are Pickleninnies. (More on next page)

For sixty fat-cat years Hurok has had a love affair in public—with dance, music, theater

What have their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Alfonso de Borbón (she's Generalissimo Francisco Franco's granddaughter); a phalanx of ambassadors; The Marquesa de Cuevas, Mrs. Albert D. Lasker, Mrs. Henry Ford II, Mrs. Winston F. C. Guest, George S. Moore, a coruscation of other social titans; Nureyev, Fonteyn, Segovia, Van Cliburn, galaxies of opera, concert, ballet novas got in common? One remarkable world citizen, who began as a Russian immigrant with three rubles in his pocket and is currently celebrating his eighty-fifth birthday, his sixtieth year as *Impresario Extraordinaire*—there's never been another like him—S. (called by chums, "Solchik") Hurok (*right*).

For six decades S. Hurok has brought us superbs, from Pavlova, Chaliapin to the Royal, the Bolshoi, The National Ballet of Canada (in New York now, with most dazzling newcomer ballerina Karen Kain *and* Nureyev). Upcoming: the Bolshoi Academy —Soviet ballet's future royalty, among whom is a Pavlova ("no relation, but she will be a sensation"). Also Hurok-impresarioed: Rex Harrison in Pirandello's *Emperor Henry IV*, plus hundreds of other artists, almost as many as he has decorations, citations, awards. (Here, he wears, around his neck, the badge of a Commander of the British Empire; on his left breast, the Austrian Cross of Honor, First Class; in his lapel, the deep-scarlet rosette of a Chevalier de la Légion d'honneur.) And that is why everyone is flocking to Solchik's Gala at The Metropolitan Opera House and the Grand Ball and Supper at Manhattan's Hotel Pierre on May 21 (Hurok gets the accolade, the material benefits go to The New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, The Performing Arts Research Center).

"At eighty-five," says this beautifully kempt wizard, "I feel younger than I did twenty-five years ago. That's because I'm in love—with this business. But if this were a *business*, I wouldn't be in it. It's absolute love, passion, bringing the artists to the people, making the public happy, uniting the world everywhere. My advice? Don't think of the past, don't think of the future, and age is for the calendar....I like good food, good wine, and nice women." Typically Hurok: "In Russia, just now, I signed up contracts with almost eight hundred people."—LEO LERMAN



"If they don't have temperament, who the hell wants them? Give me a great artist; let him have all the temperament he wants!"



RAYMUNDO DE LARRAIN

S.Hurok presents!

. . . *Seesaw*, a musical that never quite gets it all together but sends out lots of fun — girls wearing balloons and a stunning performance by Tommy Tune, the 6′6″ dancer stacked like boiled spaghetti. . . . The four-year-old TV addict who wanted a "pain believer" so that he'd believe it when he had a pain. . . . The tiny revival of Cole Porter's *You Never Know*, balm for a tiny evening. . . . J. G. Melon's, the new Third Avenue spot for late-night hamburgers and "saloon food."

. . . Button-cute Debbie Reynolds working like a mini-dynamo to breathe life into the revival of 1919's musical *Irene*, while Patsy Kelly slouches away with the laughs. . . . The surge of avid interest about just how experts tell fake art from real and who's up to what in museum-land. . . . *The People's Comic Book*, turned from Chinese to English, with its mystery strip *Hot on the Trail*— as is detective Li Ming-gang; and the word that even funny-paper writers have to heed The People's criticism in such matters as making the servants smile too much.

. . . The word "obfuscation" running on a distinctly muddy track in the newspaper sweeps. . . . *Ludwig von Wolfgang Vulture*, a pluck-off of Jonathan You-know-who, but Ludwig wants to read, not fly, and works his way up from C-o-c-a-C-o-l-a until he's done in by a blast of wheat germ and honey, joins Saints Peter and Gabriel in triple cartwheels and shishkabobs. . . . Relais di Campagna El Toulà, a new hotel opened by Italy's *favoloso* chef-owner (that's El Toulà) in the Venetian countryside, good starting point for Verona and Vincenza as well as Venice. . . . The Beach Boys' new album with its "California Saga," recorded, perversely, in Holland last summer.

. . . Clint Eastwood in the movie *High Drifting Plains*, riding lone, riding tall in the saddle, painting a whole town red (with red paint, in fact), renaming it "Hell," and making sure that justice is done in the best Western tradition. . . . The frightfully upmanship search for Dom Perignon '62, a year so great the mere mention gives you cachet at your local grog shop; one in the Heartland still has a stock guarded by a gun-toting dude. . . . The relentless march of the mini-calculators that leads men to tell you more about the floating decimal than you really want to know. (More, page 195)

CENTERING THIS CAUGHT-IN-THE-LAUGH PHOTOGRAPH, ALFRED H. BARR, JR., THE FIRST DIRECTOR OF THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, GLOWS WITH HIGH-INTENSITY JOY, SURROUNDED BY A STRONG CONCENTRATION OF MOMA POWER: BRILLIANT AND INFLUENTIAL CITIZENS WHO MAKE UP THE MUSEUM'S BOARD OF TRUSTEES. AT A PARTY ON MARCH 12, THE TRUSTEES AND ABOUT A THOUSAND FRIENDS TOASTED BARR AND CELEBRATED THE NEW ARRANGING OF THE MUSEUM'S GALLERIES AND OF ITS PERMANENT COLLECTION.

Trustees photographed, from the left: Mrs. Donald B. Straus, Mrs. Bertram Smith, Mr. Gianluigi Gabetti, Mr. Gustave L. Levy, Mr. Monroe Wheeler, Mr. William S. Paley, Mr. Edward M. M. Warburg in front of The Honorable John Hay Whitney, Dr. Henry Allen Moe, Mr. Philip Johnson, Mrs. Douglas Auchincloss, Mr. Alfred H. Barr, Jr., Dr. Mamie Phipps Clark in front of Mr. Richard E. Oldenburg, Mrs. Bliss Parkinson, Mrs. Frank Y. Larkin, Mrs. Armand P. Bartos, Mr. Ivan Chermayeff, Mrs. Walter Hochschild, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller III, Mr. Gifford Phillips, Mrs. Alfred R. Stern, Mr. John L. Loeb.

Trustees outside camera range (or missing the party): Mr. Robert O. Anderson, Mr. Walter Bareiss, Mr. Robert R. Barker, The Honorable William A. M. Burden, Mr. J. Frederic Byers III, Mr. Gardner Cowles, Mr. John de Menil, Mrs. C. Douglas Dillon, Mr. William H. Donaldson, Mrs. Edsel B. Ford, Mr. George Heard Hamilton, Mr. Wallace K. Harrison, Mr. James W. Husted, Mr. Ranald H. Macdonald, Mrs. G. Macculloch Miller, Mr. J. Irwin Miller, Mrs. Charles S. Payson, Mr. David Rockefeller, Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller, Mrs. Wolfgang Schoenborn, Mr. James Thrall Soby, Mr. Walter N. Thayer, Dr. Clifton R. Wharton.



Happy trustees, smiling Alfred H. Barr, Jr., a magnificent new way with art and space at New York's Museum of Modern Art: Barr's 1929 baby, a 1973 power



HARRY BENSON

MOMA Laughs—

A celebration of Alfred H. Barr, Jr.,

Museum maker

On March 12, The Museum of Modern Art in New York held a party for Alfred H. Barr, Jr., who had been the Museum's first director and, it is said, long its "soul" and its "conscience." The occasion for the tribute was the first extensive rehanging of the Museum's "permanent" collection in fifteen years. Additional gallery space had been accorded the collection, though approximately the same number of pieces of sculpture and paintings were on exhibition. Under no circumstances could the entire collection be simultaneously shown within the Museum's walls; it is vast and it is generally acknowledged to be "the greatest collection of modern art in the world." The reinstallation was done by William Rubin, the chief curator of the painting and sculpture collection, but not by Rubin alone. Barr was at his elbow, and the result is an exercise in affectionate and respectful cooperation between two old friends, between master and pupil, between the man who revolutionized museum installation and one of his many by-no-means-slavish followers. The following portrait sketch of Barr is adapted from Good Old Modern: An Intimate Portrait of The Museum of Modern Art, *a book by Russell Lynes, who has written a half-dozen other books including, in 1954,* The Tastemakers. Good Old Modern *will be published this spring by Atheneum.*

In June, 1929, A. Conger Goodyear, a businessman from Buffalo, temporarily living in New York, asked Professor Paul J. Sachs of Harvard and its Fogg Art Museum to recommend a director for a proposed museum for modern art. Goodyear, an ardent and sharp-eyed collector, was president of the committee to found the museum. He had been bidden to lunch in May at Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s vast house on West 54th Street (where the Museum's garden now is) where he encountered two other ladies as well, Miss Lizzie P. Bliss and Mrs. Cornelius J. Sullivan—a trio of art patrons as indomitable and persuasive as has ever appeared in New York. They explained their scheme to Goodyear and asked him to be chairman. Goodyear, who had been president of the Albright Gallery in Buffalo and had left in a huff because his fellow trustees violently objected to a Picasso he bought, acquiesced to the ladies' request (they became known in the museum as "the adamantine ladies"); and he invited Sachs to join the committee. Sachs's response to Goodyear's request for a recommendation of a director was characteristic. "If you do not object to a very young man," he said, "I have an immediate recommendation. If, on the other hand, you have some reservations, I'll have to give the matter some further thought." Museum trustees in those days frequently turned to Sachs for advice, and they seem to have been justified in expecting him to produce miracles.

The miracle he produced in this case was Alfred Hamilton Barr, Jr., a twenty-seven-year-old associate professor at Wellesley College, where he was teaching what is now recognized as the first course anywhere in America on "modern art." To be sure, there were courses elsewhere that went by that name, but they usually started with the Renaissance and ended with Delacroix or possibly started with Rubens and grudgingly went as far as the "outrages" of Cézanne. Barr reacted to Sachs's invitation to consider the position as director of the as yet unnamed museum with a long letter suggesting other candidates, but there was no question of his eagerness to accept. "The fact that you are even considering me as a possible participant in this great scheme," he wrote, "has set my mind teeming with ideas and plans. This is something I could give my life to—unstintedly."

Which is precisely what he did.

Sachs had got to know Barr as one of the ablest students he had ever encountered at the Fogg, where his "museum course" was famous. Sachs produced, if that is the word, directors for New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art (two of them), for the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford, the Worcester Art Museum, the Boston Institute of Contemporary Art, the National Gallery of Art in Washington, and so on; but none of his students had the impact on taste or on the changing nature of museums that Barr had. It is also quite possible that none of them had less talent for being an administrator.

Barr was the son of a Presbyterian minister, and he inherited much of his father's missionary zeal. He was graduated from Princeton, where he had led a rather solitary existence with very few friends, in 1922; and he took a master's degree there in 1923. He was then twenty-one, and it was his intention to go from job to job, changing each year, traveling, doing graduate study. In the fall of 1923, he arrived at Vassar College where he explored the mysteries of Renaissance art for young ladies in tweed skirts, sweaters, pearls, and saddle shoes, and played occasional tennis with the college's president, Henry Noble McCracken. He puzzled the community (and surely outraged a considerable number of faculty and students) by hanging an exhibition of Kandinsky, whose abstractions were then regarded as beyond the pale. He entertained himself and the students by taking part in amateur theatricals and by wearing jackets that did not match his trousers. Such behavior was considered very eccentric and daring, and he was called "Mr. Mixed-suits."

From Vassar, Barr went to the Fogg where he put in a year-long cram session, taking or auditing nine courses in the fine arts, in music, in poetry. "I will be buried under work," he wrote a friend, "but I shall sing in my sepulcher." He was a rather fragile, thin-lipped and fine-featured, intense young man with burning curiosity and a capacity for immutable concentration coupled with an equal capacity for nonsense and the enjoyment of everything from football games to the habits of hawks—anything, that is, to which he could apply his critical or scholarly intelligence. When Mrs. Rockefeller invited him to come to be looked over at her summer place, "The Eyrie," in Seal Harbor, Maine, she wrote to Sachs, "I liked Mr. Barr and felt that his youth, enthusiasm, and knowledge would make up for his not having a more impressive appearance." If he was unimpressive to look at, it was quite evident that he knew his own mind—an inventive, complex mind, indeed.

The course that he gave at Wellesley to seven carefully selected "children," as he called them, was in outline what the structure of The Museum of Modern Art was to become. Barr was a young zealot in the cause of art—all art, not just modern art—but it was the new and revolutionary, the expression of his contemporaries in every facet of the arts, to which he gives his enthusiasm unreservedly and by whose lack of public, even sophisticated acceptance he was most saddened and sometimes irritated. The Wellesley course dealt with all of the contemporary arts—with architecture as well as painting and sculpture, with design of machine-made objects, with typography and photography, with films, and with the dance and the theater. It was a course that was based on the methods of Professor Charles R. Morey of Princeton whose field was early Christian and medieval art. "I was greatly impressed by his interest in various kinds of art—in architecture, in painting, sculpture, ivories, manuscripts. I liked that very much; it was not narrow." He made his students take the train to Boston and stop off to look at the suburban railroad stations and to assess their architectural vices and virtues. He sent them to five-and-ten-cent stores, told them to spend a dollar on objects they thought well designed, and made them justify their choices. Everything, he believed, was grist for the critical eye of his students, as it became grist for The Museum of Modern Art as it developed under his steady, if sometimes interrupted, plan for it.

The Museum of Modern Art opened a mere



LAWRENCE FRIED

At the party honoring Alfred H. Barr, Jr., and celebrating the rehanging of The Museum of Modern Art's permanent collection, Mr. Barr greets William S. Paley, chairman of the Museum's board of trustees, with Mrs. Paley and (far right) William Rubin, chief curator of the Museum's painting and sculpture collections.

five months after the adamantine ladies invited Goodyear to lunch and just about two weeks after the appalling stock-market crash of October 29, 1929, which launched the greatest depression in our history. It is quite possible, of course, that, if the crash had come six months earlier, there never would have been such a museum or, at least, not for many years. The first home of the museum was on the twelfth floor of the Heckscher Building at the corner of Fifth Avenue and 57th Street; and its first exhibition was a very rich display of paintings by Cézanne, Seurat, Gauguin, and Van Gogh, many of them lent by the Committee and their friends. It was the only exhibition ever put on by the Museum that was greeted with universal enthusiasm. (When the Museum is not violently attacked by someone in the press, its staff worries.) But the show's opening—crowded with ladies in cloche hats that covered their heads from their penciled eyebrows to the napes of their necks—not only jammed the small galleries but so overcrowded the elevators that the regular business tenants of the building complained and the landlord threatened to expel the Museum from the premises.

It had been Barr's plan that the first exhibition should be of American painters; but the adamantine ladies had insisted otherwise, and Barr and Goodyear and Frank Crowninshield, the editor of *Vanity Fair,* who was also on the committee, caved in. Barr's plans for the Museum took shape slowly, or so it seemed to him. Part of his plan was to educate his committee (which soon became called the board of Trustees), and he provided them with reading lists, suggested films to them that he thought deserved to be considered as "art," helped them with his advice in the development of their own collections. The Museum had been open only a year before it had held eight exhibitions, each with an illustrated catalogue and a text by Barr. The total staff of the Museum during that year was seven, which included one volunteer, and "everybody did everything." Edward M. M. Warburg, long a trustee, recalls that in those early days, "everything had the frayed nerves of an opening night. The last pictures were being hung while the cocktails were being served and somebody was fetching the catalogues from the printer in a private car. . . ."

It was a Museum of Modern Art exhibition of architecture, the last show by the Museum in the Heckscher Building, that established the epithet "International Style," a name that stuck as the label for the work of Gropius, Mies van der Rohe, Le Corbusier, J. J. Oud, and others who were breaking with the traditions of the Beaux Arts to establish a new kind of "functionalism." The show accomplished three very important things, from Barr's point of view: it was the first of hundreds of traveling exhibitions that the Museum mounted; it established the department of architecture as a permanent part of the Museum's organization (it was the only museum in America with an architecture department); and it demonstrated the power of the Museum to affect the taste of a great many thousands of persons. The architecture that Frank Lloyd Wright called "flat-chested" and

"Nothing got into the collection that Alfred Barr didn't approve of." "You can't undercut the Pope. At the Museum, Alfred was the Pope."

that most Americans thought was a gauntlet thrown in the face of all that was architecturally decent, traditional, and beautiful very soon began to appear not just in cities but in suburbs, in the design of stores and schools and even clubs. The effect of the Museum's influence was less on bright young architects, who knew of the new functionalism, than it was on their clients. It was taste, in other words, not creation that was affected; and, as a crusader, Barr was gratified.

By 1932, the Museum had thoroughly outgrown its quarters and the patience of its landlord and it moved into a large limestone house at 11 West 53rd Street which, with a brief hiatus, has been its address ever since. The house was leased to the Museum by the Rockefellers at a moderate rent. The first show in the new building, in which false walls and ceilings had covered most of the old ornamental paneling and parquetry and had been painted in what were then considered very odd off-colors (or, even more shocking, in the purest white) was another of Barr's breaks with Museum traditions. The show included photo-murals and was the seed that, in 1940, led to the burgeoning of a full-fledged department of photography. In 1935, the film library was established with the financial help of John Hay Whitney and under the extraordinary eye and wit of Iris Barry, an English film critic who had been fired from her job in London because she criticized a film starring Marion Davies, whose newspaper connections were well known and well established. In that same year, Philip Johnson, who had helped to organize and who had designed the (Continued on page 196)

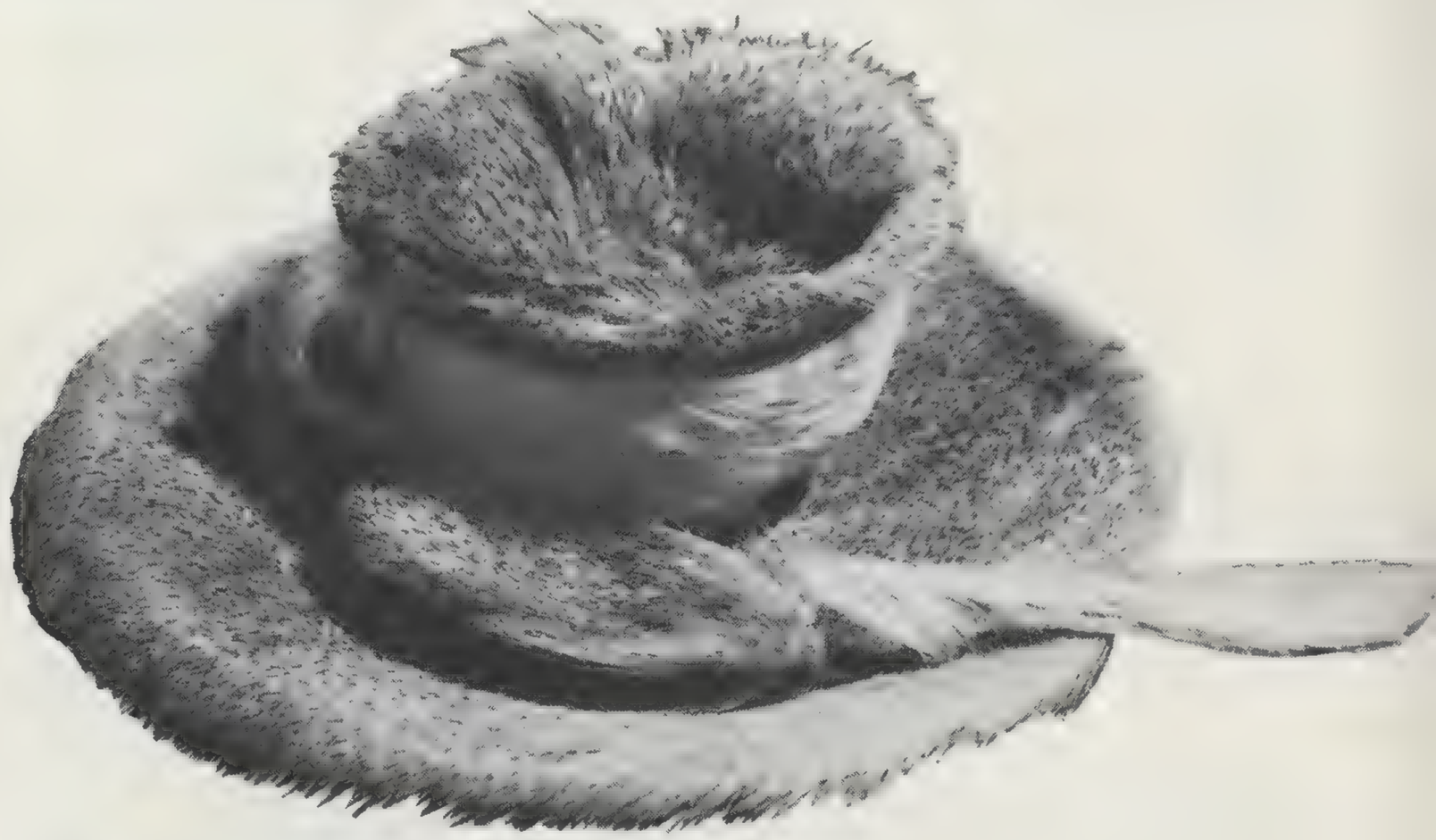


"House by the Railroad," 1925 oil by the American Edward Hopper, the first painting to be accepted by Barr and the board of trustees for the fledgling Museum's collection, given anonymously.



"Les Demoiselles d'Avigon," 1907 oil by Pablo Picasso, still a shocker in 1939 when it was acquired through MOMA's Lillie P. Bliss Bequest, now possibly the most famous of Cubist paintings.

Hotly controversial "Object," 1936 by Meret Oppenheim, exhibited MOMA Surrealist show, same year. The piece was finally purchased for the Museum's collection in 1946.

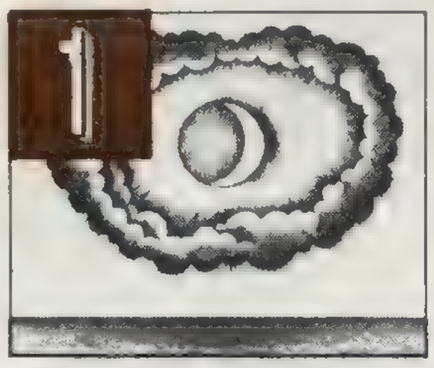


The man who "came in out of the Fogg" to shape the life and spirit of The Museum of Modern Art

By Russell Lynes

OPEN OPINIONS

Thoughts from some of the brightest minds around. You may not agree; we may not agree . . . but let's listen.



A Few Words About Up: By Paul Williams

"Up is one of our least explored natural resources and figures to stay that way"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Founder in 1966 (when he was eighteen) of the rock-music magazine* Crawdaddy, *Paul Williams ended the 'sixties with* Outlaw Blues, *a book on the same topic, and wrote among the California redwoods. Now he has done two books (and plans a new magazine,* Rallying Point) *on 'seventies subjects, lives in New York, and looks up.*

I'd like to say a few words about up. Up is distinctly different from down. New York City, where I now live, has a lot more up than anything else; but this wealth is not widely appreciated. Consider the moon.

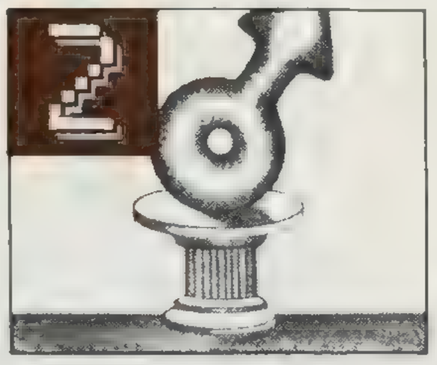
The moon is very important to me. It unites all parts of my life. Imagining the moon now and traveling down a light beam reflected from it, I encounter my own eyes looking up from Mejiro Street in Tokyo, from the Gifford Peninsula in British Columbia, from Franklin Street in lower Manhattan. Same old moon; same old me.

She unifies in time as well as space. I never fail to be conscious now of the first day each month that I see her again—usually a thin sliver low in the evening sky over Canal Street, doomed and destined to grow inexorably toward fullness for the next ten days or so, carrying me and my energy level with her. When full moon comes, I am crammed to bursting, peaking, freaking, ready and willing to touch the top and explode and travel back down.

Up is not just moon, of course, though moon is by far the most faithful of all heavenly or earthly companions. Up is also a shade of blue, and the tops of buildings and trees. In New York City we have the Empire State Building, famous for its height (now eclipsed by the shimmering eerie TV-ghost rectangles of the World Trade Center) but most notable to me for a light it gives off, straight up, that is powerfully reflected more often than not by the low cloud cover over Manhattan, causing a will-o'-the-wisp bright glowing in the midtown sky, always mysterious and awesome to me wherever I am when I see it. ("And what rough beast, its hour come round at last, slouches toward Thirty-fourth Street to be born?") The tops of trees and the tops of buildings look just the same, a fact perhaps widely known but not much commented on. I am speaking of the taller varieties, of course; I have always lived with redwoods and skyscrapers. These cut the sky like pinking shears, in patterns redolent with meaningful pauses, thrusts, and hollows, more messages than a mind could receive in a lifetime of stopping and looking up and wondering.

I've been into living near mountains, too, and there the whole thing is purpleness at dusk (and catching the first sunlight in the morning). Mountaintops, especially when snow covered, cut into the sky with a brilliance that's almost too much to bear—in truth, I prefer the intimacy of tree- and building-tops; when they tell me their secrets, I can feel I'm the only one listening.

Returning to the moon, I saw her tonight at dusk, laughing half-full in the valley of blue between and above the buildings that line my street. The shape of this valley, widening in jagged steps toward Broadway, the deep, rich color, the moon's cool poise amidst the velvet, was as awesome a hit of cosmic significance as anything one could see in a tropical rain forest or climbing the side of Mount Fuji. But up is our least explored natural resource and figures to stay that way. Though airplanes and elevators soar like sea gulls, our eyes remain rooted to the sidewalks where we belong. ■



Is Women's Lib Ruining Orgasms? By Michael Korda

"Love and sex have nothing to do with work, talent, and success"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Editor-in-chief of book publishers Simon and Schuster and a film reviewer, Michael Korda has written* Male Chauvinism: How It Works, *a book to be published next month by Random House. His television appearances have already brought him mail on the subject of Women's Liberation.*

As the author of a book on male chauvinism, I find myself the recipient of a deluge of mail about the condition of the sexes, with requests for information, help, and advice. Judging from these letters, things are worse than even I had imagined them to be. I have compiled a long and detailed record of behavior that would be unimaginable to anybody but a woman office worker, ranging from the case of one young lady whose boss asked her to go into the men's room and flush the toilet after him, because he had forgotten to and was too busy to go back, to a senior woman executive who was told she couldn't go to the sales conference "because mixed meetings cause intimate personnel problems."

It is evident that, in business, men behave as if the mere fact of a person's being a woman were a good reason for asking her to do things that no man would ask of another and making demands that no man would expect another to accept. It is hard to imagine, for instance, the Air Force discharging a male officer for prac-

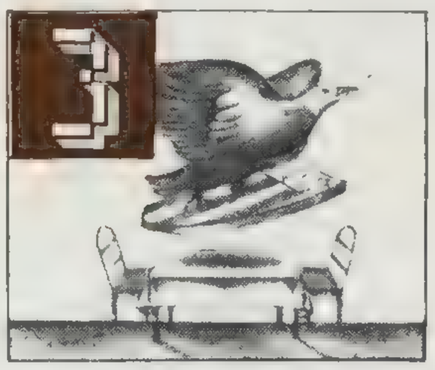
ticing witchcraft, yet a woman lieutenant was recently dismissed from the service as "a professed worshipper of Satan," her supervisor (a man) making the interesting comment that "she should be processed out . . . before she does something dangerous to the Air Force." It is equally hard to imagine a major corporation threatening to inspect its male employees to make sure they are wearing underwear, yet one large company sends women to the medical office for inspection if they are suspected of not wearing bras (if braless, they are sent home and docked a day's pay). Women are still being singled out for all sorts of annoyances and petty humiliations in addition to the larger problems of salary, promotion, and job training. Still, one knows that these things exist; one is surprised at the *forms* male chauvinism takes but hardly at the fact that it continues to flourish.

What is more surprising to me is the number of men who seem to feel that the attitudes and entrenched practices of male chauvinism are in some way necessary to successful sexual relationships between men and women. There seems to be a fairly common belief abroad that if women change one aspect of that relationship—let us say by refusing to be addressed as "girls" at work—the rest of the heterosexual relationship will come crashing down in ruins. This arcane belief perhaps explains the extraordinary tenacity with which men cling to their privileges in the business world, something that would not have occurred to me before an influx of letters attributing impotence (temporary and suspected permanent) and premature ejaculation to the demands of Women's Liberation.

This orgasmic fallacy explains a great deal of the bitterness with which men resist change in the office, at home, at work. In some way they have convinced themselves that the sexual act is rooted in some fixed relationship between men and women, that orgasm is dependent on a certain established balance, "man with the head and woman with the heart: man to command and woman to obey; all else confusion . . . ," in the immortal words of Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

Of course it's not easy to change your fundamental beliefs about the nature of women, pressed on the one hand by demands for change from women at work, on the other, by the sheer weight of clinical and popular writing on sexuality, which tend to show that no man's sexual performance has ever been quite what it should be or to demystify the sexual act until it seems like the domestic equivalent of a moon walk.

It is time for men to recognize that sexuality is not connected to ability, to ambition, to the right to as much dignity as any other human being has. If women have been held back, it is not because they were genetically different but because society was constructed in such a way that they were quite simply unable to compete. Now that they can compete—and are competing—with men, it is time for men to learn that love and sex have nothing to do with work, talent, and success; that we can live together on intimate terms as *equals;* indeed, that it's perhaps the only way we can live together fruitfully and happily. ■



We Come Together, At Last: By Barbara Howar

"Obesity has brought us even closer together than Mr. Nixon's economy did"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As President Lyndon Johnson's social aide, Barbara Howar met the Washington powerful, was televised with them as hostess of a show called* Panorama. *Stein and Day will publish later this month a book of Washington remembrances*—Laughing All the Way—*by this outspoken, self-revealing Southern woman who still has her eye on the capital scene.*

For a long time it was Richard Nixon who brought our polarized society together. Everyone appeared to be in such delighted accord, striking up congenial conversations with the most unlikely people—we were, all of us, united at last. Even in Washington, where people seldom agree on anything, one found clusters of politicians and women activists caucusing over cocktails, heads nodding: the President's economic policies had caused grocery prices to rise to an all-time high. Even corporation-oriented Republicans were complaining. Food stamps took on new meaning in both parties.

New York intellectuals were momentarily in accord. McGovern's Oxford speech and the censoring of *Deep Throat* seemed inconsequential; *Last Tango in Paris* was insignificant and a little frivolous compared to yesterday's price of bacon. The big crises were at Bohack's and Gristede's. Even the idle rich had opinions about the high price of entertaining. At dinner one evening, a lady of considerable social status related heatedly that although she herself had not actually been inside a supermarket for years, she was appalled by the increasing amount of money it took her houseman to keep the family larders stocked. She was supported by an urbane television producer who enthralled the group as he itemized the contents of the grocery cart of a blue-collar wife who was checking out in front of him in an East Hampton chain store. He recounted her purchases—an assortment of American junk food high in calories, low in vitamins, and reasonably low in price. The lady bought her cookies, macaroni, and an air-filled economy loaf of bread with her husband's check. The change she received, it was agreed, would scarcely cover dinner for two at Maxwell's Plum, let alone sustain the family's other expenses for the rest of the week.

However sad may be the knowledge that food for a family of four costs approximately the same as the latest number in Halston's ready-to-wear collection, it was comforting to see such a broad spectrum of Americans agree so wholeheartedly about anything. But like the Vietnam war, all this has become part of our way of life. We accept it, endure it, because there is really nothing else to do except join the national catharsis and keep paying the bills. Soaring costs became just another war we seemed unlikely to win. Our camaraderie began to ebb.

In the nick of time another national preoccupation has emerged. We have turned en masse toward a more substantial psychosis. Obesity has brought us even closer together than Mr. Nixon's economy. There is a just irony in the fact that a country of people joined in bemoaning the high cost of eating can, at the same time, suffer from being fat. However, the new unity we have found in continual dialogues about weight control and fashionable diets has given us our finest common subject. The subject is still food, but the emphasis has shifted from its cost to its carbohydrate content with the permissible edibles on one high-protein diet or another dominating all table conversation. Each of us waits in turn to enumerate what we have eaten all day, each giving the other a strict account of precise carbohydrate intake. No one is bored, of course, for we are all on a diet: if we cannot control what food prices do to the budget, we can at least control what food consumption does to the body. Reunited again, everyone is chock full of cheese, lean meat, and water; grapefruit and bacon; or mayonnaise, olive oil, and fried pork rinds; we who know how to make low-carbo cheesecake or zabaglione can enjoy hilarious exchanges with a Texan from an adjacent table at "21" who lost twenty-five pounds in six weeks and whom we very democratically joined after lunch for a consciousness-raising session on how best to return cyclamates to their rightful place in society.

Women who have not exchanged a kind word for years or political hawks and doves chatter endlessly about topics no longer considered tasteless; even the dullest business luncheons are enlivened with stimulating analyses of sugarless laxatives. It is small wonder that diet books can head *The New York Times'* nonfiction best-seller list, even shoving aside such books as David Halberstam's somewhat discomforting account of how a decade of the best and brightest politicians in the country kept us in an unwinnable and obscene war. Still, an extreme or revolutionary diet does allow anyone with unwanted pounds to be part of a national revolt without fear of reprisal from either the FBI or the IRS.

Richard Nixon and the diet doctors have indeed given us strong weapons against divisiveness, and if their programs exclude the poor who cannot afford to purchase Mr. Nixon's cheap, fattening food, let alone expensive, thinning food—at least the rest of us are in step. For those who despair of ever again affording chicken, there is still Jonathan Livingston Seagull. ■

IRIS MURDOCH



EDITOR'S NOTE: *Anglo-Irish Iris Murdoch, who studied classics, philosophy, and ancient history at Oxford University—and now lives near Oxford with her critic husband, John Bayley, a don at New College—has spun out a reel of novels (and one book of criticism) beginning in 1954 with* Under the Net. *Fans in England and America (where they are fewer but fierce) race to untie her intricately macraméed plots in which twists in the tangled social and sexual relationships come with on-cue rings of the telephone or at the door (or through doors curiously left unlocked) and the unexpected happens perfectly normally. Some suspect Iris Murdoch of being a nineteenth-century novelist in modern dress, but her dialogue has the painful truth of Photo-Realist painting.*

In the following excerpt from The Black Prince, *Bradley Pearson—a sixtyish and unsuccessful novelist—has just tried to eject from his flat an unwelcome visitor: his former wife's brother, Francis Marloe—a doctor barred from practice, who is now rather scruffy and somewhat alcoholic.*

The telephone began to ring.

"Go away, please," I said, "and stay away."

"Bradley, have a heart—"

"Out!"

He stood before me with that air of revolting humility. I threw open the sitting-room door and the door of the flat. I picked up the telephone in the hall.

Arnold Baffin's voice was on the wire. He spoke quietly, rather slowly. "Bradley, could you come round here, please? I think that I may have just killed Rachel."

I said immediately, quietly too but in emotion, "Arnold, don't be silly. Don't be *silly!*"

"Could you come round at once, please." His voice sounded like a recorded announcement.

I said, "Have you called a doctor?"

A moment's pause, "No."

"Well, do so!"

"I'll—explain—Could you come round at once—"

"Arnold," I said, "you can't have killed her—You're talking nonsense—You can't have—"

A moment's pause. "Maybe." His voice was toneless as if calm. A matter doubtless of severe shock.

"What happened—?"

"Bradley, could you—"

"Yes," I said, "I'll come round at once. I'll get a taxi." I replaced the receiver.

It may be relevant to record that my first general feeling on hearing what Arnold had to say was one of curious joy. Before the reader sets me down as a monster of callousness let him look into his own heart. Such reactions are not after all so abnormal and may be said in that minimal sense at least to be almost excusable. We naturally take in the catastrophes of our friends a pleasure which genuinely does not preclude friendship. This is partly but not entirely because we enjoy being empowered as helpers. The unexpected or inappropriate catastrophe is especially piquant. I was very attached to both Arnold and Rachel. But there is a natural tribal hostility between the married and the unmarried. I cannot stand the shows so often quite instinctively put on by married people to insinuate that they are not only more fortunate but in some way more moral than you are. Moreover to help their case the unmarried person often naïvely assumes that all marriages are happy unless shown to be otherwise. The Baffin marriage had always seemed pretty sound. This sudden vignette of home life set the ideas in a turmoil.

Still rosy with the rush of blood which Arnold's words had occasioned, and also I should make clear (there is no contradiction), very alarmed and upset, I turned round and saw Francis, whose existence I had forgotten.

"Anything the matter?" said Francis.

"No."

"I heard you say something about a doctor."

"The wife of a friend of mine has had an accident. She fell. I'm just going over."

"Shall I come too?" said Francis. "I might be useful. After all, I am still a doctor in the eyes of God."

I thought for a moment and said, "All right." We got a taxi.

Arnold stared at me and pointed mutely at Francis. We were standing in the hall. Arnold looked unlike himself, his face waxy, his hair jagged, his eyes without glasses crazed and vague. There was a red mark like a Chinese character upon his cheek.

"This is Dr. Marloe. Dr. Marloe—Arnold Baffin. Dr. Marloe happened to be with me when you rang up about your wife's *accident.*" I stressed the last word.

"Doctor," said Arnold. "Yes, you see—she—"

"She fell?" I suggested.

"Yes. Is he—is this chap a—medical doctor?"

"Yes," I said. "A friend of mine." This untruth at least conveyed important information.

"Are you *the* Arnold Baffin?" said Francis.

"Yes, he is," I said.

"I say, I do admire your books—I've read—"

"What's the situation?" I said to Arnold. I thought he looked as if he was drunk, and immediately after I could smell drink.

Arnold, making some sort of effort, said slowly, "She locked herself into our bedroom. After it—happened—She was bleeding a lot—I thought—I don't quite know what—the injury was—At any rate—At any rate—" He stopped.

"Go on, Arnold. Look, you'd better sit down. Hadn't he better sit down?"

"Arnold Baffin," said Francis, to himself.

Arnold leaned back against the hall stand. He leaned his head back into a coat that was hanging there, closed his eyes for a moment, and then went on. "Sorry. You see. She was sort of crying and wailing in there for a time. I mean in the bedroom. Now it's all quiet and she doesn't answer at all. I'm afraid she may be unconscious or—"

"Can't you break open the door?"

"I tried to, I *tried* to, but the chisel, the—outside woodwork just broke away and I couldn't get any—"

"Sit down, Arnold, for Christ's sake." I pushed him onto a chair.

"And you can't see through the keyhole because the key—"

"She's probably just upset and won't answer out of—you know—"

"Yes," he said, "I didn't want to—If it's all a—I don't know quite what—You go and try, Bradley—"

"Where's your chisel?"

"Up there. But it's a small one. I can't find—"

"Well, you two stay here," I said. "I'll just go up and see what's going on. I bet you anything—Arnold, stay here and *sit down!*"

I stood outside the bedroom door, which had been mildly disfigured by Arnold's efforts. A lot of paint had flaked off and lay like white petals upon the fawn carpet. The chisel lay there too. I tried the handle and called, "Rachel. It's Bradley. Rachel!"

Silence.

"I'll get a hammer," I could hear Arnold, invisible, saying downstairs.

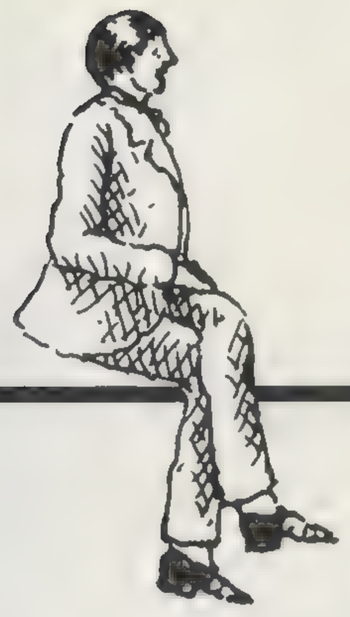
"Rachel, Rachel, please answer—" The real panic had got inside me now. I pressed all my weight on the door. It was solid and well made. "Rachel!"

Silence.

I hurled myself at the door, shouting, "Rachel!" Then I stopped, and listened very carefully.

"He has sent me to hell. He has taken my whole life from me.... I've never been myself or lived my own life at all. I've always been afraid of him, that's what it comes to. All men despise women really. All women fear all men really."

PHILIPPE WEISBECKER



"Do you think she'll forgive me?"

From her new novel, "The Black Prince," a twisting sex-war skirmish that reveals one marriage: his...and hers

There was a tiny sound from within, a sort of little creeping mouse-like sound. I said aloud, "Oh let her be all right, let her be all right."

More creeping. Then very softly in a scarcely audible whisper, "Bradley."

"Rachel, Rachel, are you all right?"

Silence. Creeping. Then a little hissing sigh. "Yes."

I shouted to the others. "She's all right! She's all right!"

I heard them saying something behind me on the stairs. "Rachel, let me in, can you? Let me in."

There was a scuffling sound, then Rachel's voice, breathy and low down, close against the door, "You come in. Not anyone else."

I heard the key turn in the lock and I pushed quickly into the room, catching a glimpse of Arnold who was standing on the stairs with Francis behind him a little lower down. I saw the two faces very clearly, like faces in a crucifixion crowd which represent the painter and his friend. Arnold's face was distorted into a sort of sneer of anguish. Francis's was bright with malign curiosity. Suitable expressions for a crucifixion. Inside I nearly fell over Rachel who was sitting on the floor. She was moaning softly now, trying frantically to turn the key again in the lock. I turned it for her and then sat down on the floor beside her.

Since Rachel Baffin is one of the main actors, in a crucial sense perhaps the main actor, in my drama I should like now to pause briefly to describe her. I had known her for over twenty years, almost as long as I had known Arnold, yet at the time that I speak of I did not really, as I later realized, know her well. There was a sort of vagueness. Some women, in fact in my experience many women, have a sort of "abstract" quality about them. Is this a real sex difference? Perhaps this quality is really just unselfishness. (In this respect, you know where you are with men!) In Rachel's case it was certainly not lack of intelligence. There was a vagueness which womanly affection and the custom of my quasi-family friendship with the Baffins did not dispel, even increased. Of course men play roles, but women play roles too, blanker ones. They have, in the play of life, fewer good lines. This may be to make a mystery of what had simpler causes. Rachel was an intelligent woman married to a famous man; and instinctively such a woman behaves as a function of her husband, she reflects, as it were, all the light onto him. Her "blankness" repelled even curiosity. One does not expect such a woman to have ambition: whereas Arnold and I were both, in quite different ways, tormented, perhaps even defined, by ambition. Rachel was (in a way in which one would never think this of a man) a "good specimen," a "good sport." One relied on her. There she was. She looked (then) just like a big handsome sweet contented woman, the efficient wife of a well-known charmer. She was a large smooth-faced, slightly freckled, reddish-blond person, with straightish gingery wiry hair and a pale complexion, a bit tall for a woman and generally on a larger scale physically than her husband. She had been putting on weight and some might have called her fat. She was always busy, often with charities and mild left-wing politics. (Arnold cared nothing for politics.) She was an excellent "housewife," and often referred to herself by this title.

"Rachel, are you all right?"

There was a darkening reddish bruise under one eye and the eye was narrowed, though this was hard to see because the eyelids of both eyes were so grossly red and swollen with weeping. Her upper lip was also swollen on one side. There were traces of blood on her neck and on her dress. Her hair was tangled and looked darker as if wet; perhaps it was literally wet with the flow of her tears. She was panting now, almost gasping. She had undone the front of her dress and I could see some white lace of her brassière and a plump pallor of flesh bulging above. She had been crying so much that her face was almost unrecognizably puffed up, all wet and shiny and hot to look at. She started now to cry again, pulling away from my convulsive sympathetic gesture and plucking at the collar of the dress in a distraught way.

"Rachel, are you hurt? I've got a doctor here—"

She began awkwardly to get up, again pushing away my assisting hand. I got a whiff of alcohol from her panting breath. She knelt upon her dress and I heard it tear. Then she half ran half fell across the room to the disordered bed, where she flopped on her back, tugging at the bedclothes, ineffectually because she was half lying on them, then covering her face with both hands and crying in an appalling wailing manner, lying with her feet wide apart in a graceless self-absorption of grief.

"Rachel, please control yourself. Drink some water." The sound of that abandoned weeping was scarcely bearable, and something far too intense to be called embarrassment, yet of that quality, made me both reluctant and anxious to look at her. A woman's crying can sicken one with fright and guilt, and this was terrible crying.

Arnold outside shouted, "Please let me in, please, please—"

"Stop it, Rachel," I said. "I can't bear this. Stop it. I'm going to open the door."

"No, no," she whispered, a sort of voiceless whine. "Not Arnold, not—" Was she still afraid of him?

"I'm going to let the doctor in," I said.

"No, no."

I opened the door and placed my hand on Arnold's chest. "Go in and look at her," I said to Francis. "There's some blood."

Arnold began to call out, "Let me see you, please, darling, don't be angry, oh please—"

I pushed him back towards the head of the stairs. Francis went inside and locked the door again, whether out of delicacy or professional caution.

Arnold sat down on the stairs and began to moan. "Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear—" My awkward appalled embarrassment mingled now with a horrible fascinated interest. Arnold, beyond caring about what impression he made, was running his hands again and again through his hair. "Oh I am a bloody fool, I am a bloody fool—"

I said, "Steady on. What happened exactly?"

"Where are the scissors?" shouted Francis from within.

"Top drawer dressing table," Arnold shouted back. "Christ, what does he want scissors for? Is he going to operate or something?"

"What happened? Look, better move down a bit."

I pushed Arnold and he hobbled stooping, holding the banisters, past the turn of the stair, and sat on the lowest step, holding his head in his hands and staring at the zigzag design of the hall carpet. The hall was always a bit dim because of the stained glass in the door. I went down past him and sat on a chair, feeling very odd, upset, excited.

"Oh Christ, oh Christ. Do you think she'll forgive me?"

"Of course. What—?"

"It all started with such a damn silly argument about one of my books. Oh God, why is one so stupid—we just went on arguing, neither of us would stop at all—We don't usually discuss my work, I mean Rachel thinks it's fine, there's nothing to discuss. Only sometimes if she's not feeling very well or something she picks on a thing in a book and says it refers to her, or that it's a picture of something we did or found or something together. Well, you know I don't draw from life like that, all my stuff is imagined, only Rachel suddenly (Continued on page 194)

BALENCIAGA
Fashion Changer

The trend-bending Spanish couturier, whose still-loved clothes have reached treasure status, now honored by a flashing New York exhibition of his work, remembered here by two friends interviewed by Elsa Klensch

Hubert de Givenchy

"Women in Europe are beginning to realize how great their Balenciagas are. You could even say there is a Balenciaga cult"

Here, the French couturier Hubert de Givenchy remembers a man who was to him "not only a well-loved friend but the greatest influence on my career" and describes Balenciaga's place in the fashion world one year after the designer's death, when New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art and its Costume Institute paid homage to the couturier with an exhibition, "The World of Balenciaga," presented under the auspices of the government of Spain and on view at the Museum until July 1.

"Balenciaga was always five or even ten years in advance of the rest of the fashion world. He was a man of genius: his ideas, his cut, his fantasy will live on for generations. His two greatest assets were his attention to detail and his marvelous taste, taste that was not only reflected in his work but in his country home near Paris and his farm at San Sebastián in Spain. I remember the first time I visited his farm. When my breakfast tray came up in the morning, I studied it before I ate. It was so superbly Balenciaga. The napkin was in deep-blue country linen that had been softened by constant washing. The big coffee cup was coral and blue china, and the glass was a simple but beautifully shaped eighteenth-century antique. The effect was as pleasing to the eye as one of his dresses. It was a lesson in taste.

"Balenciaga cut his first coat when he was six years old. He found a piece of fabric and decided to make a coat for his cat. He stretched the fabric out flat on the floor and put the cat on its back in the middle of it. He got on his knees and started to cut the fabric around the cat. But the cat kept moving and Balenciaga became more and more frustrated.

"That could have been his first lesson in making clothes for people who moved. He learned that one must never (Continued on page 202)



Cristobal Balenciaga, born in 1895 in Guetaria, Spain, died in 1972. This photograph, taken by Henri Cartier-Bresson, shows the designer at work in 1968, the year he retired from the Paris couture.

Diana Vreeland

"Balenciaga was the most superb tailor of them all. For twenty years he was the prophet of nearly every major change in silhouette"

"No one has ever entered Paris and completely taken over French dressmaking as this strong Spaniard did with his stark, scrupulous shapes." Diana Vreeland made this decree from behind a vast black desk in her new office (painted lacquer red "because it's so clarifying") at the Costume Institute of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. She joined the Institute six months ago as a special consultant after an editorial career at Vogue and *Harper's Bazaar*. It was she who brought together the retrospective show of Balenciaga coats, suits, dresses, and ball gowns; surrounded them with Philip IV's armor and paintings by Picasso, Goya, and Velasquez; filled the air with Balenciaga perfume and flamenco music; had sleek white porcelain mannequins made in Switzerland; and caused the clothes to be lighted as if they were precious paintings.

Using the help of her force of friends in the fashion world—Oscar de la Renta, Joe Eula, Ara Gallant, Kenneth J. Lane, others with special expertise—Diana Vreeland created a show that made the Costume Institute glow as it never had before.

"Balenciaga and Chanel are the two greatest dressmakers the twentieth century has produced," said Mrs. Vreeland. "For twenty years he was the prophet of nearly every major silhouette: The semi-fitted suit, the chemise, the balloon-shaped dress, the deep bucket hat, the pillbox, the high-waisted suit, the cocoon-curve coat, the tunic dress, wide shoulders, panel backs, huge collars, and necklines cut high in front and low in back. He brought in boots and black stockings and was one of the first with the leotard." Her voice rose to a crescendo as she recounted past glories, then dropped to a murmur as she recalled the difficulties she had with the show.

"It was so difficult to find the clothes. I talked for hours with Mademoiselle Renée, Balenciaga's



HARRY BENSON

directrice, and Madame Felicia, who cut every dress there for forty years. I'd remember a beautiful dress and I'd ask who bought it and where that woman was. And when after all the work I couldn't find it, I was heartbroken."

But with the help of friends, including Mrs. Loel Guinness, Mrs. Henry Luce, Miss Doris Duke, Mrs. Joseph P. Kennedy, Mrs. Paul Mellon, The Countess René de Chambrun, Countess Gerard de Chavagnac, Mrs. Nathan Cummings, Mrs. Moss Hart, and with loans from the Smithsonian Institution, the Victoria and Albert Museum of London, the Bellerive Museum of Zurich, and the Brooklyn Museum, Mrs. Vreeland eventually collected about one hundred and fifty dresses. Of these, perhaps her greatest coup was Balenciaga's last dress—the wedding dress of Generalissimo Franco's granddaughter, María del Carmen, Duchess of Cadiz. Balenciaga came out of retirement to design it for her wedding to Prince Alfonso de Borbón in March, 1972. Mrs. Vreeland also managed to get the wedding dress of the Duchess's mother, the Marquesa de Villaverde, and several evening dresses of her grandmother, Señora Doña Carmen Polo de Franco.

Balenciaga's genius shines in the superb workmanship, the luxury, and, in some of the clothes, extravagant fantasy: The Marquesa de Zornoza's 1958 wedding dress, with its wide train, is made of white net shirred with ribbons and silk floss and hung with white tassels; it took the Institute staff four days to steam it back to life after it arrived. Mrs. Loel Guinness's 1963 simple strapless sheath has the lightest gold-mesh jacket richly encrusted with the biggest rhinestones ever. Baronne Philippe de Rothschild's 1964 cobalt-blue gazar evening dress is made of two huge petals; one curves to the ankle in front, the other sweeps to a train at the back.

Balenciaga retired suddenly in 1968. "The life that supported couture is finished," he said. "Real couture is a luxury, which is just impossible to do any more."

But Diana doesn't agree with him completely: "Luxury is far from dead," she said. "Balenciaga was total luxury, and he forced women to think as luxuriously as he did. Working on the Balenciaga show was one of the joys of my life."

"The World of Balenciaga"

Above: *Backed by rooms filled with Balenciaga designs—dazzling ball gowns, innovative coats, suits that changed the course of fashion (and, on horseback, armor worn by Philip IV of Spain) —Diana Vreeland with the show she assembled for the Costume Institute of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art and staged with so much movement and drama that it seems an experience in theater. Diana Vreeland's extravagant sense of the fantastic and eye for detail complement the fantasy and detailing of Balenciaga's clothes: galleries colored brilliantly to give the strongest contrasts; mannequins' heads (unwigged) veiled and sometimes coiffured by knit or net wrappings, each calculated to suit the garment without distracting from it and all echoing Balenciaga's sense of mystery; even wafts of air plotted to flutter the feathered dresses, Spanish paintings and pulsing flamenco music to keep up the verve. Not just a nostalgic homage, "The World of Balenciaga" brings a happy sense of gain, of using the past to enrich the present.*

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE



CHRISTIAN PIPER

Jane Andrews is one of those women who feels so marvelous all the time that some of her friends (especially the ones with problems) tend to get annoyed. She's 35 years old, happily married to a successful architect, has three children who never seem to get into trouble, and a good part-time job as a copywriter for a magazine. She sees her gynecologist once a year for a checkup, and knows enough to get a "Pap" smear and have her breasts examined for early cancer detection. Since Jane hasn't had even a serious sore throat in the past five years, she sees no other physician—a fact of which the gynecologist is not aware. One day, just before having her teeth cleaned at the dentist's office, the dentist's nurse produced a blood-pressure cuff and sphygmomanometer and attached it to her arm. After getting a reading, she looked puzzled. "What does my blood pressure have to do with my *teeth?*" Jane asked. "We've been asked by our state dental association to take our patients' blood pressures as part of a pilot project," the nurse explained. At any rate, after Jane got out of the dentist's chair, her pressure was taken again, this time by the dentist. He looked a little grim. "When was the last time anybody took your blood pressure?" he inquired. Jane couldn't even remember, but she thought during her last pregnancy—about eight years ago. "Mrs. Andrews, I think you have a problem," the dentist said. "Your blood pressure is much too high. I suggest you make an appointment to see your family physician promptly. Your hypertension should be controlled."

The fact is that millions of American women have undiagnosed hypertension, which, if left untreated, eventually may kill or cripple them. Physicians are exceedingly worried about this situation. The World Health Organization (WHO) in 1972 declared high blood pressure (or hypertension, the accurate medical term for this condition) "a widespread epidemic." According to WHO, it affects one in every ten adult persons in the world, with only a small fraction knowing that they suffer from it and even fewer receiving correct treatment. The situation is even worse in the United States where about 22 million persons (20 percent of all adults) are afflicted with hypertension. Over 13 million are women; over 8 million, men. For some unknown reason, hypertension occurs more frequently in females, but is more deadly to males. Blacks have a greater tendency towards the disease than whites.

The reason so many people with this potentially deadly condition don't know they have it is that, in the early stages, it produces no symptoms. As a matter of fact, most hypertensive people feel just fine. Many people don't see a physician unless they feel sick, and the person with early hypertension doesn't feel sick. Women who have been thoroughly indoctrinated about prenatal care and early cancer detection through "Pap" smears and breast palpation often use their gynecologist as their family doctor. Many of those specialists don't take blood pressures except when their patient is pregnant or on birth control pills. They just assume that she is also seeing another physician. So, particularly in women, high blood pressure can go undetected for decades (usually, the decades between the time she has her last child and her early fifties, when she may ask her physician for endocrine-replacement therapy for menopausal symptoms).

Men are apt to have complete checkups more regularly than women, and these examinations *always* include blood-pressure measurements. But the American Heart Association—who know that undetected and untreated high blood pressure can lead to kidney damage, strokes, and heart attacks, among other major medical disasters—is so worried about all those undiagnosed cases that they have initiated some pilot projects to determine whether blood pressures can be taken effectively in settings other than physicians' offices or clinics. Some New Jersey dentists organized a pilot study. In Washington, D.C., podiatrists, visiting nurses, and paraprofessionals in various community clinics are taking blood pressures. "It's a very easy procedure," said Dr. Campbell Moses, Medical Director of the American Heart Association, in an interview. "It could be taught to almost anyone, including *you*, in about ten minutes. If you practiced a little, in about a week you could become quite competent at reading blood pressures." The Heart Association also has encouraged screening programs for employees of large industries, where blood-pressure readings are done by paraprofessionals under the supervision of physicians. These programs usually corroborate the national figures: 20 per cent of those tested had hypertension, and the vast majority didn't know that they had it. In fact, many flatly refused to believe it, since they felt so well.

VOGUE, May, 1973

Medical facts you can't ignore about hypertension... the risks, the dangers... and what to do about them

By Ellen Switzer

Even those who are convinced that there's something wrong and get themselves properly treated often quit. One of the difficult facts about hypertension is that the patient often feels better (energetic, relaxed, and generally cheerful) while the disease is damaging his blood vessels than he does when first taking the medication to control the condition. Unfortunately, many of the drugs that are given for hypertension, although very effective in dealing with the disease, may have such uncomfortable side effects as temporary fatigue, depression, or some weakness or dizziness. So the patient, logically enough, follows his own personal experience and asks himself: "Why should I spend all that time and money on physicians and medication, only to make myself feel worse?" He stops the medication and, because he is usually a little embarrassed about not accepting doctor's orders, cancels his next appointment. Often he doesn't return until his hypertension has become serious enough to cause symptoms of its own, as a result of injuries to the arteries of the brain, the eyes, the heart, or the kidneys.

The patient often feels better while the disease is damaging his blood vessels

Dr. Moses emphasizes that in the course of hypertension, treatment (including medication) usually can be adjusted to eliminate the side effects. "It may take just a few appointments," he says. "It is difficult to hit on exactly the right medication and dosage to control the disease and minimize side effects on the first try. . . . If you have some problems when treatment is started, don't give up. Go back to your doctor; the medication, dosage and timing probably can be changed to make you more comfortable."

What exactly is hypertension? The medical term is itself confusing. Although emotional tension and anxiety may increase blood pressure temporarily (as a matter of fact, some people's blood pressure goes up simply because they are anxious about having it taken, making it necessary to do several readings), most physicians feel that the disease probably is not primarily psychosomatic. "We know the ulcer type or the colitis type. We even have clues to the heart-attack type. But we've not been able to identify a unique hypertensive personality," Dr. Moses says.

When a physician measures blood pressure, he is measuring the force of the blood against the artery walls. Since artery walls are elastic and muscular, they stretch and contract with the heart beat, which pumps blood through them. Each time the heart relaxes between beats, blood pressure goes down; when it beats, pressure goes up. The lower pressure is called "diastolic pressure." Physicians tend to be concerned more about diastolic pressure, with a measurement of around 80 considered normal and everything over 90 abnormal.

On the other hand, naturally *low* blood pressure, which formerly was considered a problem by some physicians, is now generally regarded as an asset.

In a hypertensive patient, the smallest arteries of the body, known as the arterioles, clamp down, requiring more pumping to distribute blood through the system. This means that the heart has to work harder to pump blood through the body since it is acting against the resisting pressure.

The heart is a muscle and the extra effort tends to enlarge it, just as a ballet dancer's leg muscles tend to enlarge through intensive use. An enlarged heart is often a symptom of the degree of hypertension that has persisted for a number of years; however, *it is not a cause of the condition.*

When it comes to causes, little is known. A very few patients have some kind of specific disease (such as malfunctioning kidneys or a tumor of the adrenal glands) which may be cured by surgery. But the vast majority of patients have "essential hypertension," another very confusing term since, in this instance, "essential" does not mean "necessary" but "of unknown cause."

Among the suspected causes are genetic factors (men and women with family histories of high blood pressure seem to have a greater susceptibility to hypertension); lifelong food habits (a black physician, Dr. Elijah Saunders of the University of Maryland, suspects that the large amount of sodium in "soul food" may have some impact on the high incidence of hypertension in young black patients); constant emotional turmoil (one secretary reported that her blood pressure dropped almost immediately after her obnoxious boss was fired); or, most likely, a combination of all these factors, plus some others that researchers have not yet discovered.

Moderate hypertension is eminently treatable. The patient may be asked to lose some weight and to make sure to keep his or her weight normal. Smoking is absolutely *out,* since it puts a strain on even a healthy heart and arteries. On the other hand, a modest amount of alcohol is probably *in,* since it releases nervous tension. However, some medications given for hypertension don't mix well with liquor, so it's a good idea to ask the doctor whether a pre-dinner drink is still in order. Usually, the body gives out warning signals (such as nausea or fatigue) if the alcohol and the medicine are having an undesirable effect on each other. Physicians usually will prescribe a diet that is low in sodium. Sodium is present in many foods, including milk and cheese, but its most common form is table salt. The patient probably will be advised to put a minimum amount of salt in his food and to leave the salt shaker off the dinner table. Such high-salt foods as pickles (one large pickle contains about as much salt as a whole year's worth of lightly salted scrambled eggs), sauerkraut, frankfurters, bologna, and any kind of pickled meats, including ham, are also taboo. Salt has a tendency to retain fluid in the body and that extra water, pressing on the arterioles, can inhibit an already difficult blood-pumping process even further, thus raising the pressure.

If hypertension is very mild (some physicians tend to call this "a borderline condition"), diet alone may be prescribed to control it. If that doesn't work, the physician will probably prescribe a diuretic, which stimulates the kidneys and thus helps the body get rid of water and sodium. However, right along with eliminating these hazards, a necessary chemical, potassium, may also be eliminated in excess amounts. A potassium deficiency can cause a patient to be tired and out of sorts, and potassium supplements may then be prescribed.

Several universities have experimented with a form of autosuggestion

Next on the list of weapons against hypertension are drugs that depress the activities of the sympathetic nervous system. The best known of these is reserpine, a drug originally used in India as a specific agent for lowering blood pressure. Subsequently, its properties as a tranquilizer were also noticed, and it is now sometimes given to calm down high-strung people, even if they don't have hypertension. However, it has an unfortunate side effect on some patients: serious depression.

When reserpine is used, it usually is appropriate to alert the patient and/or his family to report any symptoms of depression, which may include anxiety, waking up very early in the morning, or a sudden lack of appetite. An early warning signal may be, strange as it may seem, a stuffy nose. Since depression may persist even a few weeks after the drug has been discontinued, it's important to report any and all signs, including nasal stuffiness not associated with a cold. Some other medication which doesn't produce dangerous side effects may be substituted.

A third variety of drug, used most frequently in serious cases of hypertension, blocks the transmission of nerve impulses. These medications have to be carefully adjusted, usually starting with a very low dose and increasing it until hypertension is controlled. The side effects may be a slight feeling of dizziness as one gets out of bed in the morning or takes a hot shower. Some men particularly hate these drugs, since they make it impossible for them to ejaculate during sexual intercourse. Again, both the type of drug and the dosage can be adjusted, so that the side effects will disappear with the control of hypertension.

In recent years, several universities in Russia and in the United States have experimented with a form of autosuggestion (called bio-feedback) in which the patient attempts to lower his or her blood pressure. Up to a point, this works. The only trouble with the system is that for the blood pressure to go down the patient must put himself into a form of trance. One physician stated at a recent conference on (Continued on page 193)



FASHION WITH SOL

new sun clothes in a new sun place

18 pages of clothes to wear wherever you go this summer—all photographed at Las Hadas, a white-dazzled new resort-village on the Pacific coast of Mexico.

Mediterranean meets Mexico, where a peninsula on the Pacific is being transformed into a new paradise—Moorish in design, gleaming in white, with pinnacles shaped like chalky chessmen set on a board of lush greenery. Here, *el sol* shines extravagantly, spotlighting the architecture and a summer's worth of great clothes—all shown on Lois Chiles, the delectable new star-on-the-rise who will be seen as Jordan in the movie *The Great Gatsby.* (For more about Las Hadas, see page 96.)

CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM



Sun life starts with a shirty dress

—of cool blue-and-white striped shirting, opposite, with nightshirt-neck open, sleeves turned back, a breezy shirttail hem—the kind of dress you could wear any day at a sun-place, or in the city. Add a narrow belt if you like, sunglasses, and especially...

...a shady wide-brimmed hat and thin gold chains

Big brims flatter, shield, feel like air. (For extra coverage, they can go over a head-wrap, as above.) The chains follow the curves of the throat, make delicate lines of glitter with new strapless tops, bathing suits, or inside a neckline, look wonderful with the *moderate* tan you'll get if you're smart (meaning: quarts of sunscreen and moisturizing foundation). Anne Klein dress, opposite page, of Dacron and cotton; about $38. Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Kaufmann's; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. All 18 pages, makeup and hair by Rick Gillette. Accessories, next to last page.



FASHION WITH SOL

Slip into a striped silk caftan by day

This summer's dress-to-own dress—breezy shape, loose and leg-baring, with a slit-open neck, sleeves to roll up to the elbows. And a beautiful fabric—cool, bright, graphic zebra stripes, hand-painted in turquoise on white. It's Halston's perfect tie-in with the brilliant white-against-blue of Las Hadas, and great wherever you wear it—lunch on a patio, on a boat, in a city. Dress of silk, about $300. Late May at Martha; Kaufmann's; Jacobson's; Giorgio. . . . On the lips—Lovestick Color Glaze in Gold Glazed Mango; around the eyes, Love's Creamy Eye Polish in Spring Wine. Accessories, next to last page of this issue.

Blazing white against the Mexican sky—turrets of Las Hadas with griffins and gremlins as gargoyles—a combination of Fantasy Moorish and Exacerbated Baroque. Below, an overall view of this delightful new sunplace and its beach on Bahía de Manzanillo, off the Pacific Ocean.



CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM

One-step dressing...

Step in, pull it up, wrap and tie: Giorgio di Sant' Angelo's strapless muslin pyjama, opposite—quick, cool, a whole other way to look in the sun. Striped bias top attached to long, flowy pants fern-printed in shades of green. Cotton muslin (Maison Fabrics); about $130. Elizabeth Arden Salon, New York; Nan Duskin; Giorgio. On the face: Fair Allover Cover, worn over Allover Moisturizer, with Allover Color adding blush to cheeks...these, Estée Lauder all over.

CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM

FASHION WITH SOL

Sheer white, golden skin, silver chains...

one of the most delicious ways you could look under moon, sun...and a pink parasol, above: Halston's oversized shirt in gauzy white crinkle cotton to wear over skin or a bandeau, and matching pull-on pants. A man's batiste handkerchief wrapped around the head . . . nothing on the skin except, perhaps, Estée Lauder's Youth-Dew Solid Perfume Memento, which comes in a reproduction of a tiny Battersea box (the outside is pretty, too—gingham and country flowers). Turnout, about $180. Late May at Bergdorf Goodman; Joseph Horne; Jacobson's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Photographed on the beach at Las Hadas. All accessory information on the next to last page of this issue.

FASHION WITH SOL

The most glamorous way to look at night

Halston's long transparent caftan, above, with streams of color hand-painted on silk chiffon and sleeves that drift in handkerchief points to the knees . . . bareness couldn't be more revealing. About $480. Late May at Bloomingdale's; Montaldo's; Stanley Korshak; Swanson's; I. Magnin.

Wrap yourself in cool, sheer blues

. . . it even *feels* seductive. Opposite, in the sea-blues of Las Hadas, a two-piece dress of silk ombré chiffon with a wrapped top, full sleeves, long skirt hand-sequinned in strips and scrolls. By Thea Porter for Internat, at Bonwit Teller; Charles Gallay. In the mood of the moment: Sienna, a warm new glow of gel makeup with a sunscreener, and Night Purple powder eye shadow—both by Christian Dior. Makeup and hair by Rick Gillette. Accessory details, next to last page of this issue.

CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM





FASHION WITH SOL

The way this silky white pyjama feels—

soft, sensuous (above)—it's the way all clothes should feel this summer. . . . Pull-on pants with an oversized wrap-and-tie top like a man's robe—and all the more feminine for it. To relax in, or—as Lois Chiles does here at Las Hadas—to wear to bed. By Bill Tice for Royal Robes, of Qiana nylon (Blue Ridge-Winkler Textiles). About $60. Available middle of May at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin.

First thing in the morning, last thing at night,

right—a robe that's simply a beautiful shirt to the floor. Sheer pale-pink spilling over a deeper-pink nightdress. Both by Stan Herman for Youthcraft/Charmfit. Tricot robe, about $25, and nightdress, about $14, of Antron III nylon (J. P. Stevens fabric). Early June at Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin. Accessory details, next to last page of this issue.

CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM



All the dress you want

[illegible] (who) chose [illegible] matching shirt. Lori Chiles is carrying [illegible] around Las Hadas) Of Nandel acrylic 'A.S.K.' knits fabric). At Bloomingdale's; Halle's-Cleveland; Dayton's; J. W. Robinson.

FASHION WITH SOL

There's a suit in your life this summer

and a new way to wear it, right—ivory silk jacket and short pleated skirt. Instead of a shirt, wrap a piece of peach silk like a bandeau; add a few thin gold chains—it's a very seductive way to be in a suit. (Shown, close up, nine pages back.) Suit, of Rite silk (matching polyester shirt, not shown) by Ernst Strauss. All, about $225. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Balliet's; Neiman-Marcus. Accessory details, next to last page of this issue.

CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM

FASHION WITH SOL

Looking this fresh...

in a crisp little pants suit of navy-and-white seersucker stripes, above, with a simple cotton T-shirt underneath, a scarf around the head, and a rolling Panama brim over it—it's what summer fashion is all about—and it's very pretty. Worn by Lois Chiles—here, dockside at Manzanillo, a short hop from Las Hadas. By Ralph Lauren, of cotton. Pants suit, about $165; T-shirt, about $10. Everything at Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin.

Pretty is the name of the game...

the newest way to look on the tennis courts, right: a sleek white ribbed bodysuit with the shortest little white sharkskin skirt buttoned over it—you can move, you can play, and you'll look delicious.... Keep the white organdie visor in mind—it keeps the sun out of your eyes. (But unwind the scarf, or they'll laugh when you get up to play.) Tennis turnout by Chrissie Evert for Puritan. Bodysuit, of Antron nylon (Current Textile fabric), about $20. Skirt, of Arnel and Fortrel (Folker Fabrics), about $14. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Burdine's....Hair combed by Rick Gillette. Accessories, next to last page.

CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM



FASHION WITH SOL

New white ways to cover up on the beach

A white sweater-jacket, above, long, easy, to cover white shorts, over long tan legs. Turnout by Haymaker Sports. Sweater, of acrylic and nylon, about $19; Dacron shorts, about $16. At Bonwit Teller, Montaldo's, Jordan Marsh, Halle's-Cleveland, J. W. Robinson. . . Opposite: The simplest white cotton, an ideal beach cover—under it can be anything, or nothing. By Bill Tice for Royal Robes, of Dacron and cotton; about $60. At Elizabeth Arden Salon, New York. . . Far right: What the covers might cover—a white maillot, soft and easy. There isn't a better beach look now. By Brigance Watercloths, of nylon and cotton sheering Milliken fabrics; about $24. At Lord & Taylor, Burdine's, Sakowitz. Accessory information, next to last page.

CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM

Square white castle towers, a sculptured dome, and winged horses standing ready to fly, or gallop—through this entrance, you step into the dazzling white world of Las Hadas.



Perched near the edge of the bay, one of the salt-white cottages in the village of Las Hadas—every line curved, arched, sculptured. Doorways are marked with symbols of street names; this address, with dove-topped door, is Palomas 19.

19

FASHION WITH SOL

Don't miss a chance to be bare at night...

When you've been out in the sun all day, this [illegible] long strapless top of black jersey printed in brilliant orange [illegible] on the bangles and [illegible] with [illegible] skin and a thicker [illegible] or just under the knee, you're your own [illegible] like [illegible] here in one of the [illegible] in [illegible] at Las Hadas—everything and [illegible] Dress by Mr. Dino, of Antonio of Beverly Hills; $60. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Kaufmann's, Jordan Marsh, Florida; J. W. Robinson's. All 18 pages: hair and makeup by Rick Gillette.

One of those nothing-on-the-hanger, everything-on-the-figure dresses—it bares what a halter bares, then just skims over the body, touching here and there . . . hiding nothing (watch this shape!). In a blue-on-blue plaid of silk crêpe de Chine—with a long silk panel for cover. . . . By Geoffrey Beene. Pomezia fabric. About $345. Bonwit Teller; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; O'Neil's; Swanson's. Accessories, next to last page of this issue.

CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM





SUMMER IS...

never having to worry about what to wear next

Lots and lots of pretty little dresses—cool, simple, neat. Dresses you can just pop on and forget—you know you look fine....*Far left:* The two-piece dress in navy-red-and-white—cotton jersey pleated skirt and cotton voile shirt (if your midriff is neat and tan, try knotting the shirt the way we did, with sleeves rolled, buttons opened). Gene Berk for Paganne, $95. At Altman's....*Center left:* Not for tennis—but game for just about anything else—a simple white dress cut like a cardigan with red and navy stripes. Adele Martin, designed by Patrick Porter. Of texturized acetate. About $56. Bonwit Teller; B. Forman; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Rich's....*Near left:* The bare little summer sweater you want, the cover you need, and you don't have to chase all over town for the pieces—navy-red-and-white striped cardigan, pleated skirt, and a navy ribbed tube with skinny shoulder ties—the works from Something! by Oscar de la Renta. Of Acrilan (Marquette fabric). Cardigan and skirt, each about $50; top, about $24. Saks Fifth Avenue; Marie Leavell; I. Magnin.

All accessories, next to last page. On these six pages: hair combed by François of Kenneth....All photographed in and around the Xanadu Princess hotel in Freeport, on Grand Bahama Island.

BOB STONE

Whether or not you're good at your game, one thing for sure—you are going to look a lot better if your clothes are easy, right, attractive. . . . The right thing for golf, *below,* a culotte dress in blue-and-white plaid seersucker; short, sleeveless, and ready for action. By Serbin, of polyester and cotton. About $32. At Saks Fifth Avenue; H. & S. Pogue; Younkers; Goldwaters. . . . *Right,* tee stripes—navy and white, zipped up the front. Don't forget something to protect your skin. And remember your cardigan—it may be chilly by the eighteenth hole. Dress by Eric Jacobson for David Smith, of Arnel and nylon. About $34. At Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; J. W. Robinson. . . . Meanwhile, jogging around the grounds of the Xanadu Princess hotel, *far right,* Ralph Lauren's white cotton terry pullover and jogging pants with drawstring waist. Necessary objects: sweatband, sunglasses, shoes that give you plenty of hold. Jogging suit by Ralph Lauren. Pullover, about $20; pants, about $13.50. At Bloomingdale's; Kaufmann's. Accessories, next to last page of this issue.

Summer is... THE GOOD

SPORTS

The right underthing, *above*—a red-and-white cotton knit bikini, fitted to move with the body—the size, the shape, and the texture everyone wants under everything. By Olga; $3. At Lord & Taylor; Jacobson's; Foley's; Bullock's.... *Near right*, a white nylon wind-breaker with a flash of navy trim up the front. Nifty as a warm-up jacket on the courts or over white ducks for sailing—or for a long walk on a windy beach. By Weather Tamer. About $10. Bloomingdale's; Hudson's. *Far right*, summer whites from Lilly Pulitzer—short-sleeve cotton polo shirt, belted at the waist over white cotton twill pants—one of the great classic sun looks. Turnout: The Lilly by Lilly Pulitzer. Shirt, about $13; pants, about $20. At Lord & Taylor; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Maggie's. Accessories, next to last page.

BOB STONE

Summer is... SWIMMING IN THE

DARK

Have at least one black or navy bathing suit, but save it till you've got a little sun on your skin—dark colors won't do much for winter pallor; with a tan, though—sensational....*Above left,* a very good maillot for a very good figure (you give a little, you get a little)—a halter-neck wisp of navy with a peephole of bareness in front. By Cole of California, of Antron nylon and Lycra; $20. At Saks Fifth Avenue....*Left,* the maillot a lot of women have been waiting for: totally unconstructed—no bones, wiring, padding—nothing. But the control is all there—in the fabric. Black Lycra with a gull print of white, blue, turquoise, and red. By Florence Eiseman; $30. At Lord & Taylor; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; J. W. Robinson....*Right,* the most suntan you can get in a public place—Catalina's teeny-weeny black bikini, of Du Pont nylon and Lycra; $15. From Jrs. by Catalina. At Lord & Taylor; J. W. Robinson; Liberty House, San Francisco. Photographed in the crystal-blue waters that lap the beach of the Xanadu Princess hotel in Freeport, Grand Bahama Island. Accessories, next to last page.

BOB STONE

MUSLIN: SUMMER'S HOT COOL CLOTH



VOGUE PATTERN
8585



VOGUE PATTERN 8573

VOGUE PATTERNS

Unbleached white, textured like sand, more translucent than transparent. East Indian muslin is the very stuff of 1973, with all its bares and cover-ups. Make it into anything, bikini to caftan. Upkeep? Wash and hang. Sewing technique? On the next pages, Carol Horn, the young American designer who has made her own boom in muslin caftans, tells her sewing tricks.

Far left and in insert: Muslin shirt of a dress to cut as long or as short as you please. Its shot of '73: wide square short sleeves. For this Vogue Pattern (8585), a cotton muslin with corded stripes keeps a sharper shape than plain muslin, may need a touch of the iron to hold its crisp outline. *This page:* Shirt, pants, bra, all cut from Vogue Pattern 8573 and sewed in a muslin cousin: half Fortrel, half cotton. Since cotton muslin needs almost no upkeep either, this blend may seem gilding the lily but does give a firmer, less stretchy cloth.

Opposite page: Vogue Pattern 8585. Cotton Madras by Far Eastern Fabrics, at Bloomingdale's. . . . *This page:* Vogue Pattern 8573. Ameritex fabric, at Bloomingdale's. Pattern details, page 87. François of Kenneth coifs. All accessories, on the next to last page of this issue.

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN

MUSLIN:
COOL AND
EASY

VOGUE PATTERN
2881



VOGUE PATTERN 8587

VOGUE PATTERN 2881

VOGUE PATTERNS

TRICKS TO SIEW BY

Sewing tips from Carol Horn, who designs East Indian-muslin clothes:

• Muslin stretches; make sure the pattern recommends it for use. If muslin isn't recommended, the finished garment may be much too large.

• Try on the basted garment before sewing: sew to a tight fit—muslin stretches as it's worn.

• Because it is handloomed, the fabric "grain" is irregular: with a plain color make sure, when you cut out, that the grains match.

• Ignore color irregularities: they are part of the fabric beauty.

• Use a number 16 sharp needle, *not* a ballpoint needle.

• For no-pucker seams, keep machine tension very loose.

• NEVER pull or stretch muslin through the sewing machine.

• Use soft interfacing for no-flop yoke and collars.

• An extra layer of plain muslin makes the best lining.

• Do not iron real Indian muslins. The pucker is part of the look.

Opposite page: One Vogue Pattern (2881), with possibly the easiest few stitches anyone ever sewed, makes cotton muslin into a summer slink—a skirt, wrapped and tied; a halter, draped and tied—and into a muslin bikini, *this page top,* about as big as a split second. Its wrap-around bra, nothing-to-it to make, needs no lining because the fabric is doubled; the pants hold shape best, look best, lined. *This page below:* A caftan like those Carol Horn sells, possibly the most comfortable evening-after-the-beach (or breakfast-on-the-balcony) dress alive. Vogue Pattern 8587. The background on these pages: the cool New York loft of the artist Peter Lobello.

Opposite page: Vogue Pattern 2881. Cotton fabric by Axelrod, at Bloomingdale's. . . . *This page, top:* Vogue Pattern 2881. Cotton fabric by Earl-Glo Fashion Fabrics, at Bloomingdale's. . . . *This page, below:* Vogue Pattern 8587. Cotton fabric by Axelrod, at Bloomingdale's. Pattern details, page 87. Coifs, François of Kenneth. Accessories, the next to last page.

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN

TWO MASTERFUL WAYS
TO LIVE WITH
ART AND NATURE

FOR ENID HAUPT, ART SERVES NATURE



"My house is a greenhouse; my orchids its architecture," said Enid Annenberg Haupt, *left*. A self-confessed nature-worshipper and acknowledged expert on plants (she is the Secretary of The American Horticultural Society and recently gave the Society a one-million-dollar grant to purchase "Wellington," George Washington's Virginia home), Mrs. Haupt totally gutted her new house in Palm Beach to "achieve a tapestry of nature." House merges with garden at the swimming pool, *above*. Long and narrow, it reflects an immense fresco of water lilies, inspired by Claude Monet's series of paintings, "Nymphéas," one of which hangs in the house. Enid Haupt herself worked on the design; it was carried out (using fresco paint mixed with concrete) by Charles Merrill. At the far end of the pool hangs "Homo," a metal sculpture by Oskar Schlemmer, part of Mrs. Haupt's impressive art collection; but even her love of art takes second place to her passion for plants in general and orchids in particular: "If I had to make a choice, I'd choose my flowers."

HORST

For Mrs. Enid Haupt,
paintings and sculpture are balanced
by the rare plants she has
raised to another level of art

HORST

ENID HAUPT:

"My religion is flowers: they are earth's explosion of the elements"

Throughout the house, pastels predominate, with white the backbone; orchids are always the focal points but never overpower. Enid Haupt *(opposite, top left,* behind her namesake: the yellow Cymbidium Enid Haupt) masses orchids in a Mogul cradle in the window of the living room, *opposite;* changes their arrangement again and again, according to mood. A perfectionist in details, Mrs. Haupt blends flowers, paintings, sculpture, and furniture into still-life compositions. A Mark Rothko painting, *this page,* contrasts with a baroque Louis XV console, a rough-textured pottery urn, Marino Marini's bronze "Horse and Rider," and, of course, orchids—here, on the console, a potted Renanthera, sprays of Cymbidium in a vase, and, on the floor, a Renanthera cross.





Art should be lived with, not just looked at, Patrick Lannan *(far left)* believes. Tall, white-haired, with shrewd blue eyes and a natural flamboyance, Mr. Lannan has turned "Four Winds," his house in Palm Beach, into a picture gallery and his grounds into a sculpture garden. The major aim of his collecting has always been to encourage young artists by buying and displaying their work. Patrick Lannan's early, and continuing, interest in electrical engineering and physics, coupled with an instinct for art, led him into the Buckminster Fuller group and on to kinetic art. He has built an outstanding

TWO MASTERFUL WAYS TO LIVE WITH ART AND NATURE

FOR J. PATRICK LANNAN, NATURE SERVES ART

For J. Patrick Lannan, art—the newest and the oldest—is an environment for living

kinetic-art collection. "He thinks big," said a friend. "The massiveness of sculpture is important to him." Lannan's strong sense that art should be a living environment is self-evident—especially in the outdoor gallery, *above*, where the lushness of Florida greenery is a superb backdrop for David von Schlegell's spacecraft-like aluminum sculpture "Marina" and for Grace Knowlton's deceptively simple "Ceramic Spheres" arranged, with casual deliberation, beside the stark skyscrapers of "Red Realizations" by Mathias Goeritz. With emphasis on the new, the collection is eclectic—every culture, ancient



and modern, represented: A rare Indian relief of gods looks down from the wall, *above;* West African tribal masks frame the door and windows of the patio, *center left;* and indoors, Japanese Tumuli-period figurines, pre-Columbian and Chinese terra-cottas, Han Dynasty jade share space with Egyptian sarcophagi. Anyone interested in art can visit "Four Winds," by appointment—about ten thousand came last year. For the children who come with parents or teachers, works such as Bernard Kirschenbaum's "Walk Through," *near left*, become, with Mr. Lannan's encouragement, natural playgrounds.

J. PATRICK LANNAN:

For him, art must dominate architecture—in both indoor and outdoor rooms, his wide-ranging collection rules all

Pinpoints of light bounce off Bernard Kirschenbaum's wall-and-ceiling relief (constructed from three hundred and forty-three geometric enameled-steel plates) that dominates the Projection Room, *opposite page*. This gallery is the synthesis of Patrick Lannan's concern with all dimensions; light, sound, movement are as important as shape, color, size. From the sunken seating area, he and his guests watch movies, concerts, and plays. Ancient Thai buddhas and works such as those of Lila Katzen (at left in the picture) and Arnaldo Pomodoro (at extreme right) are stage sets for these private performances. For the best acoustics, all walls have curved edges and are carpeted (carpeting has the added advantage that it does not show marks when paintings are moved). Patrick Lannan thriftily uses every square inch, often hanging paintings bumper-to-bumper. Even the basement (originally servants' quarters and garages) has been converted into galleries, each with its own definite environment—a Kinetic Room; a Kiesler Room. "Architecture should never dominate art."





Opposite, top: In an S-shaped gallery, Don Judd's untitled stainless-steel and green-Plexiglas structure is flanked, at left, by a painting by Tamara Melcher and, at right, by Otto Piene's "Electric Rose." Behind these, Mark di Suvero's gold-plated bronze "Lotus" and a canvas by Alan Cote. *Near right:* The Kiesler Room, specially built by Patrick Lannan for Frederick Kiesler's environmental project "Last Judgement," is Mr. Lannan's nondenominational chapel. *Above:* Ronald Bladen's monumental (twenty-two feet, eight inches high) "X" was made of aluminum and then, like all the outdoor sculpture, painted to withstand the corrosive Florida air.

HORST





STEICHEN ON HIS FARM, IN A 1963 PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUCE DAVIDSON, TAKES IN THE FLAG AT SUNDOWN

EDWARD STEICHEN

1879–1973

"The mission of photography is to explain man to man and each man to himself. And that is no mean function. Man is the most complicated thing on earth and also as naive as a tender plant."

—Steichen

NINE OF STEICHEN'S FAMED STUDIES, SIX OF THEM DONE FOR VOGUE OR VANITY FAIR, ALL NOW IN THE COLLECTION OF THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART IN NEW YORK



J. P. MORGAN, 1903



GLORIA SWANSON, 1924



CHARLES CHAPLIN, 1925



NOEL COWARD, 1932



ISADORA DUNCAN, 1921



GRETA GARBO, 1928



MARION MOREHOUSE, 1927



MARLENE DIETRICH, 1932



FRED ASTAIRE, 1927

Read for Pleasure or for Life's New Facts

Rated for you: English gossip, Vonnegut's latest ramble, the Sorensen teen-sex studies, and fresh truths about old age

★★★ **THE MARLBOROUGH HOUSE SET** *by Anita Leslie (Doubleday).* This amusing marathon gossip about the arrogant and powerful aristocrats who belonged for some fifty years to the group around the round Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII, has a sturdy substructure. That substructure shows the curious etiquette of the group known as the Marlborough set, after the palace where the Prince and Princess of Wales lived. By princely rule, it was understood that unmarried girls must not be seduced, that young married women were equally safe from seduction until they had produced one or two male heirs for their husbands. That insured bloodlines. Afterwards husbands and wives took lovers, usually within the group. At the house parties, the men after midnight tiptoed down the long cold corridors to their mistresses to whom they were devoted, often for years. The liaisons were discreet but open. No slap-and-tickle in the great houses. Everyone in the group kept their affairs from the vast middle class by preserving *omertà,* or silence, long before that practice became part of the American Mafia.

The source for many of the dusty love stories, all quite fascinating for diggers into Victorian and Edwardian morals, is Anita Leslie's grandmother, Leonie Leslie, a younger sister of Jennie Jerome Churchill and wife of Sir John Leslie. For nearly fifty years, Leonie was the sisterly friend of the Duchess of Connaught and the acknowledged mistress all those years of the Duchess's husband, the Royal Duke of Connaught, a brother of King Edward VII. Delicious.

★★★ **NORTH OF JAMAICA** *by Louis Simpson (Harper & Row).* In this sparse, subtle semi-autobiography, Louis Simpson lets readers into his poet's mind, decisive and quickening, for he puts in pages of his supple poetry, the necessary explication of his life begun on the island of Jamaica. During World War II, he stopped off in the U.S. Army with time in the tanks in Texas where he saw "lopsided metal boxes studded with rivets. These were the General Grants, created on a design exactly opposite to that which was needed in tanks. In a tank you want a low silhouette and a long gun; the Grant had a short gun and a high silhouette." In an especially acute chapter, he notes down his reaction to the Troubles during a stint at the University of California at Berkeley where he supported the rebelling students who were "supported by their parents." Flat-out good.

★★ **BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS** *by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. (Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence).* Vonnegut starts off this indulgent, babbling novel with a preface dedicated to a woman who once wrote "this ad for an end-of-the-summer sale on straw hats: 'For prices like this, you can run them through your horse and put them on your roses.' " A complicated book with a mocking primer tone, it has lovely loops, venom, and some nonsense about the Creator of the Universe in which robots are symbols of America.

★ **AMERICAN MISCHIEF** *by Alan Lelchuk (Farrar, Straus and Giroux).* In an ecstasy of tumbling, erotic words, Alan Lelchuk of the Brandeis English department, who is in love with *Roget's Thesaurus,* has written a dense, confused novel with enormous attractions. His book is full of miscellaneous good things, set pieces, joyous wit, spite, and desperation. Lelchuk is young and invincible and, because of that, complete, confident, and superior. He sees, in his characters, the University as living theater with student guerrillas, the University providing "subconscious conditioning to frustration."

Divided into three unequal sections, the first section, "Family Talk," is a Kamasutra index of coupling in Cambridge, Massachusetts, with the stud, Dean Bernard Kovell, so irritably knowledgeable that he can't think clearly. With his harem of six women, the Dean provides readers with sex, sadism, shock, and schlock. Up to page 132 in a story of 500 pages, the Dean alludes to, among 100 more: Aretha, Wittgenstein, Yastrzemski, Billy Budd, the Boston Celtics, Kitty Levin, Cranach, Olive Oyl, Bonnie and Clyde, B. F. Skinner, Blind Lemon Jefferson, Vince Lombardi, Daisy Mae, Modigliani, Jack Armstrong, Erik Erikson, Fanon, Dionne Warwicke, Camus, Mao, Kerensky, Sade, and McLean's hospital. A "Master of Intimacy" (a degree Kovell gives himself), Kovell mixes "therapy with romance," believes that "the precision of business terms is preferable to metaphysical nonsense in affairs of the heart."

The second section, "Barricade Anxiety," given over to a speech with interlarded comment by a graduate-student guerrilla, is fairly dull, but it leads to "Gorilla Talk" in which the student revolutionaries make trouble, kidnap, and murder. They have the lucidity of untied lunacy, their illusions a bust, their philosophy a disaster, their economics monstrosities. *American Mischief* is a deliberate mistake.

★★★ **ADOLESCENT SEXUALITY IN CONTEMPORARY AMERICA: Personal Values and Sexual Behavior: Ages 13 to 19** *by Robert C. Sorensen (World).* Provoking, significant, and without scrap-heap conclusions, this data with charts is a study first of all about adolescents and secondly about their sexual attitudes and behavior, with the subjects ranging from those without sexual experience to those already married. (Dr. Sorensen, a sociologist, is president of Robert C. Sorensen and Associates, Inc., a company giving counsel in management, marketing, and public affairs. The methods of the study are carefully explained.)

The study shows that most adolescent sexual activities are not accidental, that the increasing numbers of invisible adolescent drifters spread their values like dandelion puffs in the wind, and that the major conflict "between adolescents and elders lies with the child's sudden needs for self-identity and personal freedom." Kids are chauvinists who want not what their parents want but what their peers want. Marijuana, not sex, is the generational issue, adolescents fighting for the right to decide for themselves whether or not they will smoke pot. "Users are twice as likely (80 percent as against 40 percent) to have had intercourse experience." The quotations from some of the adolescents and the study findings in general contradict folk nonsense.

★★★ **NOBODY EVER DIED OF OLD AGE** *by Sharon R. Curtin (Atlantic-Little, Brown).* Young Sharon Curtin, a registered nurse, has written a restrained, shamed, marvelous book about some of this country's aged, estranged from life but living. They live—about 1,250,000 old ones—for the most part on Stupidity Street, a long block reserved by Social Security, which is not secure, and by Medicare, which doesn't care for these sick and scared, their brains often clotted from small strokes. They collapse in single rooms with no one around at the end to close their jaws or in nursing homes in semi-private rooms that are not private. The best die fierce and angry. ■

"Women tend to suffer from hypertension much more frequently than men"

BLOOD PRESSURE

(Continued from page 153)

hypertension sponsored by the American Heart Association: "Blood pressure goes down also if the patient is asleep. It's dubious that a system which requires some form of perpetual half-sleep would be very useful as an effective form of therapy."

As Dr. Moses indicated earlier, statistics show that women tend to suffer from hypertension much more frequently than men, but they tolerate it better. This means that women with elevated blood pressures probably can live longer without disastrous medical results. However, women are not *immune* to the damage produced by high blood pressure and there are certain times in every woman's life when she *must* make sure that her blood pressure is checked regularly:

1. When she is taking birth control pills

Oral contraceptives can cause hypertension in a few women. Any woman who is receiving a supply of pills that will last a year should insist that her blood pressure be taken within three months after starting to take the pills. Actually, oral contraceptives may provide a useful clue in bringing to light certain women who run an inherited risk of developing high blood pressure, according to research reported last year by Dr. James W. Woods, Jr. of the University of North Carolina. Dr. Woods suggested that these women, whose blood pressures rose slightly above normal only after starting on the pill, might fall into a category designated as "pre-hypertensive." In any case, a woman whose blood pressure rises when she takes birth control pills should use some other form of contraception.

2. Pregnancy

Some women experience a drastic rise in blood pressure during pregnancy. In its most extreme form, this condition is called "eclampsia" and can seriously harm the mother and the unborn child. One of the reasons physicians have asked women to restrict their weight gain during pregnancy, and sometimes to go on a low-salt diet, is to avoid such a medical emergency. Recent research in England and Sweden has indicated that the drastic restriction on weight gain that has been imposed on pregnant women by their physicians may also have been bad for the baby, by keeping its birth weight too low. However, a generally sensible diet is still advisable in all cases of pregnancy (who wants to be faced with losing 40 pounds after the birth of a baby anyhow?) and a more drastic diet may be advised if the blood-pressure level goes up.

3. Menopause

Nobody really knows why menopausal women tend to become hypertensive more frequently than their younger sisters. Some researchers believe that the physical and emotional stresses and strains of the menopausal years may be the cause; others, that the changes in hormone production may encourage the development of hypertension. This is one of the reasons why some physicians advise estrogen-replacement therapy . . . although there is no definite proof that this will make a substantial difference.

Whatever the cause of hypertension, it's one of our most treatable diseases. The most complete study of the effects of early treatment on mildly and moderately hypertensive patients was reported in 1971 by Dr. Edward Freis, senior medical investigator of the Veterans Administration Hospital in Washington, D.C. He put more than 800 male patients with mild hypertension into a double-blind study. Some were assigned at random to an active drug program, some others to placebos (pills containing no active ingredients). Among the 800 mildly hypertensive men who were tested in a three-year study, 56 of those on placebos developed cardiovascular complications versus only 22 of those in the treated group.

Another group of 143 patients with moderately high blood pressures were assigned to a similar experiment. Of the 143 patients, *27* of those receiving placebos developed major cardiovascular complications during the study period. Among the patients receiving treatment (a diuretic plus reserpine), only *one* suffered from complications. The experiment was ended and all patients in this group put on the active drugs after twenty months, because it was so evident that the men who were getting the placebos in place of active drug treatment were in real physical jeopardy.

The researchers felt that this study proved that for men, at least, *early* treatment can make the difference between a patient's leading a normal, healthy life or suffering serious illness.

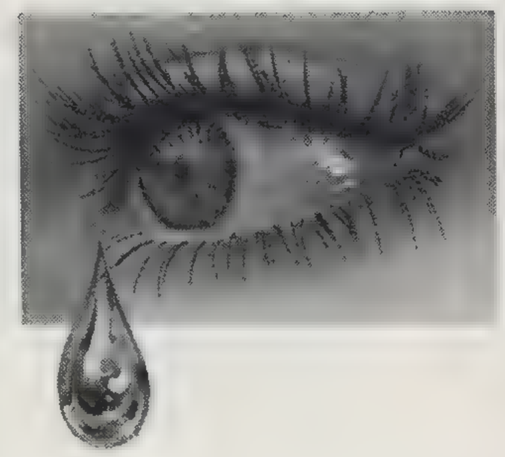
No similar study has been reported for women, "partly because we don't have as handy a female patient population as those males who are in a veterans' hospital," Dr. Moses says. The Heart Association is most eager to see such a study done and several major corporations who employ large numbers of women (insurance companies, for instance) are attempting a study similar to the one conducted by Dr. Freis and the Veterans Administration patients.

All in all, hypertension can be a silent medical menace, even a killer, if left undetected and untreated. In the vast majority of cases, this is exactly what happens. Therefore, every woman, even one who feels perfectly healthy and fit, should have regular blood-pressure checkups at least once a year. If her primary physician is a gynecologist who does not take a routine reading, she should ask for one. The doctor won't think she's a hypochondriac, just an intelligent patient.

Whatever type of medical care she receives, she should insist on a blood-pressure reading regularly, and make sure her husband gets one, too. If hypertension runs in one or both families, even teen-age youngsters should be checked with a fair amount of regularity; it might also be a good idea to "forget" to buy salted peanuts, potato chips, pickles, and other high-sodium foods on supermarket shopping trips.

If a test turns up hypertension, it's important not to panic. Remember, you or your hypertensive family member are one of 20 percent of all Americans who have the disease—and they are not dropping dead like flies on all sides of you. Indeed, those who are getting the right kind of treatment (and sticking with it) will live longer and more comfortably than those who never knew they had a problem. If there's one outstanding truth about hypertension, it is that what you don't know will most definitely hurt you. ■

Isn't Once a month Enough?



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"Could you come round here, please? I think I may have just killed my wife"

IRIS MURDOCH

(Continued from page 149)

thinks she spots something which she says is hurtful or spoiling or insulting or something, it's like a sudden persecution complex, it upsets her terribly. Most of one's friends are dying to be in one's books, they see themselves everywhere, but Rachel hates it if I ever mention somewhere we've been together, she says it spoils it and so on. Anyway, oh Christ, Bradley, what a bloody fool I am—Anyway this started up with this sort of tiff and then she said something hurtful about my writing in general, she said, well never mind—Anyway we started rowing and I suppose I said some pretty critical things about her, just to defend myself, and we'd been drinking brandy after lunch —We don't usually drink much, but when we started to fight we just went on and on drinking, it was crazy. Then she got terribly angry and lost control and screamed at me, and I hate that. I sort of pushed her to stop her screaming and she clawed my face, see, she made quite a mark on me, God, it still hurts. I felt quite frightened and I just hit her to make her stop. I can't stand screaming and noise and anger, and they are frightening. She was yelling like a fury and saying awful things about my work and I just hit her with my hand to stop the hysterics, but she went on coming at me and coming at me, and then I picked up the poker from the fireplace just to hold it between us as a barrier, and just at that moment she jerked her head, she was dancing 'round me like a wild animal, and she jerked her head down and met the poker with a most ghastly crack—oh God—Of course I didn't mean to hit her, I mean I didn't hit her—And then she went down on the floor and she was so bloody quiet lying there with her eyes closed, I wasn't sure she hadn't stopped breathing—Well, I was in complete panic and I got a jug of water and poured it over her and she just lay there and I was frantic—And then when I went to get some more water she jumped up and ran upstairs to the bedroom and locked herself in—Then she wouldn't open, wouldn't answer —I didn't know if she was shamming and it was spite or if she was really ill or what, so you see I didn't know what to do—Oh Christ, I didn't mean to hit her—"

There were sounds upstairs, the unlocking of a door, and we both jumped up. Francis, leaning down, said, "She's O.K." His shabby blue suit was covered with dampish reddish silky siftings, which in a moment I recognized as Rachel's hair, which he must have clipped in order to examine her head. I saw his extremely dirty hand grasping the white banister.

"Thank God," said Arnold. "Do you know, I think she may have been shamming all the time. Anyway, thank God. What should—?"

"There's nothing seriously wrong. She's got a very nasty lump on her head and she's a bit in shock. Could be a touch of concussion. Keep her in bed and keep the room dark. Aspirins, any of her usual sedatives, hot-water bottles, hot drinks, I mean tea and that. Better let her see her own doctor. She'll soon be herself again."

"Oh thank you so much, Doctor," said Arnold. "So she's all right, thank heaven."

"She wants to see you," said Francis to me. We had all moved back up to the landing.

Arnold began again calling, "My darling, please—"

"I'll deal," I said. I half opened the bedroom door, which was unlocked.

"Only Bradley. Only Bradley." The voice, still almost inaudible, was firmer.

"Oh Christ. This is awful. I've had enough—" said Arnold. "Darling—"

"You go down and give yourself another drink," I told him.

"I wouldn't mind a drink," said Francis.

"Oh don't be angry with me, darling—"

"Could you chuck out my mac," said Francis. "I left it in there on the floor."

I went in and threw the macintosh out and closed the door again. I heard retreating steps as Arnold and Francis went away down the stairs.

"Lock the door, please."

I locked it.

Francis had pulled the curtains and there was a sort of thick pink twilight in the room. The evening sun, now palely shining, made the big floppy flowers on the chintz curtains glow in a melancholy way. The room had the rather sinister tedium which some bedrooms have, a sort of weary banality which is a reminder of death. A dressing table can be a terrible thing. The Baffins had placed theirs in the window where it obstructed the light and presented its ugly back to the road. The plate-glass "table" surface was dusty and covered with cosmetic tubes and bottles and balls of hair. The chest of drawers had all its drawers gaping, spewing pink underwear and shoulder straps. The bed was chaotic, violent, the green artificial-silk coverlet swooping down on one side and the sheets and blankets creased up into a messy mass, like an old face. There was a warm intimate embarrassing smell of sweat and face powder. The whole room breathed the flat horror of genuine mortality, dull and spiritless and final.

I do not know why I thought then so promptly and prophetically of death. Perhaps it was because Rachel, half under the bedclothes, had covered her face with the sheet.

Her feet, with glossy high-heeled shoes on, protruded from under the green coverlet. I said timidly, almost as if making conversation and to establish a *rapport*, "Here, let me take your shoes off."

She remained stiff while, with some difficulty, I pulled off both shoes. I felt the soft warmth of the damp, brown stockinged foot. A pungent sour odor joined the vapid smell of the room. I wiped my hands on my trousers.

"Better get properly into bed. Look, I'll straighten out your bedclothes a bit."

She shifted slightly, removing the sheet from her face, and even lifting her legs so that I could pull out a blanket from under them. I arranged her a little bit, pulling the blankets up and turning the sheet back over them. She had stopped crying and was stroking the bruise on her face. The bruise seemed bluer, creeping round the eye socket, and the eye itself was reduced to a waterly slit. She lay there her moist disfigured mouth slightly open, staring at the ceiling.

"I'll fill you a hot-water bottle, shall I?"

I found a hot-water bottle and filled it from the hot tap in the wash basin. Its soiled wooly cover smelt of sweat and sleep. I got it a bit wet on the outside, but it felt quite warm. I lifted the sheet and blanket and thrust it in beside her thigh.

"Rachel, aspirins? These are aspirins, aren't they?"

"No, thank you."

"Do you good."

"No."

"You'll be all right, the doctor said so."

She sighed very deeply and flopped her hand back onto the bed, lying now with both hands symmetrically by her sides, palms upward, like a limp disentombed Christ figure, still bearing the marks of ill treatment. Tufts of cut hair adhered to the dried blood on the bosom of her blue dress. She said in a hollow louder voice, "This is so awful, so awful, so awful."

"You'll be all right. Rachel, the doctor says—"

"I feel so utterly—defeated. I shall—die of shame."

"Nonsense, Rachel. It's just one of those things."

"And he asks you 'round—to see it all."

"Rachel, he was shaking like a leaf, he thought you were unconscious in here, he was terrified."

"I shall never forgive him. Be my witness now, I shall never forgive him. Never, never, never. Not if he were to kneel at my feet for twenty years. A woman does not forgive this ever. She won't save a man at the end. If he were drowning, I'd watch."

"Rachel, you don't mean this. Please don't talk in this awful sort of theatrical way. Of course you'll forgive him. I'm sure there were faults on both sides. After all, you hit him too, you put your monogram on his cheek."

"Ach—" Her exclamation expressed harsh, almost vulgar, disgust. "Never," she said, "never, never. Oh I am—so unhappy—" The whimpering and the spilling tears began again. Her face was flaming hot.

"Stop, please. You must rest. Do take some aspirins. Try to sleep a little. I'll get you some tea, would you like that?"

"Sleep! With my mind in this state! He has sent me to hell. He has taken my whole life from me. He has spoilt the world. I am as clever as he is. He has just blocked me off from everything. I can't work, I can't think, I can't be, because of him. His stuff crawls over everything, he takes away all my things and turns them into his things. I've never been myself or lived my own life at all. I've always been afraid of him, that's what it comes to. All men despise all women really. All women fear all men really. Men are physically stronger, that's what it comes to, that's what's behind it all. Of course they're bullies, they can end any argument. Ask any poor woman in the slums; she knows. He has given me a black eye, like any common brawler, any drunken husband like you hear of in the courts. He has hit me before, oh this isn't the first time by any

"You can't have killed her— You're talking nonsense"

means. He didn't know it, I never told him, but the first time he hit me our marriage came to an end. And he talks about me to other women, I know he does, he confides in other women and discusses me with them. They all admire him so and flatter him so. He has taken away my life from me and spoilt it, breaking every little piece of it, like the breaking of every bone in one's body, every little thing ruined and spoilt and taken away."

"Rachel, don't, don't, don't! I won't listen, you don't mean any of this rigmarole. Don't say such things to me. You'll regret it later."

"I'm just as clever as he is. He wouldn't let me take a job. I obeyed him, I've always obeyed him. I haven't any private things. He owns the world. It's all his, his, his. I won't save him at the end. I'll watch him drown. I'll watch him burn."

"You don't mean it, Rachel. Better not say it."

"And I won't forgive you either for having seen me like this with my face bruised to pieces and heard me talk horribly like this. I'll smile at you again but I won't forgive you in my heart."

"Rachel, Rachel, you are upsetting me so!"

"And now you'll go downstairs and talk about me vilely to him. I know how men talk."

"No, no—"

"I fill you with disgust. A broken, whimpering, middle-aged woman."

"No—"

"*Ach*—" Again the horrible sound of aggressive violent disgust. "*Go away now*, leave me, please. Leave me alone with my thoughts and my torture and my punishment. I shall cry all night, all night. Sorry, Bradley. Tell Arnold I'm going to rest now. Tell him not to come near me again today. Tomorrow I will try to be as usual. There will be no recriminations, no reproaches, nothing. How can I reproach him? He will become angry again, he will frighten me again. Better to be a slave. Tell him I will be as usual tomorrow. Of course he knows that, he won't worry, he's feeling better already. Only let me not see him today."

"All right, I'll tell him. Don't be cross with me, Rachel. It's not my fault."

"Oh, go away."

"Shall I get you some tea? The doctor said tea."

"Go away."

I went out of the room and closed the door quietly behind me. I heard a soft bound and then the key turning in the lock. I went down the stairs feeling very shaken and, yes, she had been right, disgusted.

It had become darker, the sun no longer shining, and the interior of the house seemed brown and chill. I made my way to the drawing-room at the back of the house where Arnold and Francis were talking. An electric fire and a lamp had been turned on. I noticed broken glass, broken china, a stain on the carpet. The drawing-room was a big over-patterned room with a lot of pseudo-tapestries and bad modern lithographs. Arnold's two big stereo loudspeakers, covered with a sort of fawn gauze, took up a lot of the space. Beyond glass doors and a veranda was the equally fussy garden, horribly green in the sunless oppressive light, where a great many birds were singing competitive nonsense lyrics in the small decorative suburban trees.

Arnold jumped up and began to make for the door, but I stopped him. "She says she doesn't want to be visited again today. She says tomorrow she'll be as usual. She says she'll go to sleep now."

Arnold sat down again. He said, "Yes, better for her to sleep for a while. Oh my God, that's a relief. Let her rest awhile. I'll expect she'll come down for supper in an hour or two. I'll make her something nice, give her a surprise. God, I do feel relieved."

I felt I ought to check his relief a little. "All the same, it was a very nasty accident." I hoped Arnold had not been making his confession to Francis.

"Yes. But she'll come down, I'm sure she will. She's very buoyant. I'll let her rest now of course. The doctor says it's not—Have a drink, Bradley."

"Thanks, sherry." I thought, He has no conception of what he has done, of what she looks like now, of what she feels like now. No doubt he has never tried to read her thoughts. Maybe that way survival lay. Always to ignore the details of one's misdeeds. Or was I quite wrong? Perhaps already, having made her outcry, she had become quiet. Perhaps she would come down for supper and enjoy the delicacy which her husband had prepared. A marriage is a very secret place. ■

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"Hairdressing as we have known it is over"

HAIRDRESSERS

(Continued from page 135)

marriage of hair health—using the benefits of science—and maximum artistry. To this end, he is a devotee of American products, especially those made by Redken, for all hair benefits.

Here, Kenneth could be called the doyen of American hairdressing, although he's still so young. In his recent book *Kenneth's Complete Book of Hair*, he comments on the fact that "hairdressing as we have known it is over. In the next ten years, the whole business is going to be completely transformed and it's changing faster than many of us are willing to admit." Kenneth keeps up and ahead of the change—promoting hair health with two of the best experts in New York, Rita and Miss Murray. No one works for Kenneth until he's satisfied the maestro that he genuinely appreciates and wants to protect the fiber he's working with. Other hairdressers with a conscience? In New York, Pierre Henri at the Sak's Fifth Avenue salon; Michel Kazan; Marc Sinclaire, Walter, and Roberto Vega of Elizabeth Arden; Pierre Michel (who introduced the organic René Furterer hair-care products here); Maria at Bergdorf Goodman; Sandro at Charles of the Ritz; and Bruno Demetrio at Le Salon (who has a new mud-pack treatment for dried out hair). Elsewhere in the United States: Nicholas of Altman's, Manhasset, Long Island; Madeleine at I. Magnin, Chicago; Chance of Famous Barr, Clayton; Jean Pierre and Marcel at I. Magnin, Beverly Hills; Ella Benson at J. L. Hudson, Oakland. ■

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"When the Museum is not violently attacked by someone in the press, its staff worries"

ALFRED H. BARR, JR.

(Continued from page 145)

architecture show, put on another shocker at the Museum. This one was called "Machine Art." Here, suddenly in a museum, were kitchen units (sinks and drainboards and cupboards), a nickel-plated cash register as clean-limbed as a racing sloop, a burglar-proof chest with a steel facade that probably looked like the machine that made it, dinner plates, ball bearings, ceiling lamps. The Museum called it an exhibition to "illustrate a victory in the long war between the Craft and the Machine." There were a good many people who were not at all sure which had won, but the result was the establishment in the Museum of a department of design, another notch in the gun that Barr fired at the public.

There was nothing haphazard about Barr's ammunition, but it covered the nation like buckshot. Soon after the success of the first architecture show, a department of circulating exhibitions was established and it carried "the word," the gospel according to the Museum (and Barr was its prophet), into schools and colleges, small and large museums in every part of the nation. It was the first exposure of the new art and architecture and design to, quite literally, millions of persons. Its impact on the teaching of art and of art history, though impossible to measure, was penetrating and far-reaching. The Museum was not only making modern painting and sculpture academically respectable but also the films and photography, the new architecture and industrial design. Even advertising posters, like those by the Frenchman Cassandre, were forced on the serious attention of scholars and consumers and it was not long before the influence of the Museum's exhibitions began to affect the design of magazine covers, the looks of store windows, the manufacture of furniture and textiles, the layouts of advertisements. Such exhibitions as the Van Gogh show of 1935 made explosions of taste. One could scarcely buy a shower curtain that didn't have sunflowers painted on it, and after the Surrealist show of the following year the "fur-lined teacup" was probably the best-known single object in the country.

By the end of its first decade the Museum not only had the nucleus of a distinguished collection (it had acquired Miss Bliss's remarkable Cézannes, Seurats, Gauguins, Toulouse-Lautrecs, and so on not long after her death in 1931) but it had a new building all its own designed for its own purposes. The Museum, in a sense, had come of age at the age of ten, which was no small accomplishment; but for Barr the years had been tense ones, tiring and if in many ways gratifying, also tumultuous. What had been a missionary church in a Philistine jungle with a small band of passionately devoted young proselytizers dedicated to making converts began to look curiously like, and take on the airs and graces of, a cathedral of the new culture.

Barr's confrontations with the trustees of his Museum (for in a very real sense it was "his" Museum) were by no means always serene. After the first thirty months of the Museum's existence, he had worked himself into a frenzy of fatigue and to the verge of a breakdown. Mrs. Rockefeller had insisted that Barr take a year off to rest, but Goodyear, after just a few months of the year had passed, tried to get Barr, who had gone to Europe, to arrange an American exhibition at the Jeu de Paume in Paris, and Barr went into something of a tailspin. He offered to resign, but the matter was smoothed over. Twelve years later, however, when Stephen C. Clark, the collector and industrialist, was president of the Museum during World War II, a head-on collision between him and Barr very nearly wrecked Barr's career. Barr was often accused by those outside of the museum as being a Svengali in the manipulation of his board, but he and Clark did not see eye to eye either on matters of esthetic judgment or on the administration of the Museum. Barr could not manage Clark, indeed he could not manage the Museum which had outgrown his administrative skills, and Clark could not manage Barr.

One morning early in 1944, Bernard Karpel, the Museum's librarian, was astonished to discover when he arrived for work that one of the library tables was being sawed in two by a carpenter. A few days later, a cubicle was erected in the corner of the library reading room to provide a place for Barr to work. He had been fired—and "fired" is the word he used and his wife still uses to describe what someone else might call more politely but less accurately "a shift in responsibilities." The fact was that Barr had been dismissed as director in the same way that Mrs. Clark might have dismissed an unsatisfactory butler; but, unlike a butler, he had no intention of going away and he could not be bodily ejected. As Mrs. Barr said some years later, "Of course Alfred would not leave. It was his Museum. The Museum was his mistress."

As he so frequently did in moments of crisis, Barr turned to his old mentor Sachs for advice. Clark had written Barr a stinging letter of dismissal. He wanted Barr off the premises, but then he reconsidered and offered Barr the job of curator of the museum collections; then he changed his mind again. Clark made it clear to Barr that he thought his only use to the Museum was as a scholar and writer; and Barr wrote to Sachs, "Damn it, Paul. Is this true? Were all the planning and all those exhibitions, and the paintings I have bought, and the standards I have fought for—was it someone else?"

For the next few years the organizational chart of the Museum looked like a self-destroying construction by the kinetic sculptor Tinguely. When a foreign museum official asked a curator who the director was, the reply came: "We seem to have seven directors." Actually the Museum was being managed by a coordination committee of four of which René d'Harnoncourt, a giant of a man in every respect who joined the staff in 1944, was not only the presiding chairman but the sensible, perceptive, humane, and unflappable presiding genius. During the interregnum before d'Harnoncourt finally took over the reins of the director in title as well as in fact in 1949, one of Barr's devoted colleagues said, "There was a sort of path worn in the floor to the little alcove that Alfred was working in within the library—he was writing his Picasso book then—because everybody had to ask his advice about everything." In 1947 Barr was officially appointed the director of the museum collections, a move on which d'Harnoncourt insisted. No one fired Barr from this job; indeed he became untouchable and remained so until he retired twenty years later.

Though no aspect of the Museum was of much less than vital concern to Barr, he was by nature a missionary on the one hand and a scholarly collector on the other. He was determined to get what he believed in out where it could be seen and understood and at the same time to acquire the most distinguished possible collection of the art of our time for his museum. Barr had no illusions about the infallibility of his taste, and he insisted that if posterity approved of one work of art in a hundred that he chose for purchase by the Museum he would be gratified. From the very first days of the Museum's existence, it had been the published policy that "the permanent collection will not be unchangeable. It will have somewhat the same permanence that a river has. With certain exceptions, no gift will be accepted under conditions that will not permit its retirement by sale or otherwise as the trustees may think advisable. . . ." There was a time when an agreement with The Metropolitan Museum of Art permitted the transfer of works that had reached the status of "classic" from the Modern to the Met. (One such picture was Picasso's "Woman in White" which the Met now wishes to get rid of and which the Modern wants but hasn't the funds to buy back.) But that was a short-lived affair that broke apart on the rocks of temperament. Barr and Francis Henry Taylor, then the Met's director, saw not at all eye to eye; their relations were not improved by Taylor's calling the Modern that "whorehouse on 53rd Street." "De-accessioning," which has recently become a dirty word in art circles (it couldn't happen to a clumsier word), by sale or by trading has been a strong weapon in the building of the Modern's collection, though there has been a rigid rule that it would sell no work by a living American or Latin American artist except to purchase what the Museum (read Barr) considered a superior work by the same man or woman.

Barr's taste and that of his trustees and other members of the acquisitions committee have often been at loggerheads. He wanted to purchase "the fur-lined teacup" for the collection, but the trustees would have none of it. Instead he quietly got it for $50 on what was called an extended loan and nine years later put it in the study collection. In 1968 it was trotted out for the second (Continued on page 199)

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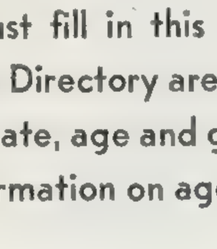
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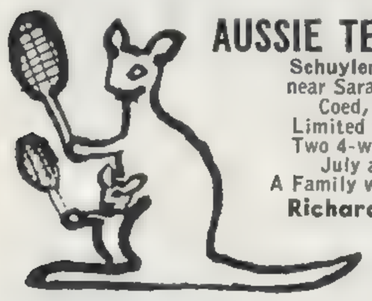
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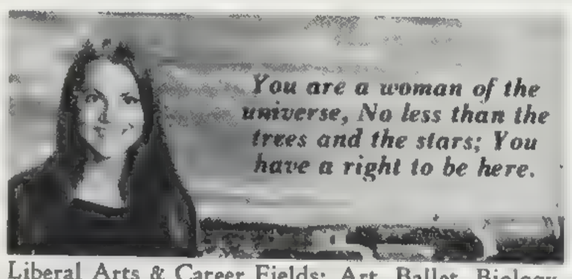
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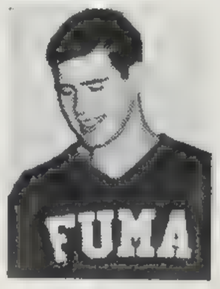
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5-73

ALFRED H. BARR, JR.

(Continued from page 196)

of the Museum's big Surrealist shows, and this time it was happily promoted to the permanent collection. In other instances the collision of Barr's taste with that of the trustees has had rather dire results. Stephen Clark resigned from the acquisitions committee because he absolutely refused to be a party to buying a Giacometti sculpture. Goodyear came to the end of his rope when Barr insisted that the Museum buy a Jackson Pollock. Neither Clark nor Goodyear left their distinguished collections, as Barr hoped they would, to the Museum. Although anyone could make a recommendation to the acquisitions committee, and the committee could refuse to act, according to a trustee who was long a member, "nothing got into the collection that Alfred didn't approve of." Andrew Ritchie, for eight years the director of the painting and sculpture department, said, "You can't undercut the Pope. Alfred *was* the Pope."

Many in the art world believe the Museum's collection to be the creation of Barr's personal taste; but Barr disliked above all things to be called a "tastemaker"; and when John Canaday called him in *The New York Times* in 1960 "the most powerful tastemaker in American art today and probably in the world," Barr responded, "The artists lead; the Museum follows, exhibiting, collecting, publishing their work. In so doing it tries to act with both wisdom and courage, but also with awareness of its own fallibility."

Fallible, yes, but also self-confident, open-minded, and searching, as the report of an interview of 1934 demonstrates. Barr was one of three jurors for the Carnegie International Exhibition in Pittsburgh that year, and in those days the show attracted a great deal of attention, especially if the prize happened to go to an American artist. A reporter from the Associated Press asked the three jurors—Elizabeth Luther Cary, a New York critic; Gifford Beal, a painter and member of the National Academy; and Barr—"what they expected to find in the prize picture."

"Merit," said Miss Cary.

"Workmanship and intelligence," said Mr. Beal.

"I have no beliefs," said Mr. Barr.

One of the reporters pressed him further, "But how are you going to judge these pictures?"

"By looking at them," Barr replied. ■

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MUCH ADO by Maxime de la Falaise

Sloppiness Is Out

People news: the latest places, faces, things to love or hate

The war's over: now we have to pay the bills. Americans are facing the idea of postbellum restrictions. . . . Yesterday's flower-children are today's power-people, chasing the fluttering dollar. . . . The fun-loving are hitching their garters and, believe it or not, sitting on sofas and chairs again. . . . "If I have to sit on *one* more cushion on the floor, I'll scream," murmurs super-sophisticate **Fred (Fritzi) Hughes,** whose pinstripes are so widely spaced that, when last seen in Rome, he had but two to his suit and four to his shirt. . . . Meanwhile, "Porn is out of fashion," regrets his friend **Andy Warhol,** industriously working on his clean-as-soap soap opera, full of fourteen-letter words.

The real opera is constantly sold out. . . . **Beverly Sills** as Queen Elizabeth in **"Roberto Devereux"** elicits as much audience hysteria as Mick Jagger, while **"L'Incoronazione di Poppea"** competes with nudie shows on a loftier note.

The latest hot tip from the art world from *no less* than that reformed rebel **Mario Amaya,** director of **The New York Cultural Center,** is that sloppiness is even out in the arts. . . . "There's more of a respectful return to technique and methods of painting. . . ," a little bombshell that is going to make some glum faces in **SoHo.**

It's no longer embarrassing to be well-educated. . . . Experts in their field, *especially* archaeologists with grave-robbing gossip, are at a premium and ladies who know some are boning up on such people as **Madame de Sévigné** and **Marie-Louise Bousquet** and *her* Paris salon in the 'fifties . . . open house once a week, everyone there who was anyone, and warm lemonade to drink.

As for parties . . . liquor seems to be coming back a trifle. . . . Whiskey consumption went up two—and vodka, five—bottles at home last quarter. . . . Apple juice was down a significant 20.5 percent over the previous period. . . . Campari seems to be the choice for slimming bachelors, while white wine is *very,* very big with the ladies. . . . (Martinis have been restricted to commercial ghettos and dormitory suburbs).

A couple of chic, amusing, and *definitely* cultural things to do for a dinner party featuring French food are . . . first . . . to turn all the cutlery (silver, of course) upside down as the French do. . . . They shudder to see the fork prongs sticking up . . . so rude and threatening for sensitive guests. . . . To get the point across, they put their lovely ducal bearings on the underside. . . . Try having your monogram engraved on *both* sides for more variety. . . . The other thing is to do away *completely* with those fish knives and forks you bought at the Silver Vaults in London before the bombings. . . . They were *all* wrong. . . . Instead, eat your fish with *two* silver forks but no knife . . . this is outrageously stylish, if difficult.

The "Real French Peasant Meal" (stew, garlic bread, cheese, and Almadén), so conducive to slouched shoulders, tabled elbows, and sloppy conversation, has run its easy mile and compliments are now earned the harder way by simple, elegant food . . . as simple and elegant as a **Mainbocher** dress is what we mean . . . and as neatly served as at **La Grenouille** or **Orsini's.** . . . (Cooking schools would do well to include lessons in the art of dishing-up.) . . . A *restrained* helping of the main course down to the last flick of parsley is very tasteful when presented to each guest like a priceless work of art. . . . Pretend you're trying to sell it; that may make the idea easier to grasp. ■

MOVIES by Clive Barnes

Good Evil Fun, Lesser Matters

Truffaut's Gorgeous Kid passes Lemmon, Ludwig, and St. Francis

Seen any good movies lately? Occasionally. Indeed I have seen at least one sumptuous and glorious movie, François Truffaut's *Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me.* This is destined to be one of the great black comedies of the cinema. It is a supremely moral film, and the moral is don't be dumb.

A young professor of sociology, his innocence gleaming behind his spectacles, was preparing a very serious thesis on "The Criminal Woman." But the thesis never appeared, and thereby lies both a tale and an extraordinarily funny, picaresque film. Our sociologist decides to interview Camille. This is his mistake, and from then on he never looks forward.

Camille is a natural animal. Her father beat her, so—by simply removing a ladder—she killed him. She escapes from reform school to become an alley cat. She has a husband—a drunken sex maniac who eventually finds himself first in a wheelchair, then nearly exterminated with rat poison, and finally shot dead—and she has lovers. A terrifically bad nightclub singer, who can only make love to the sound of racing cars, is one. A shifty lawyer is another. Then there is the professional rodent and insect exterminator, dedicated to both his job and to God, a newly-lost virgin who can only make love by accident.

But Camille can make love on any pretext. An old man who knew her in her village describes her as "a public utility, like electricity." Stanislas, the sober, somber sociologist, will have none of this. He believes that Camille's faults are just the result of an unhappy childhood and a deprived adolescence. He doesn't even believe that Camille is guilty of pushing her insect exterminator off the uttermost pinnacle of Beziers Cathedral. And proves it with the aid of film. (In fact, it was a suicide pact in which her affronted lover was foolish enough to jump first!)

Released by the efforts of Stanislas and his loyal Girl Friday, who adores him and is prepared to wait for Saturday, Camille becomes a vedette of the music hall—rich, pampered, and champagne-swilling. As for Stanislas—aha! Well, that would be telling too much, but it does seem that the meek do not automatically inherit the earth.

Truffaut's direction is flawless. It has a special grace and wit to it, an infallible eye for the right shot, an editor's feel for the right line. He always takes the right shift, the right cut. His humor is grotesque but never ridiculous, incredible but never unbelievable. He unerringly pinpoints characters larger than life and twice as enjoyable.

The cast is perfection. As Camille, that classic *jolie-laide* (it is the getting laid that keeps her so jolly), Bernadette Lafont looks like a pouter-pigeon in heat, a ribald wanton who gets what she so richly works for. André Dussolier, a drama student here making his movie debut, is unblinkingly straight as the Candide-like Stanislas; and the film as a whole is full of the most interesting French character actors, French-character-acting like crazy. See it and laugh—and then note the faint aftertaste of your laughter.

Aftertaste—that is really what we look for in movies, plays, music, or whatever. Other films I have been around recently do not have too great a quality of aftertaste. Jack Lemmon is distractedly superb as an embattled, crumbling, and corrupt Los Angeles garment manufacturer in John G. Avildsen's (remember *Joe?) Save the Tiger.* Yet the film offering free empathy to all the middle-aged in the balcony, is too simplistically shocking to be (Continued on page 202)

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . .

(Continued from page 142)

The new kick in show biz: friendly words from President Nixon prove box-office adrenalin. . . . André Gregory, the brilliant, high-tempered, innovative director who staged a recent production of Beckett's *Endgame* (with the audience in wire cages) and a most unorthodox *Alice in Wonderland* now chronicled in a handsome book subtitled "The Forming of a Company and the Making of a Play," illustrated by Richard Avedon's turbulent photographs of the action—starting from square one, The Mushroom is made of tangled people. . . . Psychosurgery, which amounts to brain surgery for the deeply disturbed or violent and has roused as many scares as it has supporters. . . . In Madrid, the surprising thrust of Women's Lib and Spain's first woman bank president—pretty and young—at the Woman's Bank of Bilbao. In New York, the Harlem Dance Theater with its dashing, articulate founder, Arthur Mitchell, demonstrating for kids the basics of ballet, how a plié connects to a football crouch, and taking it from there to new dance forms—smashing! . . . Erica and Theonie, back to back on PBS-TV: Erica with a slightly mashed-potato voice explaining the intricacies of first-rate needlework—"I thought a sampler of the chain stitch might be rather fun for you" or "I hate arithmetic, but it is a help"; then Theonie taking you through an earthy grounding in Greek cooking, confiding openly, "You have to be in a very good mind to make *tarama*." . . . Ross Macdonald's newest toughie, *Sleeping Beauty,* with golden-hearted private eye Lew Archer doing his stuff for ecology—there's this oil spill, see, and the rich bad guys are crazies; good show. . . . *The River Niger* brilliantly transported from off-B. to B'way, filled with potent rhythms, bursting joy, tragedy; Douglas Turner Ward terrific as star and director. . . . A cabbie-sculptor whose dashboard displays a self-portrait done from his wife's view of him—small head ("no brains"), long neck ("always looking at girls"). ■

ACCESSORY DETAILS

Page 116: Willie Woo earrings. Necklace at Gavroche. Bracelets: Michael Sklar for Childstar, Henri Bendel. Yves Saint Laurent sandals.

Page 119: Michael Moraux for Dubaux bangles, at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Vanity Fair tights. Shoes, Beth's Bootery at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 120: Michael Danyon earrings. Necklace by Jessica Williams. Round-the-Clock tights. Shoes, Beth's Bootery at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 121: Earrings by Michael Danyon. Rings at Ophelie.

Page 122: Alexis Kirk earrings. Chains by Amulets and Talismans, and Marius Hansen. Bracelets by M & J Savitt, at Bloomingdale's. Roman Stripe tights of Monvelle body yarn by Monsanto, Bergdorf Goodman. David Evins sandals, I. Miller.

Page 123: Galanos jewelry. Sandals: Beth's Bootery at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 124: Earrings: Cosmic Jewelry by Scott. Wider bangle at Ophelie. Narrow bangle by Willie Woo, at Henri Bendel.

Page 125: Headwrap by Mr. Martin, Bonwit Teller. Roman Stripe tights of Monvelle body yarn by Monsanto, Bergdorf Goodman. Herbert Levine sandals, Bonwit Teller.

Page 136: Bracelets from La Tienda.

Page 137: Long necklace by Accessocraft, Altman's; shorter one, Michael Moraux for Dubaux. Right arm, Robert Zentall bangles; left arm, Willie Woo bangles, Lord & Taylor.

Page 138: Earrings by K. J. L. Aurea Jewelry Creations gold chain. Red cobra bracelets, Arnold Constable. Ring by Robert Zentall.

Page 139: Givenchy Nouvelle Boutique sunglasses, Bergdorf Goodman. Ring by Donnald Stannard.

Page 154: Hat by Bob Green for Irene of New York. Saks Fifth Avenue sunglasses. Pakula pierced earrings.

Pages 155 and 165: Head scarf by Doro. Brim by Don Anderson for Scheer Brothers. Amulets and Talismans pendant. Aurea Jewelry Creations chains. Bandeau: Masonaix by Jewel Case, Bergdorf Goodman. Bagatalle bag (page 165).

Page 156: Head scarf by Herman, Schmidt & Brendle. Brim by I. J. Herman, Bonwit Teller. Earrings by Willie Woo, Abraham & Straus.

Page 158: Earrings by Michael Danyon. Marguerite Stix necklace, at Cartier. Azuma umbrella.

Page 159: John Reynolds umbrella, Henri Bendel. Head scarf: Herman, Schmidt & Brendle. Long necklace, American Indian Arts Center; shorter one, M & J Savitt, Bloomingdale's.

Page 160: Earrings: Cosmic Jewelry by Scott. Willie Woo bracelets.

Page 161: Earrings, Raoul Calabró. Richelieu bracelet, Altman's.

Page 163: Chain around wrist by M & J Savitt.

Page 164: Brim by I. J. Herman. Danecraft earrings. M & J Savitt chain. Bottega Veneta bag.

Page 166: Ken Scott scarf. Brim, Don Anderson for Scheer Brothers. Watch by Gurami, Bloomingdale's.

Page 167: Visor by Mr. Martin, Saks Fifth Avenue. Danecraft earrings. Pendant, Karen Ross for Oggi People. Chains, Aurea Jewelry Creations.

Page 168: Sunglasses by Universal Optical.

Page 169 (lower right): Pierced earrings by Eisenberg Ice.

Page 170: Earrings by Gladiola. Chains by M & J Savitt. Bracelets at Ophelie.

Page 171: Earrings by Mick Mulligan for Zandra Rhodes, Henri Bendel.

Page 172 (left): Sunglasses by Ultimate Spectacle. Alexis Kirk earrings. Bangles by Trifari at Altman's.

Page 172 (right): Tropic-Cal sunglasses. Wrist chain by Neptune Cultured Pearl Syndicate.

Page 173: Art Asia ring. Sunglasses by Riviera. Benedikt earrings. Belt by Elegant. Beauty Mist tights. Sandals: Customcraft by Rossi.

Page 174 (lower left): Caravelle watch by Bulova. Belt by Elegant.

Page 174 (center): Visor by Brod, Altman's. Umbrella at Uncle Sam. Timex watch. Bag by Elegant. Korrigan sweater. Bonnie Doon socks. Shoes by Footchoice, Abercrombie & Fitch.

Page 174 (right): Headwrap by Herman, Schmidt & Brendle. American Optical sunglasses. Shoes by Bernardo, Abercrombie & Fitch.

Page 175 (center): Shorts at Saks Fifth Avenue. Sperry Topsiders at Abercrombie & Fitch.

Page 175 (right): Riviera sunglasses. Chain by Neptune Cultured Pearl Syndicate. Watch: Clebar of Zodiac Watch. Belt by Sally Lee. Bag at the Tennis Lady. Sandals by Bernardo.

Page 176 (above): Napier earrings.

Page 176 (below): Monet bracelet.

Page 178: Marguerite Stix necklaces, at Cartier.

Page 179: Alexis Kirk earrings. Chain by Aurea Jewelry Creations. Trifari bangles, Saks Fifth Avenue. Dreyfus International ring. David Evins sandals, at I. Miller.

Page 180: Celia Sebiri bamboo bangles. Dreyfus International carved ivory bangles. David Evins sandals.

Page 181 (upper right): Ugo Correani bracelets.

Page 181 (lower left): Earrings: Givenchy Nouvelle Boutique, Bergdorf Goodman. Celia Sebiri ring, Bloomingdale's. Herbert Levine sandals.

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Givenchy: "Balenciaga would rip a dress off a customer if his design had been changed"

BALENCIAGA

(Continued from page 150)

annoy a fabric. He said that fabrics have their own life and breath like human beings. 'They must fall naturally, and a garment must follow the line of the body: never let a woman follow her dress.' "

Givenchy said, "Balenciaga's great success came because women found his clothes so comfortable and easy to wear. The clothes were comfortable because of his painstaking attention to detail. He would stay up all night studying the cut of a sleeve. I don't think his customers ever realized why they were so happy in his clothes.

"Balenciaga was often criticized for the ugly models he used. But when he hired a girl, his first consideration was how she moved. Did she look natural? He wanted his girls to look as if they were walking down the street or meeting friends in a restaurant. His house mannequins were small and often had figure problems, which were a challenge to his sense of proportion, that he also found in his customers.

"He really loved the difficult. I remember one day we were looking at the dummies of some of his clients; one was the shape of an old woman, her back was stooped with rounded shoulders and she had a big stomach and hips.

"While I watched, Balenciaga took a piece of muslin, pinned it to the dummy, and began to work with it. By seaming and cutting on the bias of the fabric he gradually made the stooped dummy straighten, the round hips and stomach disappear. The proportions became almost perfect. It was like a miracle.

"To his friends Cristobal behaved like a father, advising them to eat properly, not to overtire themselves, and to get enough sleep. But these things were always said in such a charming and kind way that they always obeyed him. His gestures to these friends were always the most elegant. When Marie-Louise Bousquet was seized with illness, he gave her maid an assistant instead of making a gift directly to Marie-Louise.

"But it is true that he had a very hot temper. When he was angry, everyone in the house of Balenciaga was silent.

"I remember one day he was examining a dress which was to be sent to a customer and he found something he didn't like. The seamstress was standing beside him and he asked for her tape measure. When she said she didn't have it with her, he completely lost his temper and shouted at her. She burst into tears and he told her to go away, he didn't want to see her again that day. I reprimanded him for being so rude. 'She has worked for me for twenty-five years,' he said, 'and she knows she should never be without her tape measure.'

"He could be equally angry with his customers and sometimes ripped a dress apart if it had been altered from his original design, leaving the customer half naked.

"He did the same thing to me. I bought myself a camel's-hair coat and wore it to lunch with him. As soon as he saw it, I realized he didn't like it. He quickly ripped out one of the sleeves because it was badly cut. Then he told me I needed a martingale because I was tall and cut off the hem to make me one.

"I could do nothing but leave my coat with him; as the months went by, I forgot all about it. Then when he closed his salon, I got a call from an assistant; my coat without its sleeve was hanging in a closet.

"Balenciaga once said, 'Hubert, please realize that I have never told a lie in all my life.' And he was always true to himself in his work. Not a single button was used only for decoration." ■

"A suicide pact in which the lover was foolish enough to jump first"

MOVIES

(Continued from page 200)

anything more than artifice dressed up, self-conciously, as art. Watch for Jack Gilford, lovable and believable as Lemmon's partner in surprising crime. Also ask yourself what attitude are these people taking to the film, and does it matter? Why, baby?

If you want a good weepie, may I suggest Luchino Visconti's *Ludwig*, which is helpfully subtitled *The Mad King of Bavaria*. I feel, however, that you may weep at it rather than with it. Mr. Visconti's last and generally underrated film was *Death in Venice*. This film, quite simply, dies a more deadly death in Bavaria. It is one of those epics that is epically wrong. The script is naïve; it tries to tell the story of Ludwig, patron of Wagner, castle-builder, megalomaniac, homosexual, and man of taste, who was one of those strange victims of nineteenth-century Romanticism and nineteenth-century hypocrisy. It tries but fails.

One would have hoped to have seen the panache of decadent baroque that informed Ludwig's architectural leanings. But only occasionally is even that delivered. Ludwig feeding swans in an absurdly grandiose castle or rushing across the snow in a pre-Disneyland sleigh—yes, these have a feel for the thing. But the film is Wagnerian slow rather than Wagnerian ecstatic, and the acting is simply awful. Intense Ruritanian stuff, with actors looking soulfully at cameras, hoping, against all probability, for a better script. Winter snow, autumnal mists, and driving rain, and so many landscapes and ornate rooms, so fit for a passion. But then nothing. No, not tonight, Visconti.

If the world has been waiting for a film based on St. Francis of Assisi, it need wait no more. Franco Zeffirelli's *Brother Sun, Sister Moon* not only takes care of the deficiency but, in a manic overkill, has Sir Alec Guinness (as Pope Innocent III, no less) kissing the incipient saint's feet. It is beautifully photographed, languorously boring, and I suspect we will be seeing more of Graham Faulkner, who plays St. Francis, and also of Judi Bowker who is beautiful as St. Francis's understandably unfulfilled girl friend. He gives her up with the most saintly glances. But in one way the whole thing is a celibacy film for non-celibates. The first Franciscans, it seems, were pretty in their humble, bald-headed way. No, wait around for a film about John Wesley made by Ken Russell and called "The Bible Belters." ■

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